Boston Public Library.

N. Y. 56

Dear

I had daily intended to call on you instead of writing. But when I did so on Monday you were out. I should think all things considered it will be best for me to go to Boston. If you think Dr Bandinel will let me copy; because that will save the danger of mistakes in transcript & the necessity per sending the sheets to collate.

I shall not be able to go for a week or two.

Yours truly

F. W. Fairholt

If you can get a copy of the American book of Old Plays. I should like to have it.

6. St. Mary's Place
West Brompton
4 Feb 1856.

My dear Mr Smith—

Will you oblige me by sending me as soon as possible the first volume of my folio Shakespeare you have, carefully packed, by S. D. C.

I much oblige

Yours truly

J. O. Halliwell

Boston Public Library.

The Works

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EXTENT OF THE IMPRESSION.

I hereby certify that the impression of the present edition of Shakespeare has been strictly limited to One Hundred and Fifty copies, and that I am also under an engagement to furnish the Editor with an exact account of the number of the waste sheets.

J. E. Adlard

In addition to the above certificate of Mr. J. E. Adlard, it may be well to observe that it being my desire that the limitation of the impression should be literally adhered to, I intend to number every copy of each volume, and to take great care that not a single perfect copy of the work shall be made up out of the waste sheets, which are the very few printed in excess to take the place of any that may be soiled or damaged. My only object in adhering so strictly to the limit is to protect, to their fullest extent, the interests of the original subscribers to the work, not from any views of exclusiveness.

J. O. Halliwell

N°. 110.

The paper on which this work is printed is of the best and most durable quality, manufactured by Messrs. Dickinson and Co.

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

THE TEXT FORMED FROM

A new Collation of the early Editions:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED ALL

THE ORIGINAL NOVELS AND TALES ON WHICH THE PLAYS ARE FOUNDED;
COPIOUS ARCHÆOLOGICAL ANNOTATIONS ON EACH PLAY;
AN ESSAY ON THE FORMATION OF THE TEXT;
AND A LIFE OF THE POET:

BY

JAMES O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY; THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE; THE NEWCASTLE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY; THE ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY, AND THE SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE; FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES; AND CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETIES OF SCOTLAND, POICTIERS, PICARDIE, AND CAEN (ACADEMIE DES SCIENCES), AND OF THE COMITE DES ARTS ET MONUMENTS.

VOLUME V.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND WOOD-ENGRAVINGS

BY

FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRHOLT, ESQ., F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF 'COSTUME IN ENGLAND,' ETC.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR, BY J. E. ADLARD, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.

1856.

Distribution of Copies.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PRUSSIA.
S. A. R. LE DUC D'AUMALE, Orleans House, Twickenham.
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBURY, K.G.
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF FALMOUTH.
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF WARWICK.
THE RIGHT HON. LORD FARNHAM, K.P.
THE RIGHT HON. LORD LONDESBOROUGH, K.C.H., F.R.S.
HIS EXCELLENCY M. SILVAIN VAN DE WEYER.
SIR JOHN T. L. BETHUNE, Bart., Kilconquhar, Fife.
SIR HARFORD JONES BRIDGES, Bart., F.L.S.
SIR WILLIAM JARDINE. Bart., F.R.S.E., F.L.S.
SIR FITZROY KELLY, M.P., The Chauntry, Suffolk.
THE HON. EDWARD CECIL CURZON, Whitehall.
RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, Esq., M.P.
A. SMOLLETT, Esq., M.P., Cameron House, Dunbartonshire.
JAMES PILKINGTON, Esq., M.P., Park Place, Blackburn.
WILLIAM ATKINSON, Esq., Ashton Hayes, Cheshire.
THE LIBRARY OF THE ATHENÆUM CLUB, London.
THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES of London.
THE REV. B. BANDINEL, D.D., Oxford.
M. OCTAVE DELEPIERRE, Secrétaire de Légation de S. M. le Roi des Belges.
THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, Plymouth.
MISS GARDNER, Chaseley, Manchester.
ROBERT BALMANNO, Esq., New York.
THE REV. J. W. HEWETT, M.A., All Saints' Grammar School, Bloxham, Banbury.
HENRY STEVENS, Esq., F.S.A., Morley's Hotel, London.
CLEMENT TUDWAY SWANSTON, Esq., Q.C., F.R.S., F.S.A.
F. R. ATKINSON, Esq., Oak House, Manchester.
THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, Cambridge.
JOHN C. NICHOLL, Esq., 33, Belgrave Square.
DR. COGSWELL, for the Astor Library, New York.
ARCHIBALD WEIR, Esq., Jun., 22, Beaufoy Terrace, Edgware Road.
ROBERT LANG, Esq., Bristol.
H. T. BATHURST, Esq., Audit Office, Somerset House.
FREDERIC OUVRY, Esq., F.S.A., 49, Oxford Terrace.
HENRY HUCKS GIBBS, Esq., Aldenham House, Herts.
THE REV. DR. HAWTREY, Provost of Eton College.
J. G. WOODHOUSE, Esq., 47, Henry Street, Liverpool.
D. D. HOPKYNS, Esq., Weycliffe, St. Catharine's, Guildford.
EDWIN JOHN PICKSLAY, Esq., Wakefield.
CHARLES WALTON, Esq., Manor House, East Acton.
THE REV. THOMAS HALLIWELL, M.A., Wrington, near Bristol.
GEORGE LIVERMORE, Esq., Boston, U.S.
JOSEPH ARDEN, Esq., F.S.A., 27, Cavendish Square, London.
THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF HALLE.
CHARLES COBDEN, Esq., George Street, Manchester.
JOHN DURDIN, Esq., 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.
SAMUEL EDWARD BAKER, Esq., Sutton House, Weston-super-Mare.
R. S. HOLFORD, Esq., Piccadilly.
WILLIAM JAMES CLEMENT, Esq., The Council House, Shrewsbury.
THE REV. WILLIAM BORLASE, M.A., Vicar of Zennor, near St. Ives, Cornwall.
JAMES HARRIS, Esq. 44, Queen Square, Bristol.
THOMAS TURPIN, Esq., High Street, Putney.

DISTRIBUTION OF COPIES.

DR. BUCHANAN WASHBOURN, Gloucester.
THOMAS FARMER COOKE, Esq., Belgrave, Leicester.
THE LONDON INSTITUTION, Finsbury Circus.
EDWARD ROGERS, Esq., LL.B., Stanage Park, Ludlow.
WILLIAM BALFOUR BAIKIE, M.D., Kirkwall, Orkney.
THE HULL SUBSCRIPTION LIBRARY.
GEORGE GILL MOUNSEY, Esq., Castletown, near Carlisle.
DAVID WILLIAMS WIRE, Esq., Alderman, M.R.S.L.
ALFRED GEORGE, Esq., 15, Arlington Street, Piccadilly.
THOMAS SHEDDEN, Esq., Glasgow.
DR. BELL FLETCHER, Birmingham.
JAMES PARKER, Esq., Great Baddow House, near Chelmsford.
WILLIAM HENRY BROWN, Esq., Chester.
JOSEPH BARNARD DAVIS, Esq., M.R.C.S. Engl., F.S.A., Shelton, Staffordshire.
THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, St. Andrews, N.B.
PLOWDEN C. J. WESTON, Esq., Hagley House, South Carolina, U.S.
JOHN LINGARD ROSS, Esq., Manchester.
THE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY, Liverpool.
THE REV. C. J. CRAWFORD, D.D., Woodmansterne, Surrey.
W. P. HUNT, Esq., Ipswich.
JOHN WESTON, Esq., Northwich.
ROBERT M'CONNELL, Esq., Aigburth, near Liverpool.
LLEWELLYN JEWITT, Esq., F.S.A., Derby.
JOHN KELSO REID, Esq., New Orleans.
MESSRS. RICH, BROTHERS, Tavistock Row, Covent Garden.
A. HEATH, Esq., Sheffield.
F. W. FAIRHOLT, Esq , F.S.A., 11, Montpelier Square, Brompton.
THE OWNER OF GETLEY'S HOUSE (Shakespeare's copyhold), Stratford-on-Avon.
THE ROYAL LIBRARY, Stockholm.
ROBERT P. RAYNE, Esq., New Orleans, U.S.
THE NEWARK STOCK LIBRARY, Newark-on-Trent.
THE LIBRARY OF THE HON. SOC. OF LINCOLN'S INN.
PROFESSOR PYPER, LL.D., University of St. Andrews.
CHARLES GIBBS, Esq., 2nd Queen's Royal Regiment.
BENJAMIN GODFREY WINDUS, Esq., Tottenham Green.
JOHN MATHER, Esq., Mount Pleasant, Liverpool.
WILLIAM ALEXANDER PARK, Esq., Lever Street, Manchester.
MRS. BAILEY, Easton Court, Tenbury.
WILLIAM M. MACDONALD, Esq., Rossie Castle, Montrose.
SAMUEL A. PHILBRICK, Esq., Colchester.
WILLIAM ALLEN, Esq., Shiffnal.
SIR THOMAS TOBIN, D.L., F.S.A., F.R.S.N.A., Ballincollig, near Cork.
HENRY WILLIAM PEEK, Esq., Clapham Park.
ZELOTES HOSMER, Esq., Boston, U.S.
JOHN STAUNTON, Esq., Longbridge House, near Warwick.
WILLIAM EUING, Esq., Glasgow.
WILLIAM HARRISON, Esq., Galligreaves House, Blackburn.
THOMAS COOMBS, Esq., South Street, Dorchester.
THE LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
HARMAN GRISEWOOD, Esq., Wandsworth Common.
THE CITY OF LONDON LIBRARY, Guildhall.
THE LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY, Dublin.
MRS. ALLSOPP, Willington, near Burton-on-Trent.
JOHN B. JELL, Esq., Bank of England, Liverpool.
SAMUEL TIMMINS, Esq., Birmingham.
WILLIAM LEAF, Esq., Park Hill, Streatham, Surrey.
DR. RALPH FLETCHER, Gloucester.
THOMAS BYRON, Esq., Coulsdon, near Croydon.
T. S. GODFREY, Junior, Esq., Balderton Hall, Notts.
THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY, Paris.
GEORGE WASHINGTON RIGGS, Esq., Washington, U.S.
ROBERT LENOX KENNEDY, Esq., New York.
THOMAS P. BARTON, Esq., Duchess County, New York.
WILLIAM HENRY ELKINS, Esq., 47, Lombard Street.

List of Plates.

PAGE

1. The Painted Maypole, as it is still preserved in the Village of Welford, co. Gloucester, near Stratford-on Avon . . *Frontispiece*

2. Facsimiles of the Title-Pages of the two original quarto editions of A Midsummer Night's Dream, printed in 1600 . . . 11

3. Facsimiles from an early Chap-book, "A Description of the King and Queene of Fayries," 1635, from the unique copy in the Bodleian Library 86

4. Facsimiles of the Title-page, and of a portion of the Story of John Adroyns who " playde the dyvyll," from the unique original Edition of the Hundred Mery Talys 147

5. The Mad Merry Prankes of Robbin Goodfellow, from the original black-letter Ballad 175

6. Facsimiles of the Title-pages of the two original quarto Editions of the Merchant of Venice, printed in 1600 279

7. Extracts from A Midsummer Night's Dream and the Merchant of Venice, selected from a manuscript of the seventeenth Century . . 308

8. A new Song shewing the Crueltie of Gernutus a Jew, who lending to a Merchant a hundred Crownes, would have a Pound of his Flesh, because he could not pay him at the day appointed . . . 381

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

EARLY EDITIONS.

1. In quarto, Printed by James Roberts, 1600. Reasons are given in the Introduction (p. 11) for believing this to be the first edition.

2. In quarto, Imprinted for Thomas Fisher, 1600.

3. In the First Folio Edition of 1623.

4. In the Second Folio Edition of 1632.

5. In the Third Folio Edition of 1663.

6. In the Fourth Folio Edition of 1685.

INTRODUCTION.

The earliest recorded notice of the Midsummer Night's Dream is found in the Palladis Tamia of Meres, published in the year 1598, where it is classed with other comedies, the composition of which is generally referred to the commencement of Shakespeare's career of dramatic authorship. Any opinion respecting the length of time this play had been before the public, previously to the mention of it by that writer, must necessarily be formed solely upon conjecture, the presumed allusions to contemporary events being scarcely entitled to assume the dignity of evidences. Amongst the latter, the spirited account of the ungenial seasons resulting from the quarrels of Titania and Oberon may perhaps be considered the most important; and it must be admitted that such a description would have had a peculiar application, were the comedy first written soon after the extraordinary summer of 1594, when the severity of the weather was sufficiently singular to have attracted the marked notice of contemporary writers. The reader will observe how nearly some of their accounts coincide with Titania's description. Dr. Forman, the celebrated astrologer, in an original MS. in the Ashmolean Museum (No. 384), has preserved the following notes of the year 1594,—"Ther was moch sicknes but lyttle death, moch fruit and many plombs of all sorts this yeare and small nuts, but fewe walnuts: this monethes of June and July wer very wet and wonderfull cold like winter, that the 10. dae of Julii many did syt by the fyer, yt was so cold; and soe was yt in Maye and June; and scant too faire dais together all that tyme, but yt rayned every day more or lesse: yf yt did not raine, then was yt cold and cloudye: there wer many gret fludes this sommer, and about Michelmas, thorowe the abundaunce of raine

that fell sodeinly, the brige of Ware was broken downe, and at Stratford Bowe, the water was never sine so byg as yt was; and in the lattere end of October, the waters burste downe the bridg at Cambridge, and in Barkshire wer many gret waters, wherwith was moch harm done sodenly." The floods of this year are mentioned by several other writers. "This yere," says Stowe the Chronicler, "in the month of May, fell many great showers of rain, but in the months of June and July much more; for it commonly rained every day or night till St. James' day, and two days after together most extremely; all which notwithstanding, in the month of August, there followed a fair harvest, but in the month of September fell great rains, which raised high waters, such as stayed the carriages, and broke down bridges at Cambridge, Ware, and elsewhere in many places," a statement which is copied into Penkethman's Artachthos, 1638. There are also some curious notices of this season in Dr. King's Lectures upon Jonas delivered at Yorke in the yeare of our Lorde 1594,—"Remember that the spring was very unkind, by means of the abundance of rains that fell; our July hath been like to a February; our June even as an April; so that the air must needs be corrupted: God amend it in his mercy, and stay this plague of waters!" Then, having spoken of three successive years of scarcity, he adds,—"and see, whether the Lord doth not threaten us much more, by sending such unseasonable weather and storms of rain among us, which if we will observe, and compare it with that which is past, we may say that the course of nature is very much inverted; our years are turned upside down; our summers are no summers; our harvests are no harvests; our seeds-times are no seeds-times: for a great space of time, scant any day hath been seen that it hath not rained upon us; and the nights are like the days." This account, which bears a remarkable analogy to a portion of the speech of Titania, refers entirely to the year 1594. The following extract from the same work, with which these notices may be concluded, alludes, according to the marginal remark, to 1593 and 1594;—"The moneths of the year have not yet gone about, wherin the Lorde hath bowed the heavens, and come downe amongst us with more tokens and earnests of his wrath intended, then the agedst man of our lande is able to recount of so small a time; for say if ever the windes, since they blew one against the other, have beene more common and more tempestuous, as if the foure ends of heaven had conspired to turne

the foundations of the earth upside downe; thunders and lightnings neither seasonable for the time, and withall most terrible, with such effectes brought forth, that the childe unborne shall speake of it: the anger of the clouds hath beene powred downe upon our heades, both with abundance, and, saving to those that felt it, with incredible violence."

Evidences of this description, employed in the attempt to determine the real date of composition, are at the best chiefly valuable when adduced as corroborative of an opinion derived from other considerations. In the present instance, the period indicated by the allusion to the weather, which would lead to the supposition that the comedy was first produced either towards the close of the year 1594, or early in 1595, agrees very well with the internal evidence afforded by the play itself, which, although highly finished, scarcely exhibits the extent of genius displayed even in Love's Labour's Lost, a production which is acknowledged by general consent to be an early composition. It may, indeed, be objected to this view, that the elaboration rather than the power of the efforts of Shakespeare's genius is a better argument for its appropriation to a later period of the chronology; but there is always this difficulty in considering the progress of a mind so extensive in its grasp, that the inferior intellects of all those who attempt to pass a judgment upon this most obscure inquiry, cannot, by any sensible approximation, estimate the improbability of a high work of art having been produced by Shakespeare within a very short interval after the composition of another which, in comparison, can merely be fairly described as a more careless study, even although it may be superior to the other as a work of genius.

The obscure allusion in the fifth act to the nine Muses lamenting "the death of learning," unless it be considered to have a general application to the decline of the more serious literature, may be accepted as the next most important evidence hitherto adduced in the question of the chronology. This is generally considered to refer to some author of the time, whose closing days were passed in indigence; on which supposition, the conjecture of Mr. Knight, that Robert Greene was the person indicated by Shakespeare, bears great appearance of probability, the career of that writer agreeing in several particulars with the allusions in the comedy. The miserable death of Greene in September, 1592, was a subject of general conversation for several years, and a reference to the circumstance, though in-

distinctly expressed, would have been well understood in literary circles at the time it is supposed the comedy was produced. "Truely I have beene ashamed," observes Harvey, speaking of the last days of Greene, "to heare some ascertayned reportes of hys most woefull and rascall estate; how the wretched fellow, or shall I say the Prince of Beggars, laid all to gage for some few shillinges; and was attended by lice; and would pittifully beg a penny pott of Malmesie; and could not gett any of his old acquaintance to comfort or visite him in his extremity but Mistris Appleby, and the mother of Infortunatus," Four Letters and certaine Sonnets, 1592. And again, in the same work,— "his hostisse Isam, with teares in her eies, and sighes from a deeper fountaine, for she loved him derely, tould me of his lamentable begging of a penny pott of Malmesy, and how he was faine, poore soule, to borrow her husbandes shirte, whiles his owne was a washing; and how his dublet and hose and sword were sold for three shillinges." This testimony, although emanating from an ill-wisher, is not controverted by the statements of Nash, who had not the same opportunity of obtaining correct information; and, on the whole, it cannot be doubted that Greene "deceased in beggary." His "learning" was equally notorious. "For judgement Jove, for learning deepe he still Apollo seemde," Greenes Funeralls, 1594. There is nothing in the consideration that the poet had been attacked by Greene as the "upstart crow," to render Mr. Knight's theory improbable. The allusion in the comedy, if applicable to Greene, was certainly not conceived in an unkind spirit; and the death of one who at most was probably rather jealous than bitterly inimical, under such afflicting circumstances, there can be no doubt would have obliterated all trace of animosity from a mind so generous as was that of Shakespeare.

Other critics have believed that Spenser was the individual alluded to in the above-mentioned passage, but the period of his death, which did not take place till early in the year 1599, precludes the possibility of this opinion being correct, unless the forced explanation, that the lines were inserted after the first publication, be adopted. There is greater probability in the supposition that there is a reference to Spenser's poem, the Teares of the Muses, which appeared in 1591, in which the nine Muses are introduced sorrowing for the decay of learning, the same poem, it will be remembered, in which "our pleasant Willy" is lamented as being "dead of late;" but the words of Shakespeare

certainly appear to be more positive in their application. There can be little doubt that the circumstances of Spenser were embarrassed shortly previous to his death, but there was assistance available, and he can scarcely be stated with certainty to have "deceased in beggary." The circumstances were these: The Irish of Munster rising in October, 1598, laid waste the country, and expelled the English, Spenser being included in the list of those who were compelled to return to England with ruined fortunes. It appears that he then lodged at Westminster, where he died in the January of the following year, the expenses of his funeral being defrayed by the Earl of Essex. Ben Jonson, in his conversations with William Drummond, asserts that Spenser "died for lake of bread in King Street, and refused twenty pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, and said he was sorrie he had no time to spend them." This looks somewhat as if there were exaggeration in the first statement. It is, however, fair to observe that a similar story is related by Lane, in his Triton's Trumpet, a manuscript bearing the date of 1621, with this essential distinction, that another hand had, previously to his Lordship's offer, sent him "crownes good store." Spenser was also in receipt of a pension from the Queen, which does not appear to have lapsed before his decease.

As far as is at present known, the plot of the Midsummer Night's Dream is one of the very few invented by Shakespeare himself. It is true that a few slight portions of the ground-work are derived from other sources, but the tale and its construction are believed to be original. The translation of Plutarch's life of Theseus, and Chaucer's Knight's Tale, appear to have furnished little more than the names of the characters; but it is just possible that the following passage, at the close of the latter, may have suggested the introduction of the interlude of the clowns:—

> ——ne how the Grekes play
> The wake-plaies ne kepe I not to say:
> Who wrestled best naked with oile enoint,
> Ne who that bare him best in no disjoint.
> I woll not tellen eke how they all gon
> Hom till Athenes, whan the play is don.

Golding's translation of Ovid has better claims to the honour of having been used by Shakespeare in the construction of a part of his play, the similarities between the tale of Pyramus and Thisbe in that work and the interlude being sufficiently striking to warrant the belief of its being the original source of the latter.

This tale will be found reprinted in the notes to the fifth act. The poet seems also to have been indebted for a casual expression to Chaucer's Legende of Thisbe of Babylon; but no source has yet been indicated, which leads to the opinion that anything beyond the merest outline of the introduction of the historical characters, and the subject of the interlude performed by the clowns, was obtained from any older production.

The main action of this comedy is supported neither by the classical personages nor by the clowns, but by the fairies. Without the last, the play would be an insignificant skeleton. Deprived of the dramatic contrast furnished by the proceedings of the clowns, it would have partaken too greatly of the character of a masque; but these must be considered, in any view of the case, to be subservient to the action of the fairies. These latter, as Shakespeare has treated them, are unquestionably derived from English sources. The poet has founded his elfin world on the prettiest of the people's traditions, and has clothed them with the ever-living flowers of his own exuberant fancy. How much in reality is the invention of Shakespeare is difficult to ascertain; and his successors have rendered the subject more obscure by adopting the graceful world he has created, as though it had been interwoven with the popular mythology, and formed a part of it. There can, however, be no doubt that the main characteristics of the fairies, as they are delineated in the present comedy, were taken directly from the ordinary superstitions of the time. Tales of Robin Goodfellow are mentioned, more than once, in Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, first published in 1584. Nash, in his Terrors of the Night, 1594, observes that "the Robin Goodfellowes, elfes, fairies, hobgoblins of our latter age, did most of their merry prankes in the night: then ground they malt, and had hempen shirts for their labours, daunst in greene meadows, pincht maids in their sleep that swept not their houses cleane, and led poor travellers out of their way notoriously." In Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie, published a few years previously, we are told that Robin Goodfellow was "famozed in every old wives chronicle for his mad merrye prankes." It is, therefore, possible that the rare prose tract, Robin Good-fellow his mad Prankes and merry Jests, the earliest known edition of which is dated in 1628, was either written before the publication of the Midsummer Night's Dream, or at least that it was formed upon popular tradition. The latter suggestion is probably the true one, and, if so, the work is of singular interest as exhibiting,

what might have been expected, the more prominent qualities of the Robin Goodfellow of Shakespeare in a coarser form, and of course in one less adapted for the poetical accompaniments by which he is surrounded in the comedy. The fairies of the tract are thus introduced,—"Once upon a time, a great while agoe, when men did eate more and drinke lesse,—then men were more honest, that knew no knavery then some now are, that confesse the knowledge and deny the practise—about that time (when so ere it was) there was wont to walke many harmlesse spirits called fayries, dancing in brave order in fayry rings on greene hills with sweete musicke (sometime invisible) in divers shapes: many mad prankes would they play, as pinching of sluts black and blue, and misplacing things in ill-ordered houses; but lovingly would they use wenches that cleanly were, giving them silver and other pretty toyes, which they would leave for them, sometimes in their shooes, other times in their pockets, sometimes in bright basons and other cleane vessels." Some of Robin's own adventures are very similar to those described by himself in the play, as amongst his favorite amusements; and a few of his tricks and transformations are identical with some that are mentioned in the latter. These, with other particulars illustrative of the fairies as described by the great dramatist, will be found in the Notes. It is scarcely necessary to say that any observations on the origin and history of fairy mythology would be in excess of the legitimate criticism allowed to an Editor, even in a work constructed with so wide a scope as the present. The reader will scarcely expect much beyond an attempt to trace, as far as possible, in regard to the fairies, how far Shakespeare was indebted to the literature and traditions of the time.

The introduction of the popular fairy mythology of England into a drama, the events of which are supposed to occur in the classical period of Greece, appears on the first consideration to exhibit a singular incongruity, one which might be presumed to require the apology suggested by the title of a dream. But it may well be questioned whether this apparent inconsistency is not intentional on the part of the author, and whether the scene of action might not have been purposely removed into a distant age for the purpose of reconciling the educated spectator to the introduction of the fairy characters. The belief in fairies was unquestionably general amongst the less advanced classes of society in Shakespeare's time, but there is great reason to suspect that this popular faith was not so deeply rooted as was

that in witchcraft, and it may fairly be considered, in support of the above view of the subject, that the poet's audience would number many who would have turned into ridicule a domestic English comedy of the time in which the fairies constituted a serious and prominent part of the action. The objection usually raised against the choice of the title of the play, that the dream occurred on the eve of May-day, and not at Midsummer, really shows that the name was not adopted solely in relation to the comedy itself, or with special reference to the presumed incongruity resulting from the introduction of the fairies. There is greater probability that it was first produced upon the stage in June, perhaps before the Court on Midsummer Night; in the same way that the Winter's Tale, the action of which is laid at the time of sheep-shearing, is most likely indebted for its title to the period when it was brought out. Aubrey, in his MS. account of Shakespeare preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, in a blundering paragraph relating to the Midsummer Night's Dream, suggests that the title of this comedy was taken from the circumstance that a character in it was copied from a constable whom the poet met with at a village in Buckinghamshire, when he happened to be sojourning there on a Midsummer Night. His words are,—"The humour of . . . , the cunstable in a Midsomer's Night's Dreame, he happened to take at Grenden in Bucks (I thinke it was Midsomer Night that he happened to lye there) which is the roade from London to Stratford, and there was living that constable about 1642, when I first came to Oxon: Mr. Jos. Howe is of the parish, and knew him." The assertion of Aubrey respecting Shakespeare having stopped at this place on Midsummer Night is probably conjectural; and there is an evident mistake in the story, no constable being introduced into the play. He may possibly have meant the comedy of Much Ado about Nothing, and referred to the character of Dogberry. Grendon was probably on one of the roads which led from Chippingnorton to London, the metropolitan road being described in an early list as passing, from the former place, through Islip and Wickham.

The Midsummer Night's Dream was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company on October 8th, 1600,—"Tho: ffysher,—A booke called a Mydsomer Nightes Dreame, vj.d." Fisher, the publisher of this edition, issued it to the public before the close of the year, under the following title,—"A Midsommer nights dreame.—As it hath beene sundry times

Fac similes of the Title pages of the original Editions of A Midsummer Nights Dream.

A

Midſommer nights dreame.

As it hath beene ſundry times pub-*likely acted, by the Right Honoura-*ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his *ſeruants.*

VVritten by VVilliam Shakeſpeare.

Printed by Iames Roberts, 1600.

A

Midſommer nights dreame.

As it hath beene ſundry times pub-*lickely acted, by the Right honoura-*ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his *ſeruants.*

Written by William Shakeſpeare.

¶Imprinted at London, for *Thomas Fiſher*, and are to be ſoulde at his ſhoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in *Fleeteſtreete.* 1600.

To face p. 11

Ashlee & Dangerfield, Fac-sim.
72 Bedford Street Covent Garden.

publickely acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants.—Written by William Shakespeare.—Imprinted at London for Thomas Fisher, and are to be soulde at his shoppe at the Signe of the White Hart in Fleetestreete, 1600." Fisher's device of a halcyon with a fish in its mouth is inserted in the lower portion of the title, and he was possibly also the printer of the volume. Another edition, printed by Roberts, also appeared in the same year, entitled,—"A Midsommer nights dreame.—As it hath beene sundry times publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants.—Written by William Shakespeare.—Printed by James Roberts, 1600." It is a curious circumstance that, although there are a sufficient number of textual variations to warrant the conjecture that these editions are derived from separate sources, there appears to be an imitation of typical arrangement leading to the opinion that, in reality, one was copied in some degree from the other; and perhaps Fisher's edition, which, on the whole, seems to be more correct than the other, was printed from a corrected copy of that published by Roberts. It has, indeed, been usually supposed that Fisher's edition was the earliest, but no evidence has been adduced in support of this assertion, and the probabilities are against this view being the correct one. Fisher's edition could not have been published till nearly the end of the year, and, in the absence of direct information to the contrary, it may be presumed that the one printed by Roberts is really the first edition.

There are reasons for believing that, notwithstanding the general opinion of the unfitness of the Midsummer Night's Dream for representation, it was a successful acting play in the seventeenth century. An obscure comedy, at least, would scarcely have furnished Sharpham with the following exceedingly curious allusion, evidently intended as one that would be familiar to the audience, which occurs in his play of the Fleire, published in 1607,—"*Kni.* And how lives he with 'am?—*Fle.* Faith, like Thisbe in the play, 'a has almost kil'd himselfe with the scabberd,"—a notice which is also valuable as recording a fragment belonging to the history of the original performance of Shakespeare's comedy, the interlude of the clowns, it may be concluded, having been conducted in the extreme of burlesque, and the actor who represented Thisbe, when he pretends to kill himself, falling upon the scabbard instead of upon the sword. The Midsummer Night's Dream is again noticed in an interesting

passage in the Sir Gregory Nonsence of John Taylor, first published in 1622, a ridiculous medley in which, says the author,—"if the printer hath placed any line, letter or sillable, whereby this large volume may be made guilty to be understood by any man, I would have the reader not to impute the fault to the author, for it was farre from his purpose to write to any purpose, so ending at the beginning, I say, as it is applawsefully written and commended to posterity in the Midsummer nights dreame,—If we offend, it is with our good will, we came with no intent, but to offend, and shew our simple skill." The honest Water-Poet, probably quoting from memory, has not followed the text of the play very correctly, but the notice is valuable as an additional evidence of the popularity of the comedy, and especially of that portion of it represented by the clowns. The next extrinsic allusion to the play was discovered by Mr. Collier in a manuscript at Lambeth Palace, which gives a very singular account of a play represented at the Bishop of Lincoln's house on the night of Sunday, September 27th, 1631. The piece chosen for this occasion was the Midsummer Night's Dream, and it was got up as a private amusement; but the Puritans exerted their influence to punish this breach of the due observance of the Sabbath, or rather perhaps made it an important cause of complaint against the Bishop; and the following order is extracted from a decree made by a self-constituted court, which partakes of something of the satirical, and may have been written to perpetuate the scandal rather than with any more serious purpose,—"Likewise wee doe order that Mr. Wilson, because hee was a speciall plotter and contriver of this business, and did in such a brutishe manner acte the same with an asses head, and therefore hee shall, uppon Tuisday next, from six of the clocke in the morning till six of the clocke at night, sitt in the Porter's Lodge at my Lords Bishopps House, with his feete in the stocks, and attyred with his asse head, and a bottle of hay sett before him, and this subscription on his breast:—

"Good people, I have played the beast,
And brought ill things to passe:
I was a man, but thus have made
Myselfe a silly asse."

Bottom appears to have been then considered the most prominent character in the play; and "the merry conceited humors of Bottom the Weaver," with a portion of the fairy scenes, were extracted from the Midsummer Night's Dream,

and made into a farce or droll (The Merry conceited Humors of Bottom the Weaver, as it hath been often publikely acted by some of his Majesties Comedians, and lately privately presented by several apprentices for their harmless recreation, with great applause, 4to. Lond. 1661), which was very frequently played "on the sly," after the suppression of the theatres. "When the publique theatres were shut up," observes Kirkman, "and the actors forbidden to present us with any of their tragedies, because we had enough of that in ernest; and comedies, because the vices of the age were too lively and smartly represented; then all that we could divert ourselves with were these humours and pieces of plays, which passing under the name of a merry conceited fellow called Bottom the Weaver, Simpleton the Smith, John Swabber, or some such title, were only allowed us, and that but by stealth too, and under pretence of rope-dancing and the like," The Wits, 4to. Lond. 1673, an abridgement of Kirkman's Wits, or Sport upon Sport, 8vo. Lond. 1672. Both these contain the Humors of Bottom the Weaver, in which Puck is transformed by name into Pugg. The Midsummer Night's Dream, in its integrity, did not please generally after the Restoration. Pepys, who saw it acted in September, 1662, does not scruple to condemn its insipidity,—"To the King's Theatre, where we saw Midsummer Night's Dream, which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." Yet this condemnatory criticism was equalled, if not excelled, by Lord Orford in the following century, the latter writer observing, in a letter to Bentley, dated in 1755, on the occasion of the production of Garrick's alteration,—"Garrick has produced a detestable English opera, which is crowded by all true lovers of their country; to mark the opposition to Italian operas, it is sung by some cast singers, two Italians, and a French girl, and the Chapel boys; and to regale us with sense, it is Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, which is forty times more nonsensical than the worst translation of any Italian opera-books." The earlier alteration above mentioned, the Humors of Bottom the Weaver, certainly met with success when it was represented. The publishers of the edition of 1661, Francis Kirkman and Henry Marsh, observe in their address to the reader,—"the entreaty of several persons, our friends, hath enduced us to the publishing of this piece, which, when the life of action was added to it, pleased generally well." And again,—"supposing

that things of this nature will be acceptable, have therefore begun with this, which we know may be easily acted, and may be now as fit for a private recreation, as formerly it hath been for a publike."

The comic portions of this drama were also separately produced upon the German stage in the seventeenth century, and, if we may give credence to Gryphius, they were adapted by Daniel Schwenter, who died in 1636, and introduced by him, of course before that period, on the stage at Altorff. The Absurda Comica oder Herr Peter Squentz of Andreas Gryphius was published at Leipsic in 1663, and is a curious paraphrastical adaptation of the comic scenes of Shakespeare's play; but the author claims another origin for the story he has adopted, observing, in his address to the reader,—"I herewith present to thee Peter Squenz, a name not unknown in Germany: although all his devices are not so ingenious as he thinks for, yet they have been well received on various stages, and have caused no little merriment to the spectators: but lest he should any longer be indebted to foreigners for his origin, be it known unto thee that Daniel Schwenter, the man who deserves well of all Germany, and is skilled in all sorts of languages as well as in the mathematical sciences, first introduced him on the stage at Altorff, and thence he has travelled over the length and breadth of the country." If Gryphius was really unacquainted with Shakespeare's drama, it is evident that he was indebted to some early German adaptation of it; and there is no improbability in the supposition that Schwenter introduced the comedy on the German stage, although unfortunately no copy of his version has yet been discovered.

In the year 1692, the Midsummer Night's Dream was changed into an opera under the title of the Fairy Queen, and performed at Dorset Garden. This alteration was printed at London the same year, and was produced on a very splendid scale. "In ornament," says Downes, "it was superior, especially in cloaths, for all the singers and dancers, scenes, machines and decorations, all most profusely set off and excellently performed, chiefly the instrumental and vocal part composed by Mr. Purcel, and dances by Mr. Priest. The court and town were wonderfully satisfied with it; but the expenses in setting it being so great, the company got very little by it." It was printed in 4to, 1692 and 1693. Richard Leveridge, in 1716 (published, 12mo. Lond.), adapted from this play A

Comick Masque of Pyramus and Thisbe, which was produced at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and in 1745, appeared a mock opera of Pyramus and Thisbe, set to music by Mr. Lampe, and acted at Covent Garden, 8vo. Lond. 1745, also taken from this comedy.

In 1755, Garrick produced, at Drury Lane, an opera taken from the Midsummer Night's Dream, under the title of The Fairies (published at London, 8vo. 1755). The parts of the clowns were entirely omitted. The music in this opera was composed by Smith, and contemporary journals speak of it in the highest terms. Garrick again produced the comedy at Drury Lane on Wednesday, November 23rd, 1763. The interlude was restored; but it was very coldly received by a limited audience, and only acted once. The St. James's Chronicle, in a critique on this revival, describes it as "an odd romantic performance, more like a masque than a play, and presenting a lively picture of the ungoverned imagination of that great poet." It was then cut down to an afterpiece by Colman, under the title of A Fairy Tale (published in 8vo. 1764), the supernatural characters being alone retained, and produced in that form on November 26th, when it met with rather better success. Colman's alteration was again produced at the Haymarket Theatre on July 18th, 1777, with some songs added from Garrick's version (printed in 8vo, 1777). The Fairy Prince (8vo. 1771), also, acted at Covent Garden Theatre in 1771, contains a very few lines taken from this play, and from the Merry Wives of Windsor.

The principle of the composition of the following comedy has exercised the ingenuity of several critics, but perhaps the great difficulties which surround all æsthetic commentary on this play arise in some measure from its unity of action and of purpose having been considered axiomatical. If, however, the subject is entered upon without any preconceived opinion formed upon the results of an examination of other plays of the great dramatist, and the drama be regarded as an anomaly not regulated by ordinary laws, the discussion is somewhat less intricate. In point of fact, our chief perplexity will consist in the necessity of disconnecting some particular action from the rest, and regarding it as a subsequent invention. The fairies, undoubtedly, constitute the main action. Remove them from the scene, and the play would be a mere skeleton adorned with a few narrow robes of exquisite poetry. How, or in what manner the poet formed

his frame-work—and a beautiful and graceful frame it is—is a question accessible only to conjecture. The permutations of Shakespeare's fancy were infinite, and here, as elsewhere, they have resolved themselves into a systematic whole.

The Midsummer-Night's Dream contains the sweetest poetry ever composed in any language; a galaxy of music in words. It influenced the fancy of Fletcher and Milton; and its production has become an era in the history of English poetical composition. It is difficult to appreciate, impossible to delineate, the wonderful effort of art by which the fairies are enabled to be accepted as the chief actors in a material comedy, without interfering with its perfect congruity; rendering the present drama the most successful combination of the kind in our own or in any language. Although a finished dramatic piece, it is unquestionably better fitted for the closet than the stage; yet the portion appropriated to the hard-handed men of Athens is, in itself, an admirable farce: joined with the action of the fairies, it becomes an artistic comedy. The play is adapted to the stage by the introduction of the clowns. Deprived of the latter, it would have partaken of the character of a masque, and, like Comus, would not have been appreciated by a common audience.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*

EGEUS, *Father to Hermia.*

LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, } *in love with Hermia.*

PHILOSTRATE, *Master of the Revels to Theseus.*

QUINCE, *the Carpenter.*

SNUG, *the Joiner.*

BOTTOM, *the Weaver.*

FLUTE, *the Bellows-mender.*

SNOUT, *the Tinker.*

STARVELING, *the Tailor.*

HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*

HERMIA, *Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*

HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*

TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*

PUCK, or Robin-goodfellow, *a Fairy.*

PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, } *Fairies.*

Pyramus, Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, Lion, } *Characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns.*

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE,—ATHENS, and a Wood not far from it.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in the Palace of* Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and* Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,[1]
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,[2]
Long withering out a young man's revenue.[3]
Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;[4]
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;[5]
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven,[6] shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.
The. Go, Philostrate,[7]
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn Melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.[8] [*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,[9]
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.[10]

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke![11]
The. Thanks, good Egeus: What 's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius:[12]—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:[13]
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;[14]
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair,[15] rings, gauds, conceits,[16]
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats,—messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here, before your grace,
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,—
As she is mine, I may dispose of her,
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,[17]
Immediately provided in that case.
The. What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,[18]
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.[19]
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is Lysander.
The. In himself he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.
Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes!
The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.
Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death,[20] or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth,[21] examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy[22] is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship,[23] whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.[24]

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia:—And, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him![25]

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,—
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;

My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius' ;
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right ?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul ; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted[26] and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof ;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come ;
And come, Egeus ; you shall go with me ;
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will ;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta :[27] What cheer, my love ?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along :
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, DEMETRIUS, *and train.*

Lys. How now, my love ? Why is your cheek so pale ?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast ?

Her. Belike for want of rain ; which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.[28]

Lys. Ah me ! for aught that I could ever read,[29]
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth :[30]
But, either it was different in blood ;—

Her. O cross ! too high to be enthrall'd to low ![31]

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years ;—

Her. O spite ! too old to be engag'd to young !

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;[32]—

Her. O hell ! to choose love by another's eye !

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it ;
Making it momentany as a sound,[33]
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,[34]
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,[35]
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,[36]
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold !'[37]
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny :
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross ;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion ; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child :
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues ;[38]
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee ;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow-night ;
And in the wood, a league without the town,[39]
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,[40]
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander !
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow ;[41]
By his best arrow with the golden head ;[42]
By the simplicity of Venus' doves ;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves ;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,[43]
When the false Trojan under sail was seen ;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke ;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.[44]
Demetrius loves your fair:[45] O happy fair![46]
Your eyes are load-stars;[47] and your tongues sweet air
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour so,[48]
Yours would I catch,[49] fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I 'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!
Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move!
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.[50]
Hel. None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!
Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,[51]
Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell![52]
Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,[53]
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,[54]
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel swell'd,[55]
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and strange companions.[56]

Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight. [*Exit* HERMIA.

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit* LYSANDER.

Hel. How happy some o'er othersome can be![57]
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vild, holding no quantity,[58]
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.[59]
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.[60]
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,[61]
So the boy love is perjur'd everywhere:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail[62] some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:[63]
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,[64]
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in a Cottage at Athens.*

Enter QUINCE, BOTTOM,[65] FLUTE, SNUG, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.[66]

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is

thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow on to a point.[67]

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy,[68] and most cruel death, of Pyramus and Thisbe.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.[69] —Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.[70]

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.[71]

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.[72]

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure.[73] To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely,[74] or a part to tear a cat in,[75] to make all split.[76]

> The raging rocks,
> And shivering shocks,[77]
> Shall break the locks
> Of prison-gates;
> And Phibbus' car
> Shall shine from far,
> And make and mar[78]
> The foolish fates.

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein;—a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.[79]

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisbe on you.

Flu. What is Thisbe? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman;[80] I have a beard coming.

Quin. That 's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.[81]

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisbe too: I 'll speak in a monstrous little voice:—"Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisbe dear! and lady dear!"

Quin. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisbe.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisbe's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisbe's father; Snug, the joiner, you the lion's part:—and I hope here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.[82]

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again; let him roar again."

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.[83]

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so,[84] that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.[85]

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man;[86] a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day;[87] a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?[88]

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns[89] have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night: and meet me in the Palace Wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we

rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties,[90] such as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely,[91] and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's Oak we meet.

Bot. Enough. Hold, or cut bow-strings![92] [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the First Act.

[1] *She lingers my desires.*

Linger is here an active verb. "K. Edmund, who hated nothing worse than to *linger* his businesse, assembled his people, and pighte downe his tents not farre from the enemies camp," Holinshed's Chronicles.

[2] *Like to a step-dame, or a dowager.*

The word *dowager*, as Mr. Knight observes, is here used in the original sense of a widow receiving *dower* out of the revenue which has descended to the heir with this customary charge. Slender, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. Sc. 1, alludes to this custom;—"I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead." Step-dames, it is scarcely requisite to observe, were seldom looked upon by the youths under their charge with any degree of affection; their severity is thus mentioned by Barnfeild, in his Complaint of Poetrye, 1598:—

Then, if a stony heart must thee inter,
Go find a stepdame or a usurer.

[3] *Long withering out a young man's revenue.*

The authenticity of this reading having been questioned by Dr. Warburton, (who alters *withering out* to *wintering on*), I shall exemplify it from Chapman's translation of the 4th book of Homer; "—there the goodly plant lies *withering out* his grace."—*Steevens.*

I must own the metaphor appears to me extremely apposite to denote the lingering consumption and decay of an estate, the owner of which is impairing it by continual drains, in consequence of his youthful prodigality, at the same time that the clearest part of its income is intercepted before it comes to his hands. —*Heath.*

Ut piger Annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum,
Sic mihi tarda fluunt, ingrataque tempora.—*Horace.*

Thus translated by Drant, 1567,—

Slowe seames the yeare unto the warde
Which houlden downe must be,
In custodie of stepdame straite,—
Slowe slydes the time to me.

[4] *Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights.*

A similar use of the verb *steep* occurs in Cymbeline, Othello, and in several other plays.

[5] *Four nights will quickly dream away the time.*

So all the editions, with the exception of that printed by Roberts in 1600, which erroneously has *daies* in the place of *nights*.

[6] *Like to a silver bow new bent in heaven.*

The old copies read *now*, the words being frequently interchanged in old books. There is a curious instance of this in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1630, the line "for some but *new* departing soule" being repeated in the burden, "for some but *now* departing soule." So in Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian, "now-departing embers," ed. 1647, is rightly altered to *new-departing embers* in ed. 1679. *Newe* and *nowe* are written interchangeably in the Thornton Manuscript, of the fifteenth century. The custom of selecting the time of the new moon for the celebration of marriage was an ancient English one, and till recently prevalent in some of the highest parts of Scotland. So, in the old romance of Sir Eglamour of Artois,—

Gode Lorde, we alle thou wys and rede,
A sybbe maryage thys day have we made
In the spryngynge of the mone.

In connexion with the remark of old Aubrey, and with the very remote possibility the drama was written or imagined on a Midsummer Night, the author accidentally adapting some minor circumstances from the time of composition, it may be worth observing that the days of new moon were, in 1593, June 18th, 7 p. m., in 1594, June 8th, 3 a. m., in 1595, June 27th, 10 a. m., in 1596, June 15th, 10 a. m., in 1597, June 4th, 7 p. m., and in 1598, June 23rd, 11 a. m. In this computation, it should be observed that the style is Old Style, and that the day commences at midnight.

This choice of the time of new moon for the nuptials of Theseus creates an anachronism, when the hard-handed actors assert that the moon shines on the night they exhibit their play. Other oversights of a like kind may also deserve notice. The period of action is four days, concluding with the night of the new moon. But Hermia and Lysander receive the edict of Theseus four days before the new moon; they fly from Athens "to-morrow night;" they become the sport of the fairies, along with Helena and Demetrius, *during one night only*, for, Oberon accomplishes all in one night, before "the first cock crows;" and the lovers are discovered by Theseus the morning before that which would have rendered this portion of the plot chronologically consistent. For, although Oberon, addressing his queen, says,

Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, *to-morrow midnight*, solemnly,
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly.

yet Theseus, when he discovers the lovers, asks Egeus,—"is not this the day that Hermia should give answer of her choice?," and the answer of Egeus, "It is, my Lord," coupled with what Theseus says to Hermia in the first Act—"Take time

to pause; and by the next new moon," &c. proves that the action of the remaining part of the play is not intended to consist of two days.

The preparation and rehearsal of the interlude present similar inconsistencies. In Act i., Sc. 2, Quince is the only one who has any knowledge of the "most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe," and he selects actors for Thisbe's mother, Pyramus's father, and Thisbe's father, none of whom appear in the interlude itself. In Act iii, Sc. 1, there is the commencement of the play in rehearsal, none of which appears in the piece itself. Again, the play could have been but partially rehearsed once; for Bottom only returns in time to advise "every man look o'er his part;" and immediately before his companions were lamenting the failure of their "sport." How then could the "merry tears" of Philostrate be shed at its rehearsal?

[7] *Go, Philostrate.*

Chaucer speaking of Arcite, who was banished by Theseus, but upon disguising himself, and changing his name, was admitted into his service; after he had serv'd princess Emily for some time, Knight's Tale, ap. Grey,—

A yere or two he was in this servise,
Page of the chamber of Em'ly the bright,
And Philostrate he seide that he hight;
But half so wele belov'd a man as he,
Ne was ther none in court of his degre:
He was so gentil of condicioun,
That throughout all the court was his renoun.
They seide, that it were a charete
That Theseus woude enhansin his degre,
And put him in a worshipfull servise,
There as he might his virtue exercise.
And thus within a while his name is sprong,
Both of his dedis, and of his gode tong,
That Theseus hath takin hym so nere,
That of his chambre he hath made him squere.

[8] *The pale companion is not for our pomp.*

Referring to Melancholy, the "pale companion," who is said, in the Romaunt of the Rose, to be even paler and leaner than Avarice,—

Not halfe so pale was Avarice,
Ne nothing like of leannesse.

I am apt to believe the author gave it, *that pale companion*, which has more force. And besides the moon, another *pale companion* was to be witness to the marriage pomp and solemnity, as Hippolita had said just before, *The moon*, &c. Shakespeare calls the moon the *pale companion of the night*, Two Gentlemen of Verona. And again, in the first part of king Henry the Fourth, "the pale fac'd moon."—*Dr. Grey.*

[9] *Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword.*

See the story of Theseus carrying away Hippolyta, as related in the Knightes Tale of Chaucer. In North's Plutarch, Life of Theseus, p. 14, ed. 1579, the name of the Amazon is called Antiopa, and the other one of Hippolyta is only alluded to afterwards.

[10] *With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.*

By triumph, as Warton has observed in his edition of Milton's Poems, p. 56,

we are to understand *shows*, such as masks, revels, &c. So, again, in King Henry VI., Part 3,—

> And now what rests, but that we spend the time
> With stately *triumphs*, mirthful comick shows,
> Such as befit the pleasures of the court?

Again, in the preface to Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, 1624: "Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, trophies, *triumphs*, revels, sports, playes." Jonson, as the same gentleman observes, in the title of his masque called Love's Triumph through Callipolis, by *triumph* seems to have meant a grand procession; and in one of the stage-directions, it is said, "the triumph is seen far off."—*Malone.*

Thus also, and more satisfactorily, in the Duke of Anjou's Entertainment at Antwerp, 1581: "Yet notwithstanding, their triumphes [those of the Romans] have so borne the bell above all the rest, that the word *triumphing*, which cometh thereof, *hath beene applied to all high, great, and statelie dooings.—Steevens.*

It was long ago proposed by White, without any real necessity, to alter *revelling* to *revelry*, for the sake of obtaining a rhyme; and the variation is also suggested in the Perkins MS. The text is that of all the old editions.

[11] *Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!*

Duke is here used in its literal sense, from *dux*, a leader or general. This usage of the word is very common in early English, and occurs in Chaucer's Knightes Tale, Wicliffe, Turbervile's Ovid, the translation of Thucydides by Nichols, the Bible, Gen. xv, 1 Chron. i. 51, &c.

The Tyryenes was so ferde bycause of the dedde of Balane thaire *duc*, that thay ne durst noghte turne agayne, ne defende the wallez.—*MS. Lincoln.* A. i. 17, f. 6.

> Tolde and affermed to *duc Theseus*,
> With bolde chere and a plein visage.
> *Lydgate's Bochas, MS. Hatton* 2.

Lidgate too, the monk of Bury, in his translation of the Tragedies of John Bochas, calls him by the same title, ch. xii. l. 21: "*Duke* Theseus had the victorye." Creon, in the Tragedy of Jocasta, translated from Euripides in 1566, is called *Duke Creon.* So likewise Skelton:—"Not like *Duke* Hamilcar, nor like *Duke* Asdruball." Stanyhurst, in his translation of Virgil, calls Æneas, *Duke* Æneas; and in Heywood's Iron Age, Part II., 1632, Ajax is styled *Duke* Ajax, Palamedes, *Duke* Palamedes, and Nestor, *Duke* Nestor, &c.—*Steevens.*

In the play of Fuimus Troes, Nennius, one of the sons of Lud, is called *Duke Nennius.* And in another drama of that period, Æneas is alluded to by the title of Trojan *Duke.—Nares.*

> O to recount, sir, will breed more ruth
> Than did the tale of *that high Trojan duke*
> To the sad-fated Carthaginian queen.—*The Hog has Lost his Pearl.*

[12] *Stand forth, Demetrius.*

This injunction, addressed to Demetrius, and the following similar one to Lysander, are given as stage-directions in the original editions.

[13] *This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child.*

The word *man*, which occurs in the early quarto editions, and in ed. 1623, is omitted in the later folios, through an erroneous appreciation of the Elizabethan metre, which occasionally admitted a redundant syllable at the commencement of

a verse. It is also to be observed that the repetition of the epithet renders the line more forcible. Some editors of the last century read *witch'd* instead of *bewitch'd.*

[14] *With feigning voice, verses of feigning love.*

The word *feigning* being spelt *faining* in the old copies, Mr. Hunter proposes to retain the latter form, in the sense, I presume, of, wishing fondly, as in Spenser's Hymn on Love,—"fairer than fairest, in his faining eye." The probability, however, is that Egeus intended to imply that the love of Lysander was assumed and deceptive. The verb *feign* was frequently spelt *fain.* "He can fayne a lye as well as any boye in this towne," Palsgrave, 1530. In As You Like It, ed. 1623, p. 198, both forms occur in the same speech,—"the truest poetrie is the most *faining*, and lovers are given to poetrie, and what they sweare in poetrie, may be said as lovers, they do *feigne.*"

[15] *With bracelets of thy hair.*

The custom of lovers presenting each other with bracelets of hair was common in Shakespeare's time. The practice also obtained in Ireland. "The (Irish) women present their lovers with bracelets of their own hair," Accounts of Rites, &c.

> Once woare I *bracelets made of hayre,*
> And collers did approve;
> Once wore my clothes made out of waxe,
> And then I was in love.—*MS. Poems*, written about 1600.

> He smells of complement, in presence faire,
> And uses oft to weare *bracelets of haire,*
> Swearing they came from such, but tis not so,
> For t'was some tyre-woman he tooke them fro.
> *Braithwait's Strappado for the Divell*, 1615.

[16] *Rings, gawds, conceits.*

Gawds, that is, baubles, toys, trifles. Our author has the word frequently. Again, in Appius and Virginia, 1575: "When gaine is no gransier, and *gaudes* naught set by," &c. Again, in Drayton's Mooncalf: "—— and in her lap a sort of paper puppets, *gauds* and toys." Lambe, in his notes on the ancient metrical history of the Battle of Flodden, observes that a *gawd* is *a child's toy*, and that the children in the North call their play-things *gowdys*, and their baby-house a *gowdy-house.—Steevens.*

"Love plays with gawdes and toys," Drayton's Idea. "A gaud or toy," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. Compare, also, Minsheu in v.

[17] *According to our law.*

By a law of Solon's, parents had an absolute power of life and death over their children. So it suited the poet's purpose well enough, to suppose the Athenians had it before.—Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew anything of the matter. *—Warburton.*

[18] *As a form in wax, by him imprinted.*

> I have my calling too. Well, sir, the contract
> Is with this gentleman, ten thousand pound.
> An ample portion for a younger brother,
> With a soft, tender, delicate rib of mans flesh,
> That he may worke like waxe, and print upon.
> *Ben Jonson's Magnetick Lady*, fol. ed., p. 26.

[19] *To leave the figure, or disfigure it.*

The sense is, observes Dr. Johnson, "you owe to your father a being which he may at pleasure continue or destroy." Warburton most unnecessarily altered *leave* to *'leve*, for *releve*, by an initial aphærisis, a word of his own invention. Compare the following lines in the Nosce Teipsum of Sir John Davies,—

> This power in parts made fit, fit objects takes,
> Yet not the things, but formes of things receives,
> As when a seale in waxe impression makes,
> The print therein, but not itselfe, it leaves.

The meaning of, to *leave* the *figure*, is no more than this—That the child being but as a form imprinted in wax by the father, has as absolute authority over it, to kill or save it, as he has over the waxen image, to *leave* the figure, to let it remain as he has form'd it, or entirely to disfigure, destroy, or melt it down again.—*Dr. Dodd.*

[20] *Either to die the death.*

This pleonastic expression, probably borrowed from the Scriptures, is of common occurrence. "And shall dye the death, like as God hath appoynted," God's Promises, 1538. "Never this heart shall have the thoughtful dread to die the death," Ferrex and Porrex. "We will, my liege, else let us die the death," Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601.

The phrase is *a good phrase*, as Shallow says, but I do not conceive it to be either of legal or Scriptural origin. Chaucer uses it frequently. See Canterbury Tales, ver. 607, "They were adradde of him, as of *the deth;*" ver. 1222, "*The deth* he feleth thurgh his herte smite." It seems to have been originally a mistaken translation of the French *La Mort.—Tyrwhitt.*

I ha said it, and when posture of our word takes his bace beeing, I will die the death.—*History of the Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609.

[21] *Know of your youth.*

In other words, consider your youth, take cognizance of it. A similar emphatic use of the verb *know* occurs in Measure for Measure, ii. 1,—"Let but your honour know," that is, consider this.

[22] *But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd.*

Earthlier is merely the comparative adjective, in the sense of, more earthly, more corporeally. Milton uses the word *amplier*, more amply; and *wiselier* occurs in the Tempest, act ii. Pope suggests to read *earlier*, and Steevens, *earthly;* while Capell would thus alter the expression altogether, *earthly happier.* Compare Sonnets 5 and 54, for somewhat similar images adopted from the rose. "Her beauty 'gins to wither; she distills like to a rose," Davenant's Cruell Brother, 1630.

Maria. Responde tu mihi vicissim:—utrum spectaculum amœnius: rosa nitens et lactea in suo frutice, an decerpta digitis ac paulatim marcescens? *Pamphilus.* Ego rosam existimo feliciorem quæ marcescit in hominis manu, delectans interim et oculos et nares, quam quæ senescit in frutice.—*Erasmus, Procus et Puella.*

So, in Lyly's Midas, 1592: "— You bee all young and faire, endeavour to bee wise and vertuous; that when, like *roses*, you shall fall from the stalke, you may be gathered, and put to the *still.*" This image, however, observes Steevens, must have been generally obvious, as in Shakespeare's time the distillation of rose-water was a common process in all families.

Distilled rose-water was used for a great variety of purposes. A long list of its virtues is given in the Vertuose Boke of Distyllacyon of the Waters of all maner of Herbes, 1527, in a chapter which commences as follows,—"The water of the

rede roses comforteth and strengteth and coleth the braynes, the harte, the stomake, and the pryncypall membres, and defendeth them for dyssolvynge; and yf the membres were dyssolved, the same water bryngeth them agayne in theyr myght with his smellyng and odoryfere vertue."

[23] *Unto his lordship.*

Lordship, supreme power, dominion, A. S. This is not an unusual sense of the word in early English works.

[24] *My soul consents not to give sovereignty.*

That is, to give sovereignty to. This elliptical phraseology was very common, and instances are given in vol. i. p. 275. The editor of the second folio, modernising the text, reads, in the previous line,—"*to* whose unwished yoke," against the authority of the older copies.

[25] *Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.*

Tyrwhitt unnecessarily proposed to read, *Hermia*, without the sign of the genitive case. *Him* of course refers to "her father."

[26] *Upon this spotted and inconstant man.*

As *spotless* is innocent, so *spotted* is wicked. So in Cavendish's Metrical Visions:—"The *spotted* queen, causer of all this strife." And again:—"*Spotted* with pride, viciousnes, and cruelty."—*Singer.*

[27] *Come, my Hippolyta.*

These same words occur in the False Favourite Disgrac'd, and the Reward of Loyalty, 1657, p. 5, but perhaps accidentally, one of the characters in that play being termed Hippolito.

[28] *Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.*

Give them, bestow upon them. The word is used by Spenser. Again, in The Case is Alter'd, How? Ask Dalio and Milo, 1605:—"I could *beteeme* her a better match." But I rather think that to *beteem*, in this place, signifies (as in the northern counties) to *pour out;* from *tommer*, Danish.—*Steevens.*

To teme, vacuare, exhaurire. Hinc Lincoln: to teem out, effundere; ab Hibernico tiomam, exantlare.—*Lye, Etymolog.*

"*Beteaming* tears from her eyes." We use it also metaphorically, of a multitude pouring along like a stream. Of a thronged congregation issuing from a church, or a crowded audience from a theatre, it is said "how they came *teamering* out." Isl. *toema*, evacuare.—*Forby's East Anglia.*

The word which Skinner explains.—*effundere, seu ab uno vase in aliud transfundere*, is—teem; and is (it seems) a local word only, proper to Lincolnshire: so that the *particula otiosa* before it should be Shakespeare's; and he a user of other liberties with it, making *beteem them* stand for—*beteem* to *them*, *i. e.* the *roses:* If the passage be uncorrupted, and this the sense of *beteem*, of both which there is some suspicion, he must have us'd it that his verb might suit the strength of his substantive, *tempest* requiring a—pouring out.—*Capell.*

[29] *Ah me! for aught that ever I could read.*

The words "ah me," or "eigh me," as they are spelt in the two early quartos, are omitted in ed. 1623, and supplied by *Hermia* in the second folio, the latter being the reading adopted by Pope, Hanmer, Capell, and several other editors of the last century. The authority of both the quartos support the present lection, and is of course to be preferred to that of ed. 1632. Butler has copied this line, perhaps unconsciously, in Hudibras, I. iii. 1026.

[30] *The course of true love never did run smooth.*

This line, now so familiar to all readers, was possibly borrowed from an ancient proverb thus recorded in MS. Sloane 1825,—

Y shal you say, and well y can,
The tide of love abidith no man.

Compare also the Paradise Lost, x. 896, where several lines are apparently imitated from the dialogue in the text.

[31] *O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!*

Love—possesses all the editions, but carries no just meaning in it. Nor was Hermia displeas'd at being in love; but regrets the inconveniences that generally attend the passion; either, the parties are disproportioned, in degree of blood and quality; or unequal, in respect of years; or brought together by the appointment of friends, and not by their own choice. These are the complaints represented by Lysander; and Hermia, to answer to the first, as she has done to the other two, must necessarily say:—"O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to *low!*" So the antithesis is kept up in the terms; and so she is made to condole the disproportion of blood and quality in lovers.—*Theobald.*

The emendation is fully supported, not only by the tenour of the preceding lines, but by a passage in our author's Venus and Adonis, in which the former predicts that the course of love never shall run smooth:—"Ne'er settled equally, but high or low."—*Malone.*

In some alterations of this play, the interruptions of Hermia are omitted, an arrangement which unquestionably increases the effect of Lysander's speech, and might be adopted in representation, were it not that the author evidently intended both the speakers should join in passionately lamenting the difficulties encountered in the path of love. It must also be remembered that it was the occasional practice of Shakespeare and Milton to introduce parenthetical interruptions into the midst of the most eloquent passages.

[32] *Or else it stood upon the choice of friends.*

So the quartos. In the folio we find—"Or else it stood upon the choice of *merit.*" The alteration in the folio was certainly not an accidental one; but we hesitate to adopt the reading, the meaning of which is more recondite than that of *friends.* The "choice of merit" is opposed to the "sympathy in choice;"—the merit of the suitor recommends itself to "another's eye," but not to the person beloved.—*C. Knight.*

[33] *Making it momentany as a sound.*

Momentany (from the Latin *momentaneus*) is an old form of *momentary* (Lat.), and both words were in common use, the first being in the quarto, and the other in the folio, edition of the present comedy. *Momentary*, however, was hardly to be considered a modernisation, for the other form is used by Dryden, and, in Measure for Measure, p. 71, the *momentary* of eds. 1623, 1632, is altered to *momentany* in ed. 1663. "These are momentany gods, as men are kings on the stage till the play is done," Adams' Happines of the Church, 1619. For other examples, see Ammianus Marcellinus, the Roman Historie, by Holland, 1609; Passenger of Benvenuto, 1612; Ford's Line of Life, 1620; Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, p. 342.

Setting out as in a mirror how dangerous his hazard is that sets his rest upon love, whose essence, if it have any, is momentany, and effects variable.—*Alcida Greenes Metamorphosis*, 1617.

But after that, when they shall go into the commonwealth to practise, when

they shal meet with diseases which Galen never dreamed of, when they shall view the marvellous and secret affections and properties of mens bodies, the sudden and *momentanie* changes of the same, which a man can scarcely follow with his mind. —*Barrough's Method of Physick*, 1624.

[34] *Swift as a shadow, short as any dream.*

These images are probably taken from the Scriptures, where a shadow and a dream are spoken of as emblematic of life as quickly passing and vanishing away; "our days on earth are as a shadow," and again,—"he shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found." Compare also Chaucer, Cant. T., 9189,—"giftes of fortune, that passen as a schadow on a wal."

[35] *Brief as the lightning in the collied night.*

Collied, literally, blackened with smoke; hence, generally, black, dark. "I colowe, I make blake with a cole, *je charbonne*," Palsgrave, 1530. "Colwyd, *carbonatus*," Pr. Parv. "Nor thou hast not collied thy face enough, stinkard," Ben Jonson's Poetaster, fol. ed., p. 321. "Now scarr'd and collowed, with his face and head cover'd with ashes," Sylvester's Du Bartas. The "colly fists" of Vulcan are mentioned in Hutton's Follies Anatomie, 1619; and his "collied cheekes" in Cœlum Britannicum, 1634; Davenant's Works, 1673, p. 364. "A letter, with the outside all collied," Gerardo, the Unfortunate Spaniard, 1653.

Fy, fy, Club, goe a tother side the way, thou *collowst* me and my ruffe, thou wilt make me an unclean member i' the congregation.—*Family of Love*, 1608.

[36] *That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth.*

The term *spleen* is used here, and in King John, to express any hasty sudden movement, violent haste, metaphorically from its signification of "passion."

Though the word *spleen* be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. Shakespeare, always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas, assumes, every now and then, an uncommon licence in the use of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes it is usual with him to employ one, only to express a very few *ideas* of that number of which it is composed. Thus wanting here to express the ideas—of a sudden, or *in a trice*, he uses the word *spleen*; which, partially considered, signifying a hasty sudden fit, is enough for him, and he never troubles himself about the further or fuller signification of the word. Here, he uses the word *spleen* for a *sudden hasty fit*: so just the contrary, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, he uses *sudden* for *splenetic*: *sudden quips*. And it must be owned this sort of conversation adds a force to the diction.—*Warburton*.

> Like winter fires, that with disdainfull heat
> The opposition of the cold defeat;
> And, in an *angry spleen*, do burn more fair,
> The more encountered by the frosty air.
> *Verses by Poole, before his English Parnassus*, 8vo. 1657.

So in Lithgow's Nineteen Years' Travayles, 4to. 1632, p. 61, "All things below and above being cunningly perfected, and every one ranked in order with his harquebuse and pike, to stand in the centinel of his own defence, we recommend ourselves in the hands of the Almighty, and in the meanwhile attended their fiery salutations. In a *furious spleen*, the first holla of their courtesies, was the progress of a martial conflict, thundering forth a terrible noise of gally-roaring pieces," &c. These last two pertinent extracts are taken from an interesting note in Hunter's New Illustrations, i. 289.

[37] *And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!*

This foolish nation will sell their goods, their lands, nay their very soules for

nights delights and momentarie sports, which like to lightning appeares, and vanisheth ere one can say 'tis come.—*The Fleire.*

No light but lightning ceaselessly to burn,
Swifter than thought from place to place to pass,
And being gone doth suddenly return,
Ere you could say precisely that it was.
Drayton's Moyses in a Map of his Miracles, 1604.

——— Too sudden,
Too like the lightning that doth cease to be
Ere one can say—it lightens!—*Romeo and Juliet.*

[38] *Remote seven leagues.*

The word *remote*, as it occurs in the two editions of 1600, is here retained. The folio editions read, *remov'd.*

[39] *And in the wood, a league without the town.*

This wood is called, in the next scene, the Palace Wood, and is there described as being "a mile without the town." It appears that Shakespeare, in this and other instances, made a league and a mile synonymous. The league was certainly variously estimated. In Holland's translation of Ammianus Marcellinus, it is reckoned as a mile and a half.

[40] *To do observance to a morn of May.*

So the two early quartos, the first folio reading, "for a morn of May." The expression in the text was a common one applied to the observances of May morning, and occurs several times in Chaucer,—

Do way your boke, rise up and let us daunce,
And let us done to May same observaunce.

In the Knightes Tale, as well as in Troilus and Creseide, whence the above extract is taken, the third of May is mentioned as the proper date of the "observance."

You that in May have bathde in blis,
And founde a salve to ease your sore,
Doe May observaunce, reason is
That May should honorde be therfore.
Turbervile's Poems, 1570.

Well done, my lusty bloods, well done. Fit, fit observance for this May morning.—*Chapman's May-day*, 1611.

[41] *I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow.*

This portion of Hermia's speech is considered by Warburton to be properly attributable to Lysander, but without the slightest reason. The allusion to the qualities of the vows of men and women clearly proves that it is rightly assigned to Hermia.

Would any man in his senses, when he is giving the strongest assurances of his fidelity to his mistress, endeavour at the same time to defeat the purpose, and destroy the effect of them, by expressly reminding her how often her sex had been deceived and ruined by trusting to such security? Whereas in her mouth these expressions have the greatest beauty. She finely insinuates to her lover, that she is not insensible of the hazard she runs from the entire confidence she reposes in him; but at the same time she lets him see that she loves him with a passion above being restrained by this or any other consideration. This excess of tenderness

expressed with so much delicacy, must very strongly affect every mind that is susceptible of a sympathy with those generous sentiments.—*Heath.*

[42] *By his best arrow with the golden head.*

Cupid's "best arrow," in allusion to the two mentioned in Ovid's Metamorphoses, i. 466; the one that causeth love "is all of gold, with point full sharp and bright," Golding's translation. So Surrey, p. 24, speaks of Cupid's "golden burning darte;" and in the King's Quair,—"And with the first that headed is of gold, he smites soft, and that has easy cure."

> Is he a God, that ever flies the light?
> Or naked he, disguis'd in all untruth?
> If he be blind, how hitteth he so right?
> How is he young, that tam'd ould Phœbus youth?
> But arrowes two, and tipt with gold or lead?
> Some hurt, accuse a third with hornie head.
>
> *Sir P. Sydney's Arcadia.*

[43] *And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen.*

Shakespeare had forgot that Theseus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and consequently long before the death of Dido.—*Steevens.*

[44] *Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.*

> Oh, you are fair! *Let me that fair unsay!*
> So's a bright night compar'd with stormy day.
>
> *Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter*, 1671, p. 130.

[45] *Demetrius loves your fair.*

Fair is used also as a substantive in the Comedy of Errors, ii. 1, and in the Sonnets. Again, in the Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601: "But what foul hand hath arm'd Matilda's *fair?*" In A Looking-Glass for London and England, 1598: "And fold in me the riches of thy *fair.*" In the Pinner of Wakefield, 1599: "Then tell me, love, shall I have all thy *fair?*" Again, in Greene's Never Too Late, 1616: "Though she were false to Menelaus, yet her *fair* made him brook her follies."

> Flora in tawny hid up all her flowers,
> And would not diaper the meads with *fair.*—*Steevens.*

Mr. Dyce refers to Milton's Paradise Lost, ix. 608, and to Sylvester's Du Bartas, Bethulia's Rescue, ed. 1641, p. 502, the original of the latter having *ses divines beautez*, translated by "her faire." Marston, in one of his Satires, speaks of the "outward faire" of the green meads. In a similar manner, *pure* is used as a substantive in a song in England's Helicon.

> —— For her sake
> (Despairing else contract) thou too turn'st soul,
> And to enjoy her *fairs* without controul,
> Cast'st off this body's clog, so must all do,
> Cast matter off, who wou'd abstraction woo.—*Overbury.*

It has been proposed to read, "Demetrius loves you, fair."

[46] *O happy fair!*

Fair, elliptically for, fair one, is very common. "O fairest faire, above all faires," Barnefield's Cassandra, 1595. "Fairest of fairs" was a favorite expression, instances of which occur in the London Prodigal, Albions England, v. 26,

Tom o' Lincoln, Bartholomew Fair, &c. "First buy an ambling hobby for my faire," Returne from Pernassus, 1606. "My fairest faire stood gazing on the skyes," Wits Recreations, 1640. "If thou find where my cruell faire doth rest," Carew's Poems, 1642.

[47] *Your eyes are lode-stars.*

The lode-star was anciently the name of the pole-star, here the guiding star of love. Thus Maundevile, in his Travels, speaking of the Yle of Lamary, says,—"In that Lond, ne in many othere beȝonde that, no man may see the Sterre transmontane, that is clept the Sterre of the See, that is unmevable, and that is toward the Northe, that we clepen the Lode Sterre: but men seen another Sterre, the contrarie to him, that is toward the Southe, that is clept Antartyk: and right as the schip-men taken here avys here, and governe hem be the Lode Sterre, right so don schip-men beȝonde the parties, be the Sterre of the Southe, the whiche sterre apperethe not to us. And this sterre, that is toward the Northe, that wee clepen the Lode Sterre, ne apperethe not to hem."

The following account of the pole-star is given in the Compost of Ptolomeus, —"Heere will we speake, after the abovesayd things, of some starres in particular, and first of them that Ptolomeus and other astronomers named the pomell of the skyes, or the starre of the north; wherefore we ought for to know, which we see by reason, that the sky turneth from east to west by the diurnall or daily motion of the first mobilie, the which doth turne on two poynts which are opposite, which two poynts are called the poles of the sky, of the which we doe see one visible, and it is called the pole artick, and the other we see not, that is the pole antartick, or in mid-day, which is alwaies hid under the earth. The pomell of the sky, which astronomers doth say is the highest and farthest from us, and by which they have the knowledge that they have of the other starres and parts of the sky. The starres that are by the said pomell never goe under the earth, of the which are the starres which maketh the chariot, and divers other; but they that are farther from it goeth somtime under the earth, as the sunne, moone, and the planets; under this pomell directly is the angle of the earth, and is the place against which the sunne is at the houre of midnight."

Again, in Trevisa's translation of Glanville, ed. 1535, fol. 133,—"by the place of this sterre place and stedes and boundes of the other sterres and of cercles of heven ben knowen: therefore astronomers beholde mooste this sterre. Then this ster is dyscryved of moste shorte cercle; for he is ferre from the place that we ben in; he hydeth the hugenesse of his quantite for unmevablenes of his place, and he doth certifie men moste certeynly, that beholde and take heede therof; and therfore he is called *stella maris*, the sterre of the see, for he ledeth in the see men that saylle and have shyppemannes crafte."

The metaphorical use of the term is of exceedingly common occurrence. "Your plesaunt loke, my very lodestarre," La Belle Dame sans Mercy, 257. The following examples are chiefly taken from Grey, Johnson, and Steevens. "Chief lodesterre of my felicytie," Candlemas Day, 1512. "Who seeth you now my right *lode sterre*," Troilus and Creseide. "For love of *Jovis* my right *lode sterre*," Ib. Skelton calls Margaret Tylney, *lode sterre of light*, Crownee of lawrell. And in his boke of Philip Sparow,—

> Jane, this maistres hight,
> The *lode star* of delight.

So Sir Philip Sydney, Arcadia, "Mopsa was the *load starre* of my life." And

again, speaking to princess Pamela:—"Be not (most excellent lady) you, that nature has made to be the *load starr* of comfort, be not the rock of shipwrack." The expression is used in the same sense by Spenser, Sonnet 34,—"My Helice the load star of my life;" and in the Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is mad again, 1603.

Milton speaks of a beauty, "the cynosure of neighb'ring eyes," in L'Allegro. "Lode-stone to hearts, and lode-star to all eyes," Sir John Davies' dedication to Queen Elizabeth. So, in the Spanish Tragedy:—"Led by the *loadstar* of her heavenly looks." Again, in the Battle of Alcazar, 1594:—"The *loadstar* and the honour of our line." Again Sir John Davies, in his Orchestra, says,—"These eyes of yours, *lode-stars* of love."

Per me, perque oculos, *sidera nostra*, tuos.—*Ovid.*

Compare these lines in Hutton's Follies Anatomie, 1619,—

And, that he may obtaine his lust, compares
Her eyes to starres, to amber her pounct hayres;
Equalls her hand to cignets purest white,
Which in Mæanders streames do take delight;
Her sanguine blush, and ruby painted mold,
Unto Aurora's red, rich Indies gold.

[48] *O, were favour so!*

One meaning of *favour* is feature, countenance, a sense of the word that is generally considered to be here intended. "The countenance, visage, favour, or looke," Nomenclator, 1585. "And demandyng how they shuld know the persons, one answered with these wordes: Marry, my Lord, by intelligence of ther *favor*. What meane you by that? quoth I. Marry, sayd they, one of the partyes hath a hooked nose."—Letter dated 1586.

Let no man mervayle that he could not know him by his *favour*, for he had not seene him in the space of eight or nine yeares before, and he left him a very little boy in the countrey.—*The Life and Death of Mr. Edmund Geninges*, 1614.

I my selfe have seene that same maiden, and I remember shee was of a good lovelie *favour*.—*Terence in English*, 1614.

[49] *Your's would I catch.*

"Your words I catch," eds. 1600, 1623, the present reading being that adopted by Hanmer. The second folio reads,—"Your words I'd catch," which may be explained on the supposition that the term *favour*, in the previous line, is used in the ordinary sense, and that Helena refers to favour in the eyes of Demetrius; but this explanation involves, in conjunction with what follows, a disagreeable tautology. Mr. Knight considers the sentence parenthetical, observing that it is in the repetition of the word *fair* that Helena catches the words of Hermia. This and the preceding line are thus given in the Fairy Queen, 1692,—

Sickness is catching; Oh, were beauty so,
I'd catch your graces, Hermia, e'er I go.

[50] *His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.*

So in Fisher's quarto, all the other editions reading, "is none of mine," but the lection here adopted adds so much force to the passage, it can scarcely be doubted that it is the author's own diction. At the same time, it must be admitted that the other reading makes sense, the word *none*, in both speeches, being supposed to refer to *folly*.

[51] *Before the time I did Lysander see.*

Perhaps every reader may not discover the propriety of these lines. Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to consider the power of pleasing, as an advantage to be much envied or much desired, since Hermia, whom she considers as possessing it in the supreme degree, has found no other effect of it than the loss of happiness. —*Johnson.*

[52] *That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell.*

So all the early editions, with the exception that Fisher's quarto reads *unto a hell*, the prepositions *unto* and *into* having been, in Shakespeare's time, frequently used for each other. Mr. Dyce considers that the particle before *heaven* shows that the latter reading is correct as regards the insertion of the same word before *hell;* but, in the next act, there is a similar expression, which supports the lection here adopted,—"I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell." The metaphor occurs in several works, and, amongst others, in the familiar lines in the Paradise Lost, i. 254.

> Thus do we role the stone of our owne toyle,
> And men suppose our hell a heaven the while.
>
> *Daniel's Tragedie of Philotas*, 1605.

And so, if life were awarranted fooles, fat ones, rich ones, would give the chaine of their soules, that is linked to salvation, onely to inherit this earth in thy company; when earth, though it bee heaven to hell by reason of the paines, yet the comparison averts,—it is hell to heaven in respect of pleasures.—*Armin's Nest of Ninnies*, 1608.

[53] *Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.*

The sunny showers perfume the aire, and the bees begin to goe abroad for honey; the dewe, as in pearles, hangs upon the tops of the grasse, while the turtles sit billing upon the little greene boughes.—*Breton's Fantasticks*, 1626.

[54] *Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie.*

By the "faint primrose" the poet must refer to the common pale primrose of the hedges. "The prymerose, whiche is the very least and smallest mulleyn, hath small whitishe or yellowish greene leaves in all partes like to the leaves of oxelippe, amongst the whiche there riseth up littel fine hearie stemmes, eche stemme bearing but one onely floure like to the floures of oxelippe both in smell, colour, and proportion," Dodoens' Niewe Herball, ed. Lyte, 1578.

[55] *Emptying our bosoms of their counsel swell'd.*

The supposed necessity for rhyme, as in the instance previously noted at p. 32, induced Theobald to alter *swell'd* to *sweet*, and, in the third line following, *strange companions* to *stranger companies*, in each instance sacrificing the sense to the ear, the participle *emptying* corroborating the old reading *swell'd*, and the comparative, as applied to companions or companies, being pointless. The preposition *of*, used in the place of *with*, was very common (see vol. i. p. 270). The following are the notes of the critics:

This whole scene is strictly in rhyme; and that it deviates in these two couplets, I am persuaded, is owing to the ignorance of the first, and the inaccuracy of the later editors. I have therefore ventured to restore the rhymes, as I make no doubt but the poet first gave them. *Sweet* was easily corrupted into *swell'd*, because that made an *antithesis* to *emptying:* and *strange companions* our editors thought was plain English; but *stranger companies*, a little quaint and unintel-

ligible. Our author very often uses the *substantive*, stranger, *adjectively;* and *companies* to signify *companions:* as in Richard II.—"To tread the *stranger* paths of banishment." Again in Henry V.:—"His *companies* unletter'd, rude and shallow."—*Theobald.*

Counsels relates in construction to *emptying*—and not to the last word in the line, as it is now made to do by reading *swell'd.* A similar phraseology is used by a writer contemporary with Shakespeare:—

> So ran the poor girls, filling the air with shrieks,
> *Emptying of* all the *colour* their pale cheeks.
> *Heywood's Apology for Actors*, sig. B. 4, 1610.

The adjective *all* here added to *colour*, exactly answers, in construction, to *sweet* in the text, as regulated by Theobald.—*Malone.*

Theobald hath by a very happy conjecture corrected this wrong reading, substituting in its place,—"Emptying our bosoms of their counsels *sweet;*" that is, emptying our bosoms of those secrets upon which we were wont to consult each other with so sweet a satisfaction. The poet seems to have had in his eye the following passage in Psalm lv. 14, 15.—"But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. We took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends."—*Heath.*

Warburton retains the old reading, and perhaps justifiably; for a *bosom swell'd with secrets* does not appear as an expression unlikely to have been used by our author, who speaks of a *stuff'd bosom* in Macbeth. In Lyly's Midas, 1592, is a somewhat similar expression: "I am one of those whose tongues are *swell'd with silence.*" Again, in our author's King Richard II.: "—— the unseen grief, that *swells* in silence in the tortur'd soul." "*Of* counsels swell'd" may mean —swell'd *with* counsels. *Of* and *with*, in other ancient writers, have the same signification. See also, Macbeth—"*Of* Kernes and Gallow-glasses was supplied" —i. e. *with* them. In the scenes of King Richard II. there is likewise a mixture of rhyme and blank verse.—*Steevens.*

In a previous speech of Hermia's, all the lines rhyme with the exception of the three commencing ones. If Theobald's theory be correct, the two lines in that speech ending with the words *bow* and *head* should be altered so as to rhyme.

[56] *We must starve our sight from lovers' food.*

There is apparently a slight inconsistency here in speaking of the sight being starv'd till to-morrow "deep midnight," which, as appears from the opening speech of Theseus, would be within three nights of the new moon; but the objection is too subtle to be strongly marked, and the faintest light would be sufficient for the recognition of the eyes of an ardent lover.

[57] *How happy some o'er other-some can be!*

Other-some, a quaint but pretty phrase of frequent occurrence in early works. It is found in the Scriptures,—Acts, xvii. 18.

Some blasfemede hym and said, fy one hym that distroyes; and *othersome* saide, othire mene saved he, bot hymselfe he may nott helpe.—*MS. Lincoln*, A. i. 17, f. 183.

> How she doth play the wether-cocke,
> That turne with every winde;
> To some she will be foolishe stout,
> To *othersome* as kinde.—*Gaulfrido and Barnardo*, 1570.

God permits, often Nature, and alwayes humane and worldly policie, that some should be servants, and *other some* Lords.—*The Passenger of Benvenuto*, 1612.

[58] *Holding no quantity.*

Quality seems a word more suitable to the sense than *quantity*, but either may serve.—*Johnson.* *Quantity* is our author's word. So, in Hamlet, "And women's fear and love *hold quantity*."—*Steevens.*

[59] *And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.*

The lover is never without the lamentable passions of Love, vaine desires, uncertaine hopes, foolish cogitations, urgent sorrowes, anger, disdaine, furie, teares, despights, follies, wreakes, jealousies, revenges, with a thousand other vanities: and therefore not without some reason was Love painted in forme of a foolish and vaine boy, naked in his simplicitie, winged in his flight from all best contentments, blind-fold in his reprochfull conversation, and in briefe, as a god, not that he is such an one indeed, there being but one onely God; but in that man suffering himselfe wholy to be governed by passion, he is altogether subject to the same, and obeyes the same as his God, who in spight of his teeth governes him, and rules him at his pleasure.—*The Passenger of Benvenuto*, 1612.

Cupid shal be a letell boye; howe must be tremmed, with a bow and arrows, blinfelde, accordinge as you thinke hit mete.—*Letter dated* 1553.

Thus certainly Cupid hath been long represented by the moderns; and on this fancy, Amaltheus formed his beautiful lines on Acon and Leonilla. But it is remarkable that no trace of such a notion has been found in any ancient Latin or Greek poet; nor has it been ascertained at what period or by whom this delineation of the god of love was first given.—*Malone.*

Non *oculis captum*, Pharetrâ sed enim, atque sagittis,
Armatum.—*Petrarch.*

Consult, Chartarii Imagines Deorum qui ab Antiquis celebantur, p. 331, 4to. Boccaccio, in his Genealogy of the Gods, gives the following account: "Oculos autem illi fascia tegunt, ut advertamus amantes ignorare quo tendant; nulla eorum esse indicia, nullæ rerum distinctiones, sed sola passione duci."—Lib. ix. c. 4. The oldest English writer who has noticed the blindness of love is Chaucer, in his translation of the Roman de la Rose:—"The God of love, *blind as stone;*" but this line is not in the French original.—*Douce.*

[60] *Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.*

So in Fisher's quarto, the word *so* being accidentally omitted in that printed by Roberts. "He is often," ed. 1623, altered in the later folios to, "he often is."

[61] *As waggish boys in game themselves forswear.*

The expression *game*, observes Dr. Johnson, here signifies not contentious play, but, sport, jest. This, in fact, is the usual early signification of the term, when in the singular, and without the article.

[62] *And when this hail.*

So in all the editions, excepting that of Roberts, 1600, in which *this* is misprinted *his*. In another play, *his* is printed for *this*.

[63] *If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.*

Even thanks will be a dear or very great expence for him to give me for this service. "A man had a shrewd wife, and he one day broke her head, the cure whereof cost him *deere expence* afterward," Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614.

Looke on the *deere expences* of my youth,
And see how just I reckon with thine eyes.
Daniel's Delia containing Certaine Sonnets, 1592.

Let them the *deare expence* of oyle upbraid
Suckt by thy watchfull lampe, that hath betray'd
To theft the blood of martyr'd authors, spilt
Into thy inke, whilst thou grow'st pale with guilt.
Carew's Poems, 1642.

The Perkins MS. alters *expense* to *recompense*, a reading which is thus commented upon by an able anonymous critic, who adopts a sense of the line different from that above given,—"The old corrector, in this case, has not merely mistaken, but has directly reversed Shakespeare's meaning. So far from saying that Demetrius's thanks will be any "recompense" for what she proposes doing, Helena says the very reverse, that they will be a severe aggravation of her pain. "A dear expense" here means a painful purchase, a bitter bargain. "If I have thanks, the sacrifice which I make in giving Demetrius this information will be doubly distressing to me." Of course she would much rather that Demetrius, her old lover, did not thank her for setting him on the traces of his new mistress. Thanks would be a mockery in the circumstances, and this is what Helena means to say. Such is manifestly the meaning of the passage, as may be gathered both from the words themselves, and from their connection with the context, which is this—

I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence,
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense;
But *herein* mean I to enrich my pain,
To *have his sight* thither, and back again.

"The *sight* of Demetrius, and not his *thanks*, was to be Helena's *recompense*." The original reading is also supported by the expression *enrich* in the next line, the imagery evidently being intentionally continued.

[64] *But herein mean I to enrich my pain.*

If thy griefe doth suffer any counsell, saide I, that thy thoughts be divided into this second passion, since there is so much due to the first. Don Felix answered me againe, sighing, and knocking me gently on the shoulder, saying, How wise art thou, Valerius, and what good counsell dost thou give me if I could follow it. Let us now go in to dinner, for when I have dined, I will have thee carie me a letter to my lady Celia, and then thou shalt see if any other love is not woorthy to be forgotten in lieu of thinking onely of her. These were wordes that greeved Felismena to the hart, but bicause she had him before her eies, whom she loved more than her-selfe, *the content, that she had by onely seeing him, was a sufficient remedie of the paine* that the greatest of these stings did make her feele.—*Diana of George of Montemayor, translated by B. Yong*, 1598.

[65] *Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, &c.*

"Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joyner, Bottome the Weaver, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Taylor," ed. 1600.

[66] *Man by man, according to the scrip.*

Scrip was formerly used in the same sense with *script*, and signified a scrip of paper, or any manner of writing, called *scripe* in Chaucer's Troilus and Creseide, "*Scripe* nor bill." Again, in Heywood's If you know not me you know Nobody, 1606, Part II.:—"I'll take thy own word without *scrip* or scroll." Holinshed likewise uses the word.—*Grey and Steevens.*

[67] *And so grow to a point.*

So the quarto editions of 1600, the first folio reading, "grow on," either lection making perfect sense. The meaning is, and so proceed to a conclusion; there being no necessity for adopting the conjecture of Warburton, *go on*, or that of Warner below given. "Those that resolutely goe through with anie quarrell must set all their worldly business at a stay, before they draw it to the poynt," Nash's Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596. Steevens notices the same kind of expression in Wily Beguiled:—"As yet we are *grown* to no conclusion." Again, in the Arraignment of Paris, 1584:

> Our reasons will be infinite, I trow,
> Unless *unto some other point we grow.*

Does not this mean *draw to a conclusion?* Alluding to Bottom's trade of a weaver. In a tract in the public library at Cambridge with the following title,—*The Reformado precisely characterised by a modern Churchman*, occurs this passage:—"Here are mechanicks of my profession who can seperate the pieces of salvation from those of damnation, *measure out* the thread, substantially *pressing the points*, till they have fashionably filled up their work with a *well-bottomed* conclusion."—*White.*

The sense, in my opinion, hath been hitherto mistaken; and instead of a *point*, a substantive, I would read *appoint*, a verb, that is, *appoint* what part each actor is to perform, which is the real case. Quince first tells them the name of the play, then calls the actors by their names, and after that, tells each of them what part is set down for him to act. Perhaps, however, only the particle *a* may be inserted by the printer, and Shakespeare wrote to *point*, i. e. to appoint. The word occurs in that sense in a poem by N. B. 1614, called, I Would and I Would Not, stanza iii.:—"To *point* the captains every one their fight."—*Warner.*

Warner's suggestion was probably derived from the opera of the Fairy Queen, 1692, p. 5, where the sentence is thus given,—"and so go on to appoint the parts."

[68] *The most lamentable comedy.*

This is very probably a burlesque on the title-page of Cambyses: "A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant Mirth, containing, The Life of Cambises King of Percia," &c., by Thomas Preston, bl. l., no date. On the registers of the Stationers' company, however, appears "the boke of Perymus and Thesbye," 1562. Perhaps Shakespeare copied some part of his interlude from it.—*Steevens.*

Thisbe, in the old editions, is spelt either Thisbie or Thisby, to indicate that it is a word of two syllables, but there seems no reason why the classical orthography of the name should not be followed uniformly through the comedy.

[69] *A very good piece of work, and a merry.*

This, observes Steevens, is designed as a ridicule on the titles of our ancient moralities and interludes. Thus we have, "Magnyfycence, a goodly Interlude and a mery, devysed and made by Mayster Skelton, Poet Laureate," n. d. An unique moral-play in the British Museum is entitled, "A new interlude and a mery of the nature of the iiij. elements, declarynge many proper poynts of phylosophy naturall, and of dyvers straunge landys."

> For since destiny
> Has decreed us to dye,
> And all must past o're the old ferry;
> Hang riches and cares,
> Since we han't many years,
> We'll have a short life, *and a merry.*
>
> *The Loyal Garland*, 1686.

[70] *Masters, spread yourselves.*

This is explained by Steevens, stand separately, not in a group, but so that you may be distinctly seen, and called over. It is, in fact, the simple use of the verb *spread* in the sense of, to scatter. "The sunne casteth or spredeth his light to the beautie of all things," Baret's Alvearie, 1580.

[71] *Nick Bottom, the weaver.*

Nicholas was either a favorite Christian name for a weaver, or a generic appellation for a person of that trade. "Nicke, the weaver's boy," is mentioned in an early epigram copied in a MS. of the seventeenth century. Bottom takes his name from a bottom of thread. "*Anguinum*, a knotte of snakes rolled together lyke a bottome of threede," Elyots Dictionarie, 1559. "*Glomus*, a bottome of yarne, or a clew of threed," Nomenclator, 1585. It may be worth remarking that in the parish-register of St. Saviour's, Southwark, is a testimonial, in 1569, of the age of Joseph *Botthom.*

A *bottome* for your silke it seemes,
My letters are become,
Whiche, with oft winding off and on,
Are wasted whole and some.—*Grange's Garden*, 1577.

My Lord, I pray be pleas'd to dispense with the prolixity of this discours, for I could not wind it up closer, nor on a lesser *bottom* :—*Howell's Letters*, 1650.

[72] *That kills himself most gallantly for love.*

The quarto editions read *gallant* for *gallantly*, the latter being the reading of the folios, and probably the correct lection, although the grammatical construction of the language of the time would sanction the text of the quartos.

[73] *I will condole in some measure.*

The verb *condole* is here used in an active sense, to lament or bewail. "*Condolére*, to condole, to bemone," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. "In doleful dittie to condole the same," Mirrour for Magistrates. "Thus to the wall I may condole," Pennyworth of Good Counsell. Again, in Three Merry Coblers, another old song, ap. Steevens,—

Poor weather beaten soles,
Whose case the body *condoles.*

[74] *I could play Ercles rarely.*

"Ay, marry," says a character in Ben Jonson's Poetaster, "this was written like a Hercules in poetry;" and a player in Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, first printed in 1592, observes,—"the twelve labours of Hercules have I *terribly thundered* on the stage, and played three scenes of the devil in the Highway to Heaven." Henslowe, in his Diary, mentions "the firste parte of Herculous," a play acted in May, 1595, and afterwards, in the same manuscript, the "two partes of Hercolus" are named as the work of Martin Slather or Slaughter. In a list of "properties and weapons provided for a mask of Greek Worthyes," of the time of Edward VI., is "a great clobb for one of them representing Hercules, iiij.*s.*" The character was a notorious one, and is thus alluded to in Brome's Antipodes, 1640,—

Nor in a comicke scene, play *Hercules furens*,
Tearing your throat to split the audients eares.

For leaning his hands upon his bil, and his chein upon his hands, with the voice of one that playeth Hercules in a play, but never had his fancy in his head,

the first word he spake to me was, am not I Dametas?—*The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia, by Sir P. Sidney*, 1599.

[75] *Or a part to tear a cat in.*

In the old comedy of the Roaring Girl, 1611, there is a character called *Tear-cat*, who says: "I am called, by those who have seen my valour, *Tear-cat*." In an anonymous piece called Histriomastix, or the Player Whipt, 1610, in six acts, a parcel of soldiers drag a company of players on the stage, and the captain says: "Sirrah, this is you that would rend and *tear a cat* upon a stage," &c. Again, in the Isle of Gulls, a comedy by J. Day, 1606:—"Fie upon't, more fustian; I had rather heare two good baudy jests, then a whole play of such teare-cat thunder-claps."—*Steevens.*

Warburton unnecessarily proposed to alter *cat* to *cap*, upon which Edwards observes,—"Nic Bottom's being called *Bully* Bottom, seems to have given rise to this judicious conjecture; but it is much more likely that Shakespear wrote, as all the editions give it, 'a part to *tear a cat in;*' which is a burlesque upon Hercules's killing a lion." There is a curious misprint in this speech in the Merry Conceited Humors of Bottom the Weaver, 1661, where the above is thus given,—"or a part to tear a cat *in two*, make all split," &c.

[76] *To make all split.*

A common phrase, perhaps originally a naval one, but used by civilians on almost any occasion where the notion of great violence was intended to be expressed. "He set downe this period with such a sigh, that, as the Marriners say, a man would have thought *al would have split* againe," Greene's Never too Late, sig. G 3, ed. 1611, ap. Dyce. Compare Dodsley, vi. 74; Middleton, ii. 518, iii. 282; Dilke's Old Plays, iii. 22; Beaumont and Fletcher, ed. Dyce, iii. 43. "I love a sea-voyage, and a blustring tempest, and let all split," Beaumont and Fletcher's Wild-Goose Chase, 1652, p. 55.

Her wit I must imploy upon this businesse to prepare my next encounter, but in such a fashion as shall *make all split.—Chapman's Widow Tears*, 1612.

Into a tavern; drink stiff, swear stiff, have your music, and your brace; dance and whiff tobacco, till all smoke again and *split*, sir.—*Dekker's Wonder of a Kingdom.*

Some ships beare so great a sayle, that they beare their masts by the boord and make *all split* againe: some men doe spread such a clue in a calme, that a suddaine storme halfe sinkes them and teares all.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

> With papers laden thinke themselves most firme,
> Carries them downe, to bring them up, next terme,
> Horse, plow, and cattle goe to wracke, split all,
> Tis fit the stable waite upon the hall.—*Ibid.*
>
> He praises thee, as though he meant to *split all.—Ibid.*

I love a sea-voyage, and a blustering tempest, let *all split*, I can die with you. —*Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter*, 1671, p. 24.

[77] *The raging rocks—*
And shivering shocks.

The expression "raging rocks," it is hardly necessary to observe, is Bottom's blunder for *ragged rocks*, Isaiah, ii. 21; and *and* is also intentional, on the part of the author, for *with*, to which latter it was unnecessarily altered by Farmer. This style of sounding alliteration was familiar to readers of the sixteenth century. "With thundrings thumping thicke," Phaer's Virgil. Compare, also, what may

contain the germ of the ridiculous lines quoted by Bottom in the following extracts from Studley's bombastic translation of the Hercules of Seneca, published in 1581,—

O Lorde of ghostes! whose fyrye flashe
That forth thy hande doth shake,
Doth cause the trembling lodges twayne,
Of Phœbus' carre to shake.
Raygne reachlesse nowe: in every place
Thy peace procurde I have,
Aloffe where Nereus lookes up lande,
Empalde in winding wave.

And again,

The roring rocks have quaking sturd,
And none thereat hath pusht;
Hell gloummy gates I have brast oape,
Where grisly ghosts all husht
Have stood.—

Tis strange now, I am of neither a both your opinions; I like neither rayling nor baudry: no, give me a stately pend historie, as thus: "The rugged winds, with rude and ragged ruffes," &c.—*The Isle of Gulls.*

The lines in the text still occupy a prominent feature in the performance of this scene, when the comedy is represented upon the stage; and that they were also familiar to the memories of early audiences is apparent from the following curious extract from Tate's farce of Cuckold's Haven, or an Alderman no Conjuror, 1685;—

Wyn. Come, Cue; you promis'd I shou'd go abroad the next fair day, to the musick-house in the fields.—*Sec.* It is not worth thy pains, my goldfinch; Look you, I can make you ten times better musick.—The Froe She wan an Excise, &c. —*Wyn.* Ay, but there is a pretty play in Moor-Fields.—*Sec.* Why, I will act thee a better play my self. What wilt thou have? The Knight of the Burning Pestle? or, The doleful Comedy of Piramus and Thisbe? That's my master-piece; when Piramus comes to be dead, I can act a dead man rarely! The rageing rocks, and shivering shocks, shall break the locks of prison gates; And Phœbus carr, shall shine from far, to make and marr the foolish Fates.——Was not that lofty, now? Then there's the Lion, Wall, and Moonshine, three heroick parts; I play'd 'em all at school. I roar'd out the Lion so terribly, that the company call'd out to me to roar again.—*Wyn.* I, Cue; but there is the Italian piece at Charing-Cross.—*Sec.* You mean Punch, my intimate friend and acquaintance? I knew old Punch his grandfather—you shall see.

[78] *And make and mar.*

This phrase occurs in Spenser's Faerie Queene, and in many early English works. "And striving fit to make, I feare do marre," Faerie Queene, III. ii. 3. There is reason to think, observes Warton, that *make* is here opposed to *marre*, in the same sense as it is in the following lines,—

Likewise unequal were her handes twaine,
That one did reach the other pusht away,
That one did *make*, the other *mard* again.—*Spenser.*

Make and *marr* were thus used together, as it were proverbially, in our author's age. Thus Harrington, in his Ariosto,—

In vaine I seeke my duke's love to expound,
The more I seeke to *make*, the more I *mard* . . . .

Yes, answer'd Guidon, be I *made* or *mard* . . .
Ten years would hardly *make* that he wold *marr*.

Thus also G. Tubervile, to the Countess of Warwick, ann. 1570: "Should *make* or *marre* as she saw cause." And in these lines, from an old translation of Ovid, quoted by the author of the Arte of English Poesie,—Medea of her children.

Was I not able to *make* them I pray you tell,
And am I not able to *marre* them as well?—*Warton.*

[79] *Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.*

In Ben Jonson's Masque of Pan's Anniversary (ed. Gifford, viii. 47) a man of the same profession is introduced. I have been told that a *bellows-mender* was one who had the care of organs, regals, &c.—*Steevens.*

[80] *Nay, faith, let me not play a woman.*

Previously to the Restoration, the parts of women were usually performed by boys or young men. "In stage playes, for a boy to put one the attyre, the gesture, the passions of a woman; for a meane person to take upon him the title of a Prince with counterfeit porte and traine, is by outwarde signes to shewe themselves otherwise then they are," Gosson's Playes Confuted in five Actions, n. d. Occasional instances, however, of women appearing on the London stage, occurred early in the seventeenth century. Thus says Coryat, in his Crudities, ed. 1611, p. 247, speaking of Venice,—"here I observed certaine things that I never saw before, for I saw women acte, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath beene sometimes used in London; and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a player, as ever I saw any masculine actor." According to Prynne, some women acted at the Blackfriars in the year 1629, and one in the previous year. It appears from the passage in the text, and from what follows, that the actor's beard was concealed by a mask, when it was sufficiently prominent to render the personification incongruous; but a story is told of Davenant stating as a reason why the play did not commence, that they were engaged in "shaving the Queen." The appearance of female actors was certainly of very rare occurrence previously to the accession of Charles II. The following is a clause in the patent granted to Sir W. Davenant:—"That, whereas the women's parts in plays have hitherto been acted by men in the habits of women, at which some have taken offence, we do permit, and give leave, for the time to come, that all women's parts be acted by women." Langbaine, in his Account of the English Dramatick Poets, 1691, p. 117, speaking of Davenport's King John and Matilda, observes that the publisher, Andrew Pennycuicke, acted the part of Matilda, "women in those times not having appear'd on the stage." Kynaston, the actor, was highly distinguished as a representative of female characters. Hart and Clun, according to the Historia Histrionica, 1699, "were bred up boys at the Blackfriers, and acted women's parts;" and the same authority informs us that Stephen Hammerton "was at first a most noted and beautiful woman-actor." An actor named Pate played a woman's part in the opera of the Fairy Queen, 1692.

Because your curteous invitinge of me yesterday agayne to your playes doth shewe you were not satisfyed with my answer and reason thereof before geven why I myght not be at them, I have thought good by writinge to open that unto you, which, if tyme had served to utter them by word of mouth, I doubt not but you woulde have rested satisfyed therwith, for both I perceived by that yourselfe spake of men in women's rayment, that some of your players were so to be attyred, and that you acknowledged that, yf this were unlawfulle, I might justly be unwillinge

to approve it by my presence. Now, for myne owne parte, I ame perswaded that it is unlawfulle, because the Scripture sayth, "a woman shall not weare that which pertayneth to a man, neyther shall a man put on woman's rayment, for all that doe so are an abomination unto the Lord thy God."—*Letter dated* 1591-2, MS. Tanner, 77.

Playes were set out on a time by the citizens for the more solemnity of a league concluded betwixt the Cantons of Berna and Tiguris; touching which playes, sundrie differences arose amongst the ministers of Geneva, which could not easily be determined, about a young boy, who represented a woman in apparell, habit and person: in the end it was agreed of all parts, that they should submit the determination of this difference, with generall suffrage and consent, to the authenticke and approved judgement of their Beza, holden for the very oracle both of universitie and citie. This controversie being unto him referred, he constantly affirmed, that it was not onely lawfull for them to set forth and act those playes, but for boyes to put on womens apparell for the time. Neither did he onely affirme this, but brought such divines as opposed themselves against it, to be of his opinion, with the whole assent and consent of all the ecclesiasticall synod of Geneva. Now in this first objection, we may observe the occasion, which moved these zealous and learned divines to make a doubt of the lawfulnesse of stage-playes, because (said they) it is not lawfull for men to put on womens apparell, or women to put on mens. As we reade how Stephanio, an actor of Roman playes, was whipped, for having a mans wife waiting on him, shorne in manner of a boy. —*Braithwait's English Gentleman*, 1630.

Love. There is yet another thing in playes, that some do carpe at, that men put on womens attire.—*Urb.* If men did so take their rayment, that they were mistaken for women, they might not a little solicite weake passions. But now even barbers know that women in theaters are but men in womens attire: and therefore the curtizans in Rome and Spaine, that act the parts of women, because they are knowne to be women indeed, doe vehemently and impudently contaminate the spectators mind.—*Pathomachia*, 1630.

A prologue and epilogue, ap. Nares, spoken about June, 1660, turn particularly on this subject. These lines are a part of the former:

> I come unknown to any of the rest,
> To tell you news, I saw the lady drest;
> The woman playes to-day, mistake me not,
> No man in gown, or page in petty-coat;
> A woman to my knowledge, yet I can't,
> (If I should dye) make affidavit on't.

Professor Duport, of Cambridge, in his Musæ Subsecivæ seu Poetica Stromata, 1676, has some severe verses on the custom. Compare also the following observations in the Key to the Rehearsal, 1704, p. 10,—"This sudden revolution, which is best known by the name of the Restauration, brought with it many ill customs from the several countries to which the king and the cavaliers were retired during their exile, which prov'd very pernicious to our English constitution, by corrupting our morals; and to which the reviving the stage, and bringing women on't, and incouraging and applauding the many lewd senseless and unnatural plays, that ensued upon this great change, did very much contribute."

[81] *You may speak as small as you will.*

Small, low, soft, feminine. Slender, describing Anne Page, observes that "she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman." The expression is an ancient one, an example of it occurring in Chaucer's poem of the Floure and the Leafe,—

The company answered all,
With voice sweet entuned, and so *small*,
That me thought it the sweetest melody.

Again, in Fairfax's Godfrey of Bulloigne, l. 15, st. 62:

She warbled forth a treble *small*,
And with sweet lookes, her sweet songs enterlaced.

"Small voyce, *succortrila*," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. In the Cobler's Prophesie, 1594, a "small voice," calling on Charon, is conjectured to be the voice of a woman.

When female characters, observes White, were filled by boys, to "speak *small* like a woman" must have been a valuable qualification. So, in Marston's What You Will, 1607, "I was solicited to graunt him leave to play the lady in commedies presented by children; but I knew his voice was to *smale*, and his stature to loe. Sing a treble, Holifernes;—a very *smale* sweete voice I'le assure you."

Tucc. Now, thunder, sirrah, you, the rumbling plaier.—1. *Pyr.* I, but some bodie must crie *murder* then, in a *small* voice.—*Tucc.* Your fellow-sharer, there, shall do't; Crie, sirrah, crie.—1. *Pyr.* Murder, murder.—2. *Pyr.* Who calls out murder? lady, was it you?—*Ben Jonson's Poetaster.*

Albin, encountring her, sayes, Lovely mayd,
Was't your *small* voyce that did Albino call?
Historie of Albino and Bellama, 1638.

It is now held the accomplished gallantry of our youth, to frizle their haire like women, to speake with an effeminate *smalnesse of voice*, and in tendernesse of body to match them, and to bedeck themselves with most undecent trimming.—*Bulwer's Man Transformed.*

[82] *It is nothing but roaring.*

The following parallel extract is taken from the old German play of Peter Squenz, mentioned in the Introduction, p. 14,—

Pickelhaering. Tell us, Mr. Peter Squenz, has the lion much to speak?—*Peter Squenz.* No, he has only to roar.—*Picklehaering.* Well, then let me be the lion; for I don't like having to learn much by heart.—*Peter Squenz.* O no, Mr. Pickelhaering must act a principal part.—*Kriks.* But I rather think it would look too awful for a furious lion to come in bounding upon the stage.—*Klotz George.* Never mind that; I will roar so charmingly that the King and the Queen shall say; My sweet lion, pray roar once more.—*Quince.* Let your nails meanwhile grow nice and long, and do not have your beard shaved, and you will resemble a lion all the more.

[83] *That would hang us, every mother's son.*

The phrase, every mother's son, in other words, every one of us, is of great antiquity. "And he and his oste umbylapped alle thaire enemys, and daunge thame doune, and slewe thame ilke a moder sone," Thornton MS. in Lincoln Cathedral, of the fifteenth century. "*Nos perdidit omnes*, he hath undone us al, every mothers child of us," Terence in English, 1614.

Thryes thorow at them he ran,
Then forsothe as I yow sey,
And woundyt many a modur sone,
And xij. he slew that day.—*MS. Cantab.* Ff. v. 48.

[84] *But I will aggravate my voice so.*

The verb *aggravate* was, in all probability, considered one of the affected words

of the day, and, in that case, would have a very ludicrous effect when thus misapplied by Bottom. A character in Cynthia's Revels observes to another that his quip was exceedingly good,—"you did so aggravate the jest withal."

[85] *I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.*

An means *as if.* So, in Troilus and Cressida :—"He will weep you, *an* 'twere a man born in April."—*Steevens.*

The pronoun *you* is omitted in the folio editions.

[86] *Pyramus is a sweet-faced man.*

The expression sweet-faced, in the sense of good-looking, is, I believe, obsolete. "I am a sweet-faced youth," Comedy of Errors. "Now, my young sweet-face, what pretty foolish whimsies trouble thy pate," Obstinate Lady.

A begger about London craving peoples devotions, at night comming to a victualing-house, where many of his companions resorted, and having cal'd for foure pots for his share, drew foorth a groat: saying, many a scurvy fellow and many an ill fac'd woman, have I cal'd honest gentleman and *sweete-fac'd* gentlewoman this day for this groat.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

[87] *A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day.*

A very common phrase, a few instances of which may suffice. "That maried had a tricke and bonny lasse, as in a sommer day a man might see," Sydney's Arcadia. "Why, he's as fine a man as a wench can see in a summer's day," Wily Beguiled. "A soryer man than he was one, rode never in somer's day," Lytell Geste of Robin Hode. "They say hee is as goodly a youth as one shall see in a summer's day," Lilly's Mother Bombie, ed. 1632, sig. Z. x. "'Tis as pretty a fashionable foole as a man shall see on a somers day," MS. Harl. 7367, a play, MS. See other examples in Homer à la Mode, 1665; The Humorists, 1671, p. 32; The Miser, 1672, p. 72; and much later in Joseph Andrews, iv. 15.

One walking abroad in a cleare moone-shining night, said it was as fine a night as any is in England. Another swore it was as fine a night *as a man shall see in a summer's day.*—*Gratiæ Ludentes*, 1638, p. 57.

> It was as bright a mooneshine night, I say,
> As ever man saw in a summer's day.
> *Tailor's Travels from London to the Isle of Wight*, 1648.

[88] *What beard were I best to play it in?*

"I must be forced to conclude, the tyring-man hath not glewd on my beard halfe fast enough; Gods bores, it wil not stick to fal off," Second Part of Marston's Antonio and Mellida. The custom of dieing beards is frequently referred to. "I have fitted my divine and canonist, dyed their beards and all," Silent Woman. "He had dy'd his beard, and all," Alchemist. "What colour'd beard comes next by the window?—*Adr.* A black man's, I thinke.—*Taf.* I thinke not so; I thinke a redde, for that is most in fashion," Ram Alley, or Merrie Trickes, 1611. The red beard is also alluded to in the Gulls Hornbook, 1609. Sometimes the beards were named after Scriptural personages, the colours being probably attributed as they were seen in the old tapestries. "I ever thought by his red beard he would prove a Judas," Insatiate Countess, 1613. "That Abraham-coloured Trojon" is mentioned in Soliman and Perseda, 1599; and "a goodly, long, thick, Abraham-colour'd beard," in Blurt Master Constable, 1602. Steevens has conjectured that *Abraham* may be a corruption of *auburn.* "Harcourt had a light auburn beard, which, like a country gentleman, he wore

negligently after the oval cut," God's Revenge against Murder, iv. 16. A "whay-coloured beard," and a "kane-colored beard," are mentioned in the Merry Wives of Windsor, 1602, the latter being conjectured by some to signify a beard of the colour of cane, which would be nearly synonymous with the straw-coloured beard alluded to by Bottom. "*Catherine-pear* coloured beards," i. e., red, Westward Hoe, 1607. Butler describes the beard of Hudibras, "in cut and dye so like a tile," the upper part being of the appearance of whey, and the lower of "orange mix'd with grey."

[89] *Some of your French crowns have no hair at all.*

An allusion to the loss of hair occasioned by what was termed the French disease. "Many lost beards and hayre, as if the French disease had possest them," Sir T. Smith's Voiage and Entertainment in Russia, 1605. It is also mentioned, under the same title, in Barrough's Method of Physick, 1624. "And yet never metst with anie requitall, except it were some few French crownes, pild Friers crownes, drye schaven, not so much worth as one of these Scottish horne crownes," Nash's Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596. A quibble on the term occurs in Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels, and in the Returne from Pernassus, 1606.

> Were they but *crowns of France*, I cared not,
> For most of them their natural country rot
> I think possesseth; they come here to us
> So pale, so lame, so lean, so ruinous.—*Donne, Eleg.* xii. 23.

[90] *I will draw a bill of properties.*

Properties are whatever little articles are wanted in a play for the actors, according to their respective parts, dresses and scenes excepted. The person who delivers them out is to this day called the *property-man*. In the Bassingbourne Roll, 1511, we find "garnements and *propyrts*." See Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. iii. p. 326. Again, in Albumazar, 1615:—"Furbo, our beards, black patches for our eyes, and other *properties*." Again, in Westward-Hoe, 1607:—"I'll go make ready my rustical *properties*."—*Steevens.*

The term is still in use amongst actors, but the following additional notices may be worth adding to the above. A character in the old Taming of a Shrew, 1594, says,—"Ile speake for the properties; my Lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a propertie." The assertion of Steevens, that dresses were not included amongst properties, is disproved by a passage in Mayne's Citye Match, 1639, where apparel is spoken of as suited to be sold for properties. "This cloake and hat, without wearing a beard or other propertie, will fit the person," Massinger's Roman Actor.

Hee has (sirreverence) kick'd me three or foure times about the tyring-house, I thanke him, for but offering to putt in, with my experience. I'le be judg'd by you, gentlemen, now, but for one conceit of mine! would not a fine pumpe upon the stage ha' done well for a *property* now?—*Ben Jonson.*

> He has got into our tyring-house amongst us,
> And tane a strict survey of all our properties;
> Our statues and our images of gods,
> Our planets and our constellations,
> Our giants, monsters, furies, beasts, and bugbeares,
> Our helmets, shields and vizors, haires and beards,
> Our pastbord marchpaines, and our wooden pies.
>
> *The Antipodes, a Comedie by R. Brome*, 1640.

[91] *There we may rehearse more obscenely.*

Bottom certainly uses the term *obscenely* in the place of *obscurely* or *securely*, but Dr. Grey doubts this, referring to the following distinction in Randolph's play, intitled, the Muses Looking-glass.—*Obscœnum* est, quod intra scœnam agi non opportuit." Fisher's quarto reads, "*most* obscenely."

[92] *Hold, or cut bow-strings.*

This proverbial phrase came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia soldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping word, that their *bow-strings* were *broke*, i. e. their arms unserviceable. Hence when one would give another absolute assurance of meeting him, he would say proverbially—"hold or *cut* bow-strings"—i. e. whether the bow-strings held or broke. For *cut* is used as a neuter, like the verb *fret*. As when we say, the *string frets*, the *silk frets*, for the passive, *it is cut* or *fretted*.—*Warburton*.

This interpretation is very ingenious, but somewhat disputable. The excuse made by the militia soldiers is a mere supposition, without proof; and it is well known that while *bows* were in use, no archer ever entered the field without a supply of *strings* in his pocket; whence originated the proverb, *to have two strings to one's bow*. In the Country Girl, a comedy by T. B. 1647, is the following threat to a fiddler:

——— fiddler, strike;
I'll strike you, else, and *cut your begging bowstrings*.

Again, in the Ball, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:—"have you devices to jeere the rest.—*Luc.* All the regiment on 'em, or Ile breake my bowstrings."—*Steevens*.

The *bowstrings*, in both these instances, may only mean the *strings* which make part of the *bow* with which musical instruments of several kinds are struck. The propriety of the allusion I cannot satisfactorily explain. Let the curious reader, however, consult Ascham's Toxophilus, edit. 1589, p. 38, b.—*Ibid.*

To meet, *whether bowstrings hold or are cut*, is to meet in all events. To *cut the bowstring*, when bows were in use, was probably a common practice of those who bore enmity to the archer. "He hath twice or thrice *cut* Cupid's *bowstring*, (says Don Pedro in Much Ado about Nothing,) and the little hangman dare not shoot at him."—*Malone*.

That character's phrase when he is making his exit is of the proverbial kind, and was born in the days of archery: when a party was made at butts, assurance of meeting was given in the words of that phrase; the sense of the person using them, being—that he would *hold* or keep promise, or they might *cut* his *bow*-strings, demolish him for an archer: from which particular usage, the phrase had an easy transition among the vulgar to that general application which Bottom makes of it.—*Capell*.

The conjecture is perhaps a whimsical one, but the localities here mentioned, the Palace Wood and the Duke's Oak, bear some appearance of being derived from English sources, and in a certain degree support an opinion that they were either taken from an older drama, or were names familiar to Shakespeare as belonging to real places in some part of his own country.

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—*A Wood near* Athens.

Enter a Fairy *on one side, and* Puck *on the other.*

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fai. Over hill, over dale,[1]
Thorough bush, thorough brier,[2]
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;[3]
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:[4]
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;[5]
In their gold coats spots you see;[6]
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,[7]
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.[8]
Farewell, thou lob of spirits;[9] I 'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.
Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;
Take heed the queen come not within his sight.
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king ;
She never had so sweet a changeling :[10]
And jealous Oberon[11] would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild :
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy :
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square ;[12] that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Goodfellow ; are you not he,
That frights the maidens of the villagree ;[13]—
Skim milk ; and sometimes labour in the quern ;[14]
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn ;[15]
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm ;[16]
Mislead night-wanderers,[17] laughing at their harm ?
Those that Hobgoblin call you,[18] and sweet Puck,[19]
You do their work, and they shall have good luck :[20]
Are not you he ?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright ;[21]
I am that merry wanderer of the night.[22]
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a silly foal :[23]
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab ;[24]
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.[25]
The wisest aunt,[26] telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;[27]
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "Tailor" cries,[28] and falls into a cough ;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe,[29]
And waxen in their mirth,[30] and neeze,[31] and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Fairy, here comes Oberon.[32]

Fai. And here my mistress :—Would that he were gone !

Enter OBERON *on one side, with his train, and* TITANIA[33] *on the other, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
Tita. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;[34]
I have forsworn his bed and company.
Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?
Tita. Then I must be thy lady: But I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn,[35] and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.
Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?[36]
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,[37]
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?
Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle-summer's spring,[38]
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain,[39] or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,[40]
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,[41]
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river[42] made so proud,[43]
That they have overborne their continents:[44]
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted,[45] ere his youth attain'd a beard:[46]
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;[47]

The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud ;[48]
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,[49]
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable ;
The human mortals want their winter cheer ;[50]
No night is now with hymn or carol bless'd :[51]—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,[52]
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,[53]
That rheumatic diseases do abound :[54]
And thorough this distemperature,[55] we see
The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;[56]
And on old Hyems' thin and icy crown,[57]
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mock'ry, set. The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn,[58] angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries ; and the mazed world,
By their increase,[59] now knows not which is which :
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension ;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then : it lies in you :
Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.[60]

Tita. Set your heart at rest ;
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order :
And, in the spiced Indian air,[61] by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood ;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind :[62]
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,[63]
Following her womb,[64] then rich with my young squire,
Would imitate ; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy :
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay ?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,[65]
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.
Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom! Fairies, away:
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
[*Exeunt* TITANIA *and her train.*
Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,[66]
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,[67]
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,[68]
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;[69]
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,[70]
To hear the sea-maid's music.[71]
Puck. I remember.
Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd;[72] a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;[73]
And loos'd his love-shaft[74] smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.[75]
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,[76]—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.[77]
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
Puck. I 'll put a girdle round about the earth[78]
In forty minutes. [*Exit* PUCK.
Obe. Having once this juice,
I 'll watch Titania when she is asleep,

And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I 'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible,[79]
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*[80]

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I 'll stay, the other stayeth me.[81]
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,[82]
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;[83]
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel:[84] Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:[85]
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me;[86] only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me),
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,

And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.[87]
It is not night, when I do see your face,[88]
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
Dem. I 'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin;[89] the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.
Dem. I will not stay thy questions;[90] let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, and field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do:
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I 'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.[91]

[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA.

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
Puck. Ay, there it is.
Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,[92]
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;[93]
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,[94]
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:[95]
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,

Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in :[96]
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady : Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love :
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord ; your servant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the Wood.*

Enter TITANIA, *with her train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song ;[97]
Then, for the third part of a minute,[98] hence ;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;[99]
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,[100]
To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits.[101] Sing me now asleep ;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

I.

1 *Fai.* You spotted snakes, with double tongue,[102]
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong ;[103]
Come not near our fairy queen :

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;[104]
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 *Fai.* Weaving spiders, come not here;[105]
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners,[106] hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.[107]

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 *Fai.* Hence away; now all is well:[108]
One, aloof, stand sentinel. [*Exeunt* Fairies. TITANIA *sleeps.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on* TITANIA'S *eyelids.*
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear,
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We 'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.
Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;[109]
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.[110]
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained[111] with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—

Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, Amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!

[*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian find I none,[112]
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence![113] who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.[114]
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:[115]
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me?[116] do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go. [*Exit* DEMETRIUS.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oft'ner wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead or asleep? I see no blood, no wound!
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. [*Waking.*] And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.[117]

Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art,[118]
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena, now I love:[119]
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,[120]
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,[121]
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong; good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!
And all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. [*Exit.*

Her. [*starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear!
Methought a serpent ate my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where you are? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves![122] I swound almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

Notes to the Second Act.

[1] *Over hill, over dale—over park, over pale.*

There is a probable imitation of this in the metrical History of Doctor John Faustus, 12mo. 1664,—

We will travail over mountains,
Over park, and over pale;
Over cities and high steeples,
Over hill and over dale.

[2] *Thorough bush, thorough briar—thorough flood, thorough fire.*

This dissyllabic form of *through*, so superior to the other in these lines, is found only in Fisher's quarto, 1600. The form of the word here adopted was in common use both in prose and verse; and Drayton has used it in an imitation of this speech in the Nymphidia,—

Quoth Puck,—My liege, I 'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in;
My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it.
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mier,
Thorough water, thorough fier!—
And thus goes Puck about it.

For lovers that are provoked *thorough* our amible lookes, frequent our companies daily: Nowe after it bee a little changed, they give their mindes to some other.—*Terence in English*, 1614.

Then either without scrippe or bagge,
He usde his ten toes for a nagge
From Venice for to hie.
Thorough thicke and thorough thinne,
Untill he came unto his inne
His winged heeles did flie.—*Coryat's Crudities*, 1611.

One said, that hee had travaild so farre that he had layd his hand upon the hole where the winde came forth: a second said, that hee had beene at the farthest edge of the world, and driven a nayle quite *thorow* it: the third replide, that he had beene further, for hee was then on the other side of the world, and clencht that nayle.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

Now, if wee shall runne *thorow* the whole kalender.—*Dow's Discourse of the Sabbath*, 1636, p. 61.

> No; Ile adventure too; nay, Ile get in;
> Ile tracke my captaine *thorow* thicke and thin.
> *Jordan's Divine Raptures, or Piety in Poesie*, 1646.

In reference to the opinion above given, that the lines cited from the Nymphidia were copied from Shakespeare, it may be well to observe that there is no doubt that Drayton's poem was written after the publication of A Midsummer Night's Dream. Bindley, the celebrated collector, possessed a copy of Drayton's Battaile of Agincourt, Miseries of Queene Margarite, Nimphidia, &c., fol. Lond. 1627, with the following MS. memorandum in the author's autograph,—"To the noble knight, my most honored ffrend, Sir Henry Willoughby, one of the selected patrons of *thes my latest poems*, from his servant, Mi. Drayton."

[3] *Swifter than the moon's sphere.*

This kind of defective verse was sanctioned by contemporary usage. Steevens, however, reads *moones*, with the following observations:—

Unless we suppose this to be the Saxon genitive case, (as it is here printed,) the metre will be defective. So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. i. st. 15:—"And eke through feare as white as *whales* bone." Again, in a letter from Gabriel Harvey to Spenser, 1580: "Have we not *God hys wrath*, for God*des* wrath, and a thousand of the same stampe, wherein the corrupte orthography in the most hath been the sole or principal cause of corrupte prosodye in overmany?" The following passage, however, in the 3d book of Sidney's Arcadia, may suggest a different reading:

> ——— what mov'd me to invite
> Your presence, sister deare, first to my *moony sphere?*

[4] *To dew her orbs upon the green.*

An allusion to the well-known circles of dark green grass, frequently seen in old pasture fields, generally called fairy-rings, and supposed to be created by the growth of a species of fungus, *Agaricus orcades*, Lin. These circles are usually from four to eight feet broad, and from six to twelve feet in diameter, and are more prominently marked in the summer months than in the winter. Some writers attribute them to the effects of lightning, and others assert that they are formed by ants, but the fungus theory, above alluded to, appears to be the most likely to be correct.

When the damsels of old gathered the May dew on the grass, and which they made use of to improve their complexions, they left undisturbed such of it as they perceived on the fairy-rings; apprehensive that the fairies should in revenge destroy their beauty; nor was it reckoned safe to put the foot within the rings, lest they should be liable to the fairies' power.—*Douce.*

Thus, in Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus: "—similes illis spectris, quæ in multis locis, præsertim nocturno tempore, suum *saltatorium orbem* cum omnium musarum concentu versare solent." It appears from the same

author, that these dancers always parched up the grass, and therefore it is properly made the office of the fairy to refresh it. "Vero saltum adeo profunde in terram impresserant, ut locus insigni ardore orbiculariter peresus, non parit arenti redivivum cespite gramen."—*Steevens.*

The orbs here mentioned, Dr. Johnson observes, are circles supposed to be made by fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairies' care to water them. Thus Drayton:

> They in their courses make that *round*,
> In meadows and in marshes found,
> Of them so call'd the fairy ground.

His skin riddled and crumpled like a peice of burnt parchment, and more channels and creases he hath in his face than there be fairie circles on Salisburie Plaine.—*Nash's Have With You to Saffron Walden*, 1596.

> Elves, urchins, goblins all, and little fairyes
> That doe fillch, blacke, and pinch mayds of the dairyes;
> Make a ring on the grasse with your quicke measures,
> Tom shall play, and Ile sing for all your pleasures.
> *Robin Goodfellow his Mad Prankes and Merry Jests*, 1628.

> Neere to this wood there lay a pleasant mead,
> Where fairies often did their measures tread,
> Which in the meadow made such circles greene,
> As if with garlands it had crowned beene,
> Or like the circle where the signes we tracke,
> And learned shepherds call't the Zodiacke;
> Within one of these rounds was to be seene
> A hillocke rise, where oft the Fairy-Queene
> At twy-light sate, and did command her elves,
> To pinch those maids that had not swept their shelves:
> And further if by maidens over-sight,
> Within doores water were not brought at night:
> Or if they spread no table, set no bread,
> They should have nips from toe unto the head:
> And for the maid that had perform'd each thing,
> She in the water-paile bade leave a ring.
> *Browne's Britannia's Pastorals*, Book i, Song 2.

> I have seen the Graces three,
> When my pipe made mellodie
> To daunce about me, and the faeries
> (Who so often nym our daries)
> In a ring to compasse round,
> Obera, tripping on the ground,
> Leave behind them to be seen
> A perfect ovall on the green.—*Sheppard's Epigrams*, 1651.

Dr. Grey unnecessarily proposes to alter *orbs* to *herbs*. The extract just given is alone sufficient to prove the correctness of the old text.

Fairies, they tell you, have frequently been heard and seen, nay that there are some living who were stolen away by them, and confined seven years. According

to the description they give who pretend to have seen them, they are in the shape of men, exceeding little. They are always clad in green, and frequent the wood and fields; when they make cakes (which is a work they have been often heard at) they are very noisy; and when they have done, they are full of mirth and pastime. But generally they dance in moonlight when mortals are asleep, and not capable of seeing them, as may be observed on the following morn; their dancing places being very distinguishable. For as they dance hand in hand, and so make a circle in their dance, so next day there will be seen rings and circles on the grass.—*Bourne's Antiquitates Vulgares*, 1725, cited by Ritson.

My grandmother has often told me of fairies dancing upon our green, and that they were very little creatures cloathed in green; they would do good to the industrious people, but they pinch the sluts; they would steal children, and give one of their own in the room; and the moment any one saw them, they were struck blind of one eye. All this I have heard, and my grandmother, who was a very tall woman, said she had seen several of them, which I believe, because she said so; she said, moreover, that they lived underground, and that they generally came out of a mole-hill; they had fine music always among themselves, and danced in a moon-shiny night around, or in a ring, as one may see at this day upon every common in England where mushrooms grow. But, though my grandmother told me so, it is not unlawful to enquire into a secret of this nature, and so I spoke to several good women about it. When I asked one whether there was such things as fairies, 'Ay,' says she, 'I have seen them many a time;' another said, 'There's no room to doubt of it, for you may see thousands of their rings upon our common, &c.'—*Round About our Coal-Fire*, 1734.

Vapours, confin'd to spots, or spread over them, are seen often in meadows; of dense quality, and standing to certain heights frequently inconsiderable; they are certainly exsudations, and probably from matter that lyes beneath favorable to vegetation: if, in their thickest standing, an air rises from out the earth that produc'd them, a bubble must be the consequence; a space is clear'd of it's vapour now driven into the bubble, and, when that breaks, the matter it was compos'd of is lodg'd in circular form and in large quantity round the space that was clear'd: the matter (we have suppos'd) was prolific, generally; hence the grass of those circles springing to greater height, and with more verdancy; and there should also be in it a principle favorable, particularly, to the vegetation of all fungus's; their seeds (invisible even to the microscope) are dispers'd every where, and mostly perish; but in the nidus of this vapour, lodg'd plentifully in the rings we are speaking of, they are sure to spring up, and are ever found in them.—*Capell.*

[5] *The cowslips tall her pensioners be.*

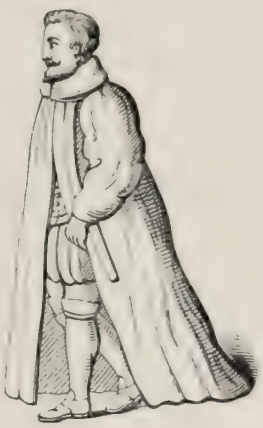
The height of the cowslip would be *tallness* in the eyes of the fairies, and there is therefore no necessity for adopting the alteration *all* of the Perkins MS. The following passage in the Nymphidia, cited by Johnson, sufficiently proves the correctness of the original reading,—

And for the Queen a fitting bower,
Quoth he, is that fair *cowslip-flower*,
On Hipcut-hill that groweth;
In all your train there's not a fay
That ever went to gather May,
But she hath made it in her way
The *tallest* there that groweth.

The following observations by Steevens, on Warburton's proposed alteration of a subsequent expression, "the third part of a minute," may be inserted here,—"But the persons employed are *fairies*, to whom the third part of a *minute* might not be a very short time to do such work in: the critick might as well have objected to the epithet *tall*, which the fairy bestows on the *cowslip;* but Shakspeare, throughout the play, has preserved the proportion of other things in respect of these tiny beings, compared with whose size, a cowslip might be tall, and to whose powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age."

Parkinson, in his Paradisus Terrestris, 1629, p. 244, speaking of the common field cowslip, says, —"among the leaves rise up divers round stalkes, *a foote or more high*, bearing at the toppe many faire yellow single flowers." The oxlip may reach this height, but the common cowslip seldom exceeds six inches in length from the ground.

The pensioners intended to be referred to were the Gentlemen of the band of Pensioners, a wealthy company attendant on the Sovereign, which was established in the sixteenth century. Holles, in his life of the first Earl of Clare, says,—"I have heard the Earl of Clare say, that when he was *pensioner* to the queen, he did not know a worse man of the whole band than himself; and that all the world knew he had then an inheritance of 4000*l.* a year." Their dress was so remarkably splendid, that Mrs. Quickly, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, speaks of them as if they were superior to noblemen. "In the month of December," 1539, says Stowe, Annals, p. 973, edit. 1615, "were appointed to waite on the king's person fifty gentlemen, called *Pensioners* or *Speares*, like as they were in the first yeare of the king; unto whom was assigned the summe of fiftie pounds, yerely, for the maintenance of themselves, and everie man two horses, or one horse and a gelding of service." Baret, in his Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, says that a *pensioner* was "a gentleman about his prince, alwaie redie, with his speare." They were chosen from the most respectable families in the kingdom.



The accompanying representation of one the Gentleman Pensioners of Queen Elizabeth is selected by Mr. Fairholt from the well-known drawing of that sovereign's funeral procession, attributed to the hand of Camden.

[6] *In their gold coats spots you see.*

The allusion to the splendid dresses of the pensioners, their gold coats, and jewelled garments, is continued in this and the next line, adapted, with surpassing poetical beauty, to the small cowslip, the *primula veris*, the common cowslip of the fields. The Perkins MS. proposes to alter *coats* to *cups*, the corrector of that volume thinking probably of one of the names of the crowfoot, which was *golde cup*, Gerard, ed. 1597, p. 805; but the flowers of the cowslip are not, strictly speaking, cups. Parkinson, speaking of this species of cowslip, mentions its "faire yellow single flowers, with spots of a deeper yellow at the bottome of each leafe, smelling very sweete," Paradisus Terrestris, 1629, p. 244. In Cymbeline are mentioned the "crimson drops i' th' bottom of a cowslip," the spots being sometimes of a very deep colour, nearly approaching to scarlet or crimson.

[7] *I must go seek some dew-drops here.*

I'll have a jewel for her ear,
Which for my sake I'll have her wear;

'T shall be a dewdrop, and therein
Of Cupids I will have a twin,
Which struggling with their wings, shall break
The bubble, out of which shall leak
So sweet a liquor, as shall move
Each thing that smells to be in love.—*Drayton.*

[8] *And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.*

The same thought, observes Steevens, occurs in an old comedy call'd the Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll, printed in 1600, but mentioned by Nash, in his preface to Harvey's Hunt is Up, 1596,—

'Twas I that led you through the painted meades
Where the light fairies daunst upon the flowers,
Hanging on every leafe an orient pearle.

So, again, where the dew is mentioned, "like round and orient pearls" standing "within the pretty flouret's eyes." The line in the text is primarily derived from two ideas, the first alluding to the custom of wearing a pearl in the ear, the second to the notion that the dew-drop was the commencing form of the pearl.

My youngest, though no pearle to hang at ones eare, yet so precious she is to a well disposed minde, that grace seemeth almost to disdaine nature.—*Lilly's Euphues and his England*, 1623.

And as the cockille, with hevenly dew so clene,
Of kynde engendreth white perlis rounde.—*Lydgate.*

The pearl hath been at all times so much esteemed that the Gospel does not disdain by this to represent to us the excellency of the kingdome of Heaven, and it belonged formerly onely to royal persons to wear them. Without dispute, 'tis one of the richest productions of nature, and if we believe the naturalists, Pearl is ingendred of the dew of Heaven in those parts of the earth where it is most pure and serene, and the cockle opening at the first rayes of the sun to receive those precious drops, plungeth into the sea with its booty, and conceives in its shell the pearl which resembles the heavens, and imitateth its clearness.—*The History of Jewels, and of the Principal Riches of the East and West*, 1675.

[9] *Farewell, thou lob of spirits.*

Lob was a common familiar term for a lubber or clown. "If he cannot thus do, he is called a myser, a wretch, a lobbe, a clowne, and one that knoweth no felowship nor fashions," Northbrooke's Treatise against Dicing, 1577. "It was such a foolish lob as thou," Cambyses. "The sight of a flat-cap was more dreadfull to a lob then the discharging of a caliver," Decker's Wonderfull Yeare, 1603. "One that, under the shew of wisedome and learning, was a very lob and foole," Ammianus Marcellinus, tr. Holland, 1609. "Leaning on his lob-like elbow," Sylvester's Du Bartas. "A blunt countrie lob," Stanihurst, p. 17. "A lob, lubber, lobcocke or clown," Minsheu. "Lob, lobbe, or lobling, a north-sea fish of a huge bulk, whence perhaps a great heavy sluggish fellow is called a lob, looby, or lobcock," Phillips. "Rudely, homely, *lob-like*, rusticatim," Withals' Dictionarie, 1608, p. 56.

For if the time were come, thinkest thou that Jacob
Should finde Esau suche a loute or such a lob?
The Enterlude of Jacob and Esau, 1568.

Mad Corridon do buz on clownish otes,
As balde a verse as any *lob* can make.
An Ould Facioned Love, by J. T., 1594, ap. Nares.

This *lob* too was made principall prolocutor (sayes our monk) or speaker to the idol, before whose sordid excellencie and his dirty councell he complaines of the grievous tyrannie of the abbot and prior.—*The Idol of the Clownes*, 1654, p. 73.

> Stand off, sir sauce-box! think you Mistris Phips
> Allows such *lobs* as you to touch her lips?—*Witts' Recreations*, 1654.

The name *Lob* is doubtless a well-established fairy epithet: and the passage quoted by Steevens from Beaumont and Fletcher's Knights of the Burning Pestle confirms this:—"There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her, that had a giant to her son, that was called *Lob-lye-by-the-Fire*." Grimm mentions a remarkable document, dated in the year 1462, in which Bishop Gebhard, of Halberstadt, complains of the reverence paid to a spirit called *den guden lubben*, the good *lubbe*, and to whom bones of animals were offered on a mountain near Schochwitz in the district of Mansfeld. "Not only," adds Grimm, "have piles of such bones been discovered on the *Lup*-berge, but at the neighbouring church of Müllersdorf there is an idol built into the wall which is traditionally said to have been brought there from the Lupberge, or Lubbe mountain."—*W. J. Thoms.*

[10] *She never had so sweet a changeling.*

Changeling, observes Dr. Johnson, "is commonly used for the child supposed to be left by the fairies, but here for a child taken away." The changeling is here the stolen child, the boy whose place was supplied by an elf; as in the ballad of Robin Goodfellow,—

> When larks 'gin sing,
> Away we fling;
> And babes new-born steal as we go.
> An elf in bed,
> We leave instead,
> And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

[11] *Jealous Oberon.*

The same expression is used by Sheppard, in his Epigrams, 1651, in one addressed to a friend "upon his request to me to pen a peculiar poem of Oberon and his Queen,"—

> His aspect, now you'd have him sing,
> Puck's treachery against his king.
> Jelous Ob'ron, when his queen
> Dub'd him cuckold on the green.

[12] *But they do square.*

"I square, I chyde or vary, *je prens noyse;* of all the men lyvyng, I love not to square with hym," Palsgrave, 1530. To square was, therefore, properly, to quarrel noisily, to come to high words; but, in Shakespeare's time, the term was applied generally in the sense of, to quarrel, and it was also in common use as a substantive. "It chaunced that hee and his taylor *squared* about a bill of accompt," Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614.

He knewe his wife to be a wicked, hedstronge, and proud fantasticalle woman, a consumer and spender of his wealth, and oftentymes they too were also *at square*, insomoch that twise he had like to have killed hir by casting a peire of tailors shers at her.—*Forman's Autobiography*, MS. Ashmol. 208.

The Erle waxing loftie of mind in such prosperous successe, *squared* with divers nobles.—*Holinshed*, 1577.

Oft times yong men do fall *at square*
For a fine wench that is feat and faire.
Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 271.

Peck, Memoirs of Milton, p. 223, proposes to read either *jar* or *squall.*

[13] *That fright the maidens of the villagree.*

It should be remarked that the grammar is here defective, most of the verbs governed by "are you not he," being in the plural instead of the singular; but the original represents most probably the author's own text, and there is certainly something lost in melody by substituting *skims, labours, &c.*

Robin Goodfellow is frequently spoken of as a kind of bugbear. "The Frenchmen, to scarre their children, as we doe by Robyn Goodfellow, have to this day a by-word, Garde le Taulbot," Whetstone's Honourable Reputation of a Souldier, 1586. In the Nomenclator, 1585, *maniæ* is translated, "Hobgobblins, robbin goodfellow, bloudybone, rawhead, and such like imagined spirits, as nurses doe fraye their babes withall, to make them still."

[14] *Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern.*

A quern is a hand-mill for grinding corn, the term being also occasionally applied to any sort of mill in which corn was ground; cwéorn, A.S. The hand-quern, here alluded to, was formerly in common use in Great Britain, and, in its most primitive form, consisted merely of one revolving stone, worked by a handle, moving in the circular cup of a larger one, as is seen in the accompanying representation of the fragments of a quern now preserved in the local museum at Chester. Similar fragments are constantly found near Roman stations, and some are believed to be of great antiquity. They have continued in use in remote districts up to the present time, one of them having, within the last few years, been observed in work in the cabin of a Kilkenny peasant. Boswell, also, in his Tour to the Hebrides, speaks of their being used there in his time, "We stopped at a little hut, where we saw an old woman grinding corn with the *quern*, an ancient Highland instrument, which it is said was used by the Romans; but which, being very slow in its operation, is almost entirely gone into disuse;" and Dr. Johnson, in his Tour to the same place, says, "when the water mills in Skye and Raasa are too far distant, the housewives grind their oats with a *quern*, or hand-mill." In working it, two persons usually sat on the ground, with the quern between them; and while the right hand of each was used in turning, the left was used in filling the "eye," or hopper, of the upper stone.

The quern usually consists of two circular stones, the diameter of which varies from about eighteen to thirty inches, placed one upon the other, the thickness of each varying according to circumstances from four to twelve or sixteen inches. The upper stone is driven round by means of a perpendicular handle of wood; and sometimes this is inserted at the side for turning slowly round, or assumes the form of a crank fixed in a cross beam. For the purpose of keeping the stones in their respective positions, various plans are adopted; the simplest of which is to make the lower stone slightly conical to the centre, and the upper a hollow cone fitting to that. This allows a gradual descent for the meal as it is ground, which falls upon a cloth placed underneath both stones. Sometimes a pin is inserted in

the lower stone, as in this specimen and model, and this fits into a cross bar of wood or iron in the upper, so that the latter moves freely on the pivot. By inserting wadding, such as small pieces of leather, into the hole in which the pivot works, the stones can be kept asunder more or less, and thus various degrees of fineness can be given to the meal that is ground. Occasionally the lower stone has a raised rim, within which the upper one sits and works; in such a case, it is necessary to have a hole perforated at one side of this rim, to allow of the ready egress of the meal. In houses where the article is possessed exclusively, and where different neighbours do not require to get it and use it in turn, both stones are commonly enclosed in a wooden box, into which the meal falls, instead of on a cloth.—*Dr. Hume.*

"Theras they made him at the querne grynde," Chaucer's Monkes Tale. In Wiclif's translation of the New Testament, a passage is thus rendered—"tweine wymmen schulen ben gryndynge in o *querne*, oon schal be taken and the tother lefte." In Douglas's Virgil the following translation occurs:—"For skant of vittale, the cornes in *quernes* of stane they grand." In an inventory, dated 1527, a quern is valued at the sum of 3*s.* 4*d.*

Fro the firste gendrid of Farao, that sittith in the trone of hym, til to the firste gendrid of the handmayde which is at the querne.—*Wickliffe's Bible*, Exodus, xi. 5.

Histories report that he was brought into such povertie, that he was fayne to serve a baker in turning *a querne or handmill* to get his living.—*Northbrooke's Treatise against Dicing*, 1577.

Having therefore groond eight bushels of good malt upon our *querne*, where the toll is saved, she addeth unto it halfe a bushell of wheat meale.—*Harrison's Description of England*, p. 169.

> In midst of that huge pile was Limos cave
> Full large and round, wherein a millers knave
> Might for his horse and querne have roome at will.—*Browne.*

The term quern was applied by many writers to any kind of portable mill. A hand-quern is, curiously enough, noticed jocularly amongst some new inventions in the comedy of the Projectors, 1665, p. 21.

Small querns, used for grinding mustard, spices, &c., sometimes formed of wood, with contrivances for securing the operation of grating, and sometimes fashioned of stone, were also in use. A "pepyr qwerne" is mentioned in Prompt. Parv., and also by Palsgrave, 1530. Bale, in the Interlude of Nature, 1562, speaks of the "musterde querne;" and in a will dated 1649, mention is made of "a paire of mustard quearnes." "A pepper *querne*, mola piperaria: a mustard *querne*, mola sinapiaria," Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 187. "*Trusatilis mola*, a querne, suche as malte is ground in, or mustarde is made in, and is turned with ones hande, a hande mylle," Elyotes Dictionarie, 1559. Malt-querns are alluded to in a will which bears the date of 1557. "*Mola*, a qwernstone," Nominale MS. "Theyre corne in quern-stoans they do grind," Stanyhurst's Virgil, 1582.

For, having a *querne stone* tied unto his necke, hee was throwne headlong from a bridge downe into the river, and swumme aloft a great while.—*Ammianus Marcellinus, translated by Holland*, 1609.

In the text, "labour in" is equivalent to "labour with;" in other words, Robin works at the hand-mill, sometimes with the desire to reward industry by assisting to grind the corn, sometimes in mere wantonness, regardless of whether the corn is in the quern or not. In the old ballad of Robin Goodfellow, he is described as working at a malt-quern for the benefit of the maids,—

I grind at mill
Their malt up still.

Compare also the following curious lines in Rowlands' More Knaves Yet, the Knaves of Spades and Diamonds, published about the year 1612,—

Amongst the rest, was a good fellow devill,
So cal'd in kinds, cause he did no evill,
Knowne by the name of Robin (as we heare)
And that his eyes as broad as sawcers were:
Who came a nights, and would make kitchins cleane,
And in the bed bepinch a lazie queane.
Was much in mils about the grinding meale,
(And sure, I take it, taught the miller steale)
Amongst the creame-bowles, and milke-pans would be.
And with the country wenches, who but he,
To wash their dishes for some fresh-cheese hire,
Or set their pots and kettles 'bout the fire.
'Twas a mad Robin, that did divers pranckes,
For which with some good cheare they gave him thanks,
And that was all the kindnes he expected;
With gaine (it seemes) he was not much infected.

Robin's pains and labour in grinding by working the quern is also thus alluded to in Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, Lond. 1584, 4to. p. 66: "Your grandames' maids were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight—this white bread and bread and milk, was his standing fee; and also again in the same work, p. 521, "Virunculi terrei are such as was Robin good fellowe, that would supplie the office of servants, speciallie of maids; as to make a fier in the morning, sweepe the house, grind mustard and malt, drawe water, &c.; these also rumble in houses, drawe latches, go up and downe staiers, &c."

They vulgarly affirm that groups of elves sometimes dance in bed-chambers, sometimes (that they may benefit the maids) scour and cleanse the pavement, and sometimes are wont to grind with a hand-mill.—*Sheringham de Anglorum Gentis Origine.*

[15] *And bootless make the breathless housewife churn.*

This is Mab the mistris-faerie,
That doth nightly rob the dayrie,
And can hurt, or helpe the cherning,
(As shee please) without discerning.
Ben Jonson's Entertainment at Althrope, ed. 1616.

The above lines, although applied to another fairy character, show that the intention of the author in the line in the text merely refers to an unseen method of the fairy for making the churning fruitless, and has no necessary connexion with the previous notice of Robin skimming the milk; so that there is no occasion for the transpositions suggested by Dr. Johnson in the following note:

The sense of these lines is confused. Are not you he, says the fairy, that fright the country girls, that skim milk, work in the hand-mill, and make the tired dairy-woman churn without effect? The mention of the mill seems out of place, for she is not now telling the good, but the evil that he does. I would regulate the lines thus:

And sometimes make the breathless housewife churn
Skim milk, and bootless labour in the quern.

Or, by a simple transposition of the lines:

> And bootless make the breathless housewife churn
> Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern.—*Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson thinks the mention of the *mill* out of place, as the Fairy is not now telling the good, but the evil he does. The observation will apply, with equal force, to his *skimming the milk*, which, if it were done at a proper time, and the cream preserved, would be a piece of service. But we must understand both to be mischievous pranks. He skims the milk, when it ought not to be skimmed, and grinds the corn, when it is not wanted; at the same time perhaps throwing the flour about the house.—*Ritson.*

> But woe betide the silly dairy-maids,
> For I shall fleet their cream-bowls night by night.
> *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, 1662.

In Randolph's Amyntas, first printed in the year 1638, there is an allusion to the fairies skimming milk:—

> I know no haunts I have but to the dairy,
> To skim the milk-bowls like a liquorish fairy.

And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head. But if a Peeter-penny, or au housle-egge were behind, or a patch of tythe unpaid,—then 'ware of bull-beggars, spirits, &c.—*Harsnet's Declaration*, 1603.

[16] *And sometime make the drink to bear no barm.*

"Berme of ale or other lyke, *spuma*," Prompt. Parv. An early use of the word occurs in a poem upon the deceits practised by tradesmen early in the reign of Henry III., MS. Cotton. Calig. A. ix, f. 246, ap. Stevenson,—

Alle bac-biters	Alle theos false chepmen
wendet to helle,	the feond heom wulle habbe;
Roberes and reveres,	Bachares and breuers,
and the mon quelle,	for alle men heo gabbe,
Lechures and horlinges	Loȝe heo holdet heore galun
theder sculen wende;	mid *berme* heo hine fulleth,
And ther heo sculen winnen	And ever of the purse
evere buten ende:	that silver heo tulleth.

In a work printed in 1689, entitled Gazophylacium Anglicanum, which seems to be a mere transcript and translation from Skinner, though that is not avowed; whilst yet the author undertakes to prove "the Dutch and Saxon to be the prime fountains of English words," *barm* is derived from *fermen*, supposed to be the theme of *fermentum*, a fermentation. But neither he nor Skinner takes any notice either of the Saxon beorm, or the German *berm*, or the Dutch or Danish *barm;* which Wachter says expressly are derived not from *fermentum*, but from *bæren*, to lift up, or raise; just as the Fr. *levain* is from their own verb *lever;*—nor yet of the Welsh *burm*. Verstegan derives it from *beer-heym*, on the idea of its being the over-decking or covering of *beer*,—"So the overdecking or covering of beer came to be called *berham*, and afterwards, barme."—*Boucher.*

The Act of 22 Hen. VIII. c. 9. recites that "nowe in the tyme of this presente parliament, one Richard Roose late of Rouchester in the countie of Kent, coke,

otherwyse called Richard Coke, of his moste wyked and dampnable dysposicyon dyd caste a certyne venym or poyson into a vessell replenysshed with *yeste or barme* stondyng in the kechyn of the Reverende Father in God John Bysshopp of Rochester, at his place in Lamebyth Marsshe, wyth whych *yeste or barme* and other thynges convenyent porrage or gruell was forthwyth made for his famylye there beyng." This is quoted, and termed "that notorious case," in Wilson's History of Great Britain, 1653.

The pot quhilk they (the browsters) have, conteines not the just measure of the king's gallon in clene aill, without *barme* or dregges; quhereas be the lawe it soulde containe the king's gallon in cleane and cleare aill, without *barme* or dregges.—*Regiam Majestatem*, p. 287.

In the Ordinances and Regulations, p. 70, the sergeaunt of the bakehouse is ordered to have "sakkes, lethyr bagges, canvas, candylles, bulters, *berme*, and all other necessaries."

"*Cremor*, barme, yest, quickening, or Gods-good," Nomenclator, 1585. "Gosgood, i. e. Yeast or *Barm* is nothing but Gods-good (Bonum Divinum), as they pronounce the word in Sussex and Kent, where it is in use; it is also called Beer-good," Ray's English Words, 1691. "*Barme* or yeast, flos vel spuma cervisiæ: respice, quæso, bene, non sunt cervisia spumæ, Marke well I pray, beere is no barme, or barme is no beere," Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 174.

It behoveth my wits to worke like *barme*, alias yeast, alias sizing, alias rising, alias godsgood.—*Lilly's Mother Bombie.*

"This was no barmie spirit of the bottle," Divils Charter, 1607.

And well too may the issue of a strong hop learne to hop all over England, when as better wittes sit like lame coblers in their studies. Such *barmy* heads wil alwaies be working, when as sad vineger wittes sit souring at the bottome of a barrell.—*The Returne from Pernassus*, 1606.

> My words shall be no words, my voice no voice;
> My noise no noise, my very language silence.
> I'm strong, I'm strong: good sir, you understand not.
> *Bag.* Nor do desire; 'tis meerly froth, and *barme*,
> The yest that makes your thin small sermons work.
>
> *Cartwright's Ordinary*, 8vo. Lond. 1651.

This provincial term is still in use in Warwickshire, and in 1847 I observed a card advertising "fresh barm" in Henley Street at Stratford-on-Avon, within a few yards of the poet's birth-place.

[17] *Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm.*

This line was remembered by Milton,—"Misleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way," &c., Paradise Lost, book ix.

Necromancers take upon them to raise and lay them (*terrestrial devils*) at their pleasures; and so likewise those which Mizaldus calls ambulones, that walk about midnight on great heaths and desart places, which (saith Lavater) draw men out of the way, and lead them all night a by-way, or quite bar them of their way. These have several names in several places; we commonly call them Pucks. —*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

Pyxie-led, erraticus, et lemuribus ducibus devius et attonitus, to be in a maze, to be bewilder'd, as if led out of the way by hobgoblin, or Puck, or one of the fairies. The cure is, to turn one of your garments the inside outward, which gives a person time to recollect himself. The way to *prevent* it, some say, is, for a woman to turn her cap inside outward, that the pyxies may have no power over her: and for a man to do the same with some of his clothes, except his breeches. —*Hole's Devonshire Glossary*, MS.

[18] *Those that Hobgoblin call you.*

Nash, in his Terrors of the Night, 1594, speaks of Robin Goodfellow as one of the "hobgoblins of our latter age." So Drayton, in the Nymphidia, speaking of Puck, says, "which most men call Hobgoblin." Milton, in l'Allegro, terms him "the drudging goblin;" and there is an invocation in Cartwright's Ordinary, 1651, p. 36, to protect the house

> From the night-mare, and the *goblin*
> That is hight Goodfellow Robin.

Of spirits called Hobgoblins, or Robin Goodfellowes.—These kinde of spirits are more familiar and domestical then the others, and for some causes to us unknown, abode in one place more then in another, so that some never almost depart from some particular houses, as though they were their proper mansions, making in them sundry noises, rumours, mockeries, gawds, and jests, without doing any harme at all, and some have heard them play at gitterns and Jews' harps, and ring bells, and make answer to those that call them, and speake with certain signes, laughters, and merry gestures, so that those of the house come at last to be so familiar and well acquainted with them that they fear them not at all. But in truth, if they had free power to put in execution their mallicious desire, we should finde these pranks of theirs not to be jests, but earnest indeed, tending to the destruction both of our body and soul, but their power is so restrained and tyed that they can passe no further then to jests and gawds, and if they do any harm at all, it is certainly very little, as by experience hath been founde.—*Treatise on Geomancy*, &c., MS. Harl. 6482.

And know you this, by the waie, that heretofore Robin Good-fellow, and Hob goblin, were as terrible, and also as credible to the people, as hags and witches be now. . . And in truth, they that mainteine walking spirits have no reason to denie Robin Good-fellow, upon whom there hath gone as manie, and as credible, tales, as upon witches; saving that it hath not pleased the translators of the Bible to call spirits by the name of Robin Good-fellow.—*R. Scot.*

The second part shall shew many incredible things done by Robin Good-fellow (*or otherwise called Hob-goblin*) and his companions, by turning himselfe into divers sundry shapes.—*Robin Goodfellow, his Mad Prankes and Merry Jests*, 1628.

> In John Milesius any man may reade
> Of divels in Sarmatia honored,
> Call'd Kottri, or Kibaldi; such as wee
> Pugs and Hob-goblins call. Their dwellings bee
> In corners of old houses least frequented,
> Or beneath stacks of wood: and these convented,
> Make fearefull noise in buttries and in dairies;
> Robin Good-fellowes some, some call them fairies.
> In solitarie roomes these uprores keepe,
> And beat at dores to wake men from their sleepe,
> Seeming to force locks, be they ne're so strong,
> And keeping Christmasse gambols all night long.
> Pots, glasses, trenchers, dishes, pannes, and kettles
> They will make dance about the shelves and settles,
> As if about the kitchen tost and cast,
> Yet in the morning nothing found misplac't.
>
> *Heywood's Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, 1635.

[19] *And sweet Puck.*

The epithet is by no means superfluous; as *Puck* alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It signified nothing better than *fiend*, or *devil*. So, the author of Pierce Ploughman puts *the pouk* for *the devil*, fol. lxxxx. B. v. penult. See also, fol. lxvii. v. 15: "none helle *powke*." Compare Richard Coer de Lion, 566, and again, 4326,—"He is no man, he is a pouke, that out off helle is i-stole." It seems to have been an old Gothic word. *Puke*, *puken*, Sathanas, Gudm. And. Lexicon Island.—*Tyrwhitt.*

In the Bugbears, an ancient MS. comedy in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne (now MS. Lansd. 807), I likewise met with this appellation of a fiend:—"*Puckes*, *puckerels*, hob howlard by gorn and Robin Good-felow." Again, in the Scourge of Venus, or the Wanton Lady, with the rare Birth of Adonis, 1615:

Their bed doth shake and quaver as they lie,
As if it groan'd to beare the weight of sinne;
The fatal night-crowes at their windowes flee,
And crie out at the shame they do live in:
And that they may perceive the heavens frown,
The *poukes* and goblins pul the coverings down.

Again, in Spenser's Epithalamion, 1595:

Ne let house-fyres, nor lightning's helplesse harms,
Ne let the *pouke*, nor other evil spright,
Ne let mischievous witches with their charmes,
Ne let hobgoblins, &c.

Again, in the ninth book of Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, edit. 1587, p. 126:

—— and the countrie where Chymæra, that same *pooke*,
Hath goatish bodie, &c.—*Steevens* (the above 20 lines).

Skinner explains Chaucer's "ne none hell *powke*," by "no *pug* of hell, nullus cacodæmon." See also under *Pug*, etym. gen., where he says, "*Pugs* etiam dæmones vocant," &c.—*Nares.*

[20] *You do their work, and they shall have good luck.*

Simple foolish men imagine, I know not howe, that there be certayne elves or fairies of the earth, and tell many straunge and marvellous tales of them, which they have heard of their grandmothers and mothers, howe they have appeared unto those of the house, have done service, have rocked the cradell, and (which is a signe of good lucke) do continually tary in the house.—*Lavater, of Ghostes and Spirites*, 1572.

If your worke bee all that hindreth you, sayd Robin, I will see that done: aske mee not how, nor make any doubt of the performance; I will doe it. Go you with your love: for twenty-four houres I will free you. In that time marry or doe what you will. If you refuse my proffered kindnesse, never looke to enjoy your wished for happinesse. I love true lovers, honest men, good fellowes, good huswives, good meate, good drinke, and all things that good is, but nothing that is ill; for my name is Robin Good-fellow, and that you shall see that I have power to performe what I have undertooke, see what I can do. Presently he turned himselfe into a horse, and away he ran: at the sight of which they were both amazed, but better considering with themselves, they both determined to

make good use of their time, and presently they went to an old fryer, who presently married them.—*Robin Goodfellow his Mad Prankes*, 1628.

[21] *Thou speak'st aright.*

I would fill up the verse which I suppose the author left complete:—"*I am*, thou speak'st aright." It seems that in the fairy mythology, Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the trusty servant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Queen Mab, called by Shakespeare, Titania; for, in Drayton's Nymphidia, the same fairies are engaged in the same business. Mab has an amour with Pigwiggen: Oberon, being jealous, sends Hobgoblin to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs opposes him by a spell.—*Johnson.*

[22] *I am that merry wanderer of the night.*

I pitty that the sommers nightingale,
Immortall Cinthia's sometime deare delight,
That us'd to singe so sweete a madrigale,
Should like an owle go wanderer in the nighte,
Hated of all, but pittied of none,
Though swanlike now he makes his dyinge mone.

MS. temp. Car. I.

[23] *Neighing in likeness of a silly foal.*

So the first folio, and one quarto, one edition only reading *filly foal*. *Silly* is probably the right reading, in the sense of simple.

When Puck, observes Mr. Thoms, in an interesting note, changes to a horse or hound, "he is, unquestionably, only taking upon himself forms which the spirits of popular belief were constantly in the habit of assuming. How very ancient and far-spread is the belief in spirits, or fairies, assuming the form of a horse, we learn from Gervase of Tilbury, who, in a well-known and oft-quoted passage of his Otia Imperialia, speaks of a spirit which in England was called *Grant*, and appeared in 'likeness of a filly foal.' 'Est in Angliâ quoddam demonum genus, quod suo idiomate *Grant* nominant, ad instar pulli equini anniculi,' &c.; and Mr. Keightley, in his Fairy Mythology, has shown from Grose 'that in Hampshire they still give the name of Colt Pixy to a supposed spirit, or fairy, which, in the shape of a horse, *wickers*, i. e., neighs and misleads horses into bogs, &c.'—a prank which is exactly one of those that Puck plays when he assumes the shape of a horse 'to make Oberon smile.' Pluquet, in describing Le Goubelin or gobelin of Normandy—who resembles Shakespeare's Puck in many particulars—tells us, among other things, that he sometimes takes the form of a handsome black horse,—but, woe to the unhappy traveller who is tempted to bestride him! and we learn from Mdlle. Bosquet that *Le Chevalier Bayard* is the name given to this Lutin or gobelin by the Norman peasantry. I have printed in the Lays and Legends of Spain, p. 93, a curious account of a spirit horse, extracted from Torquemeda's Spanish Mandeville of Miracles; and also another extract from the same work, in which is an account of 'two great black mastives'—which are obviously evil spirits who have assumed that appearance."

[24] *In very likeness of a roasted crab.*

The common crab-apple, when roasted, was a great favourite with country people in the time of Shakespeare, and is frequently alluded to as being put into ale. *Turning a crab* was roasting a crab-apple, and throwing it, when quite hot, into a bowl of nut-brown ale, into which had been previously put a toast with spice and sugar. Warner, describing a shepherd, says,—

And with the sun doth folde againe;
Then, jogging home betime,
He turnes a crab, or tunes a round,
Or sings some merrie ryme.

And, in Gammer Gurton's Needle, 1575:

I love no rost but a nut-brown toste,
And a crab layde in the fyre.

Again, in Damon and Pythias, 1582:

And sit down in my chaire by my wife fair Alison,
And turne a *crabbe* in the fire, &c.

Again, in Like Will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier, 1587:

Now *a crab* in the fire were worth a good groat:
That I might quaffe with my captain Tom Toss-pot.

Again, in Summer's Last Will and Testament, 1600:

Sitting in a corner, turning *crabs*,
Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale.

The bowl must be supposed to be filled with ale: a toast and some spice and sugar being added, what is called *lamb's wool* is produced. So, in King Henry V. 1598 (not our author's play):

Yet we will have in store a *crab in the fire*,
With nut-brown ale, that is full stale, &c.

Part of the above note is extracted from Steevens and Malone.

The crabbe groweth somewhat like the apple-tree, but full of thornes, and thicker of branches; the flowers are alike, but the fruite is generally small and very sower, yet some more than others, which the country people, to amend, doe usually rost them at the fire, and make them their winter's junckets.—*Parkinson's Theatrum Botanicum*, 1640.

[25] *And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.*

Last Twelfth Day, a mad merry company being mett together to chuse King and Queen, the cake being no sooner cutt, but Robbin Good-fellow came amongst them, and pulling one of them by the nose, he, imagining it had been his fellow that sate next him, gave him a good cuff on the ear, and so falling to boxes, a woman catching up a great pot of apples and ale, thinking to save it from spilling, the merry Puck, that could not be seen, giving her a good nipp by the buttocks, made her so madd, that she flung all her pott of lambs-wooll in the faces of the combatants, which so blinded them with the roasted apples that came in their eyes, that without fear or witt they laid about them like two mad men, striking any that came neer them; in which scuffle, there was given two black eyes, one crack'd crown, and a bloody nose.—*Mercurius Fumigosus*, 1655.

[26] *The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale.*

According to Pegge, the terms of *aunt* and *uncle* are applied, in Cornwall, to all elderly persons.

[27] *Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me.*

Cardan, lib. 16 de Rer. Variet. holds, they will make strange noises in the night, howl sometimes pittifully, and then laugh again, cause great flames and

sudden lights, fling stones, rattle chains, shave men, open doors and shut them, fling down platters, *stools*, &c.—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

> The goodwife sad squats down upon a stool,
> Not at all thinking it was Hob the fool,
> And frowning sits: then Hob gives her a slip,
> And down she falls, whereby she hurts her hip.
> *The Queen of Fairies, by the D. of Newcastle.*

[28] *And tailor cries.*

The custom of crying *tailor* at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair, falls as a tailor squats upon his board. The Oxford editor, and Dr. Warburton after him, read—*and rails or cries*, plausibly, but I believe not rightly. Besides, the trick of the fairy is represented as producing rather merriment than anger.—*Johnson.*

This explanation by Dr. Johnson has not been satisfactorily supported. The expression is probably one of contempt, equivalent to *thief*, and possibly a corruption of the older word *taylard*, which occurs in the romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, where two French justices term that sovereign, when reviling him, a "taylard," upon which the choleric monarch instantly clove the skull of the first, and nearly killed the second. The Elizabethan use of the term, as one of contempt, appears to be confirmed by the following passage in Pasquil's Night-Cap, 1612,—

> Theeving is now an occupation made,
> Though men the name of *tailor* doe it give.

As a remarkable instance of the extent to which conjectural criticism may be carried, it is perhaps just worth notice that one critic of the last century proposes to read *tail-sore.*

[29] *Hold their hips, and loffe.*

Loffe, laugh, the ancient pronunciation of the word. Ben Jonson, in the Fox, makes *slaughter* rhyme with *laughter;* and in the old nursery ballad of Mother Hubbard, after she had bought her dog a *coffin*, she came home and found he was *loffing!* In some lines in Harrington's Most Elegant and Wittie Epigrams, 1633, *lafter* (laughter) rhymes with *after.* There appears to have been some variation of opinion as to the pronunciation of the word. Marston, in the Parasitaster, 1606, mentions a critic who vowed "to leve to posteritie the true orthography and pronunciation of laughing." The old editions, in the previous line, print *coffe.*

"And laughter holding both his sides," Milton's l'Allegro.

[30] *And waxen in their mirth.*

Dr. Farmer suggested that *waxen* should be *yexen*, an old verb signifying, to hiccough, but there is surely no necessity for any alteration, and the old reading better suits the subsequent words, *in their mirth.* To wax, that is, to increase. "This tree is waxen a great deale more than it was whan I knewe it first," Palsgrave, 1530.

[31] *And neeze.*

Neeze, from A. S. *niesan*, the old form of the modern word *sneeze.* "Nesyne, *sternuto*," Pr. Parv. "I nese, *je esterne*," Palsgrave, 1530. *Nesing* for *sneezing* occurs in Wickliffe's Bible, ed. Madden, ii. 732. In Hormanni Vulgaria we read: "Two or three *neses* be holsom; one is a shrewd token:—Bina aut terna sternutatio salutaris, solitaria vero gravis." In Langley's Abridgment of Polydore Vergil, fol. 127, it is said: "There was a plage whereby many, as they *nesed*, died

sodeinly, whereof it grew into a custome that they that were present when anye manne *neesed*, should say, God helpe you." Bullein, in his Booke of the Use of Sicke Men, fol. 20, observes that "neesing that commeth from the head is made eyther of the brayne, whych is hoat, or els the empty or voyde place of the head, being very moyst, for the ayre contayned therein breaketh forth through a small narrowe way, and so commeth the sounde or noyse forth." Both forms, "sneezing or neezing," are given in the Nomenclator, 1585, and the latter constantly occurs in old English books, even up to the commencement of the last century.

The 333. Chapiter doth shewe of Knesing. Sternutacio is the Latin word. In English it is named sternutacion or knesing, the which is a good signe of an evyll cause.—*Borde's Breviary of Health*, 1575.

If he see a snake unkilled, he feares a mischiefe; if the salt fall towards him, he looks pale and red, and is not quiet till one of the waiters have powred wine on his lap; and when he *neezeth*, thinks them not his friends that uncover it.—*Bishop Hall's Characters of Vertues and Vices*, 1621.

[32] *But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.*

Some editors read, *make room*, and Seymour proposes to read, "But, Fairy, room, for here comes Oberon," on account of the metre, but there is really no necessity for any alteration, and the quaint form *faery* is solely given out of deference to the opinion of Johnson, who considered that it was here a word of three syllables.

Oberon and Titania had been introduced in a dramatic entertainment exhibited before Queen Elizabeth in 1591, when she was at Elvetham in Hampshire; as appears from A Description of the Queene's Entertainment in Progress at Lord Hartford's, &c. printed in 4to. in 1591. Her majesty, after having been pestered a whole afternoon with speeches in verse from the three Graces, Sylvanus, Wood Nymphs, &c., is at length addressed by the Fairy Queen, who presents her majesty with a chaplet,—"Given me by Auberon [Oberon] the fairie king." In Greene's Groatsworth of Witte, 1592, a player is introduced, who boasts of having performed the part of the King of Fairies with applause. He says that he was "famous for Delphrygus, and the King of the Fairies." Greene himself wrote a play, entitled the Scottishe Historie of James the Fourthe, slaine at Floddon, intermixed with a pleasant Comedie presented by Oberon King of Fayeries; which was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594, and printed in 1598. Shakespeare, however, does not appear to have been indebted to this piece. The plan of it is shortly this. Bohan, a Scot, in consequence of being disgusted with the world, having retired to a tomb where he has fixed his dwelling, is met by Aster Oberon, king of the fairies, who entertains him with an antick or dance by his subjects. These two personages, after some conversation, determine to listen to a tragedy, which is acted before them, and to which they make a kind of chorus, by moralizing at the end of each Act.—*Malone.*

The name of Oberon would have been familiar to most persons in Shakespeare's time, Oberon, the "dwarfe king of the fayryes," being introduced into the popular romance of Huon of Bordeaux, which was translated into English by Lord Berners, probably before the year 1558, for in a list of English books appended to the will of Richard Brereton, dated 23 Feb. 1557-8, mention is made of, "the story of Huon of Burdeaux, xviij.*d.*" Berners' translation is of great rarity, and I have never seen but one imperfect copy of the original edition, which is printed in black-letter in double columns, embellished with woodcuts; but two editions were probably issued in the sixteenth century, for a subsequent one, in which the language is considerably modernized, printed in 1601, purports to "being now the third time imprinted, and the rude English corrected and amended." This romance is

Facsimile of an early Chap book, showing the popularity of Fairy Mythology, from the unique copy preserved in the Bodleian Library.

A

DESCRIPTION

Of the King and Queene of *Fayries*, their habit, fare, their abode, pompe, and state.

Being very delightfull to the sense, and full of mirth.

LONDON,
Printed for *Richard Harper*, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Hospitall gate, 1635.

(1)

A Description of the Kin of *Fayries* Clothes, brought to hir on New-yeares day in the morning, 1626. by his Queenes Chamber-maids.

FIrst a Cobweb-shirt, more thinn
Than ever Spider since could spin.
Chang'd to the whitenesse of the snow,
By the stormie windes that blow
In the bast and frozen ayre,
No shirt half so fine, so fayre.

A rich Mattcoat they did bring,
Made of the Trout-flies gilded wing:

At

(4)

A Description of his Dyet.

NOw they the Elves within a trice,
Prepar'd a feast lesse great than nice.
Where you may imagine first,
The Elves prepare to quench his thirst,
In pure leed Pearle of Infant dew
Brought and sweetned with a blew
And pregnant Violet; which done,
His killing eies begin to runne
Quite o're the table, where hee spyes
The hornes of water'd Butter-flies.
Of which he eats, but with a little
Neat cole allay of Cuckows spittle.
Next this the red cap worme thats shut
Within the concave of a nut.
Moles eyes he takes, then Adders eares;
To these for sauce the slaine stagges teares
A bloted earewig, and the pith
Of sugred rush he glads him with.

Then

THE FAIRIES FEGARIES.

OR,

Singing and dancing being all their pleasure,
Theyle please you most nicely, if you be at leasure,
To heare their sweet chanting, it will you delight,
To cure melancholly at morning and night.

Sung like to the Spanish Gypsie.

COme follow, follow me,
You Fairie Elves that be:
And circle round this greene,
Come follow me your Queene.
Hand in hand lets dance a round,
For this place is Fayrie ground.

When Mortals are at rest,

And

alluded to in Laneham's Letter, 1575, in Markham's Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Servingmen, 1598, in Taylor's Workes, 1630, &c. The following extract is curious as containing a description of Oberon:—"When Huon had heard Gerames, then he demaunded further of him if he could goe to Babilon. Yes, sir, quoth Gerames, I can goe thether by two wayes; the most surest way is hence about fortie days journey, and the other is but fifteene dayes journey: but I councell you to take the longe way, for if you take the shorter way, you must passe thorow a wood about sixteene leagues of length, but the way is so full of the fayryes and strang things, that such as passe that way are lost, for in that wood abideth a king of the fayryes named Oberon; he is of height but of three foote, and crooked shouldered, but yet he hath an angell-like visage, so that there is no mortal man that seeth him, but that taketh great pleasure to behold his face; and you shall no sooner be entred into that wood, if you go that way, but he wil find the meanes to speake with you, and if you speake unto him, you are lost for ever, and you shall ever find him before you, so that it shall be in manner impossible that you can scape from him without speaking to him, for his words be so pleasant to heare, that there is no mortall man that can well scape without speaking unto him. And if he see that you will not speake a word unto him, then he will be sore displeased with you, and before you can get out of the wood, he will cause raine and wind, hayle and snowe, and will make marvelous tempests, with thunder and lightenings, so that it shall seeme unto you that all the world should perish, and he will make to seeme before you a great running river blacke and deepe, but you may passe it at your ease, and it shall not wet the feet of your horse, for all is but fantasie and enchauntments that the dwarfe shall make to the entent to have you with him, and if you can keepe yourselfe without speaking unto him, you may then well escape. But, sir, to eschew all perils, I councell you to take the longer way, for I thinke you cannot escape from him, and then you be lost for ever."

There is no notice of any MS. of Huon de Bordeaux, prior to the invention of printing; it may be presumed, therefore, to have been but little, if at all, anterior to that era. The first edition is without date (a small folio); the second in quarto was printed in 1516. Though Oberon plays the most conspicuous part in this romance, he may, nevertheless, be further traced to the Histories of Ogier of Denmark, and Isaiah the Sorrowful; the last of which was compiled (probably for the entertainment of our Henry I., whilst he kept his court in Normandy) between the years 1110 and 1120, by Rusticien de Puisse, from the British chronicles of S. Graal, &c.—*Henley.*

The Bedlam, in Hausted's Rivall Friends, 1632, says,—"Newly from a poach'd toade and a broyl'd viper, King of Fayry Land I Ob'ron doe arise." A character in Glapthorne's Hollander, 1640, says,—"Now, coz Sconce, our order does constraine us to a frisk, a dance about you, as the fairies tred about their great King Oberon." A relation "below the tale of Oberon," Brown's Vulgar Errors, ed. 1658, p. 260. It may also be mentioned that the character of Oberon is introduced into W. Percy's Faery Pastorall or Forrest of Elves.

[33] *Titania.*

It was the belief of those days that the fairies were the same as the classic nymphs, the attendants of Diana. "That fourth kind of sprites," says King James, "quhilk be the gentiles was called Diana and the wandering court, and among us called the Phaeries." The fairy-queen was therefore the same as Diana, whom Ovid frequently styles Titania.—*Keightley.*

"Titania the Fairie Queene, under whom is figured our late queene Elizabeth," a character in Dekker's Whore of Babylon, 4to. 1607. Henry the Eighth is mentioned as King Oberon.

There is an old black-letter pamphlet by W. Bettie, called Titana and Theseus, entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1608; but Shakespeare has taken no hints from it. —*Steevens.*

[34] *Fairy, skip hence.*

This expression certainly seems somewhat undignified for Titania; and, unless we suppose it to be addressed to Oberon, there seems no reason why she should speak to a particular fairy, when surrounded by her whole train. The Rev. W. Harness suggests to me that the proper reading is, "Fairies, keep hence," and that the error has arisen from the person who copied the play writing by his ear, and not by his eye. It is certainly natural that Titania should wish to keep all her attendants at a distance. She was retiring herself, until stayed by Oberon's, "Tarry, rash wanton."—*J. P. Collier.*

[35] *Playing on pipes of corn.*

Richard Brathwaite (Strappado for the Devil, 1615,) has a poem addressed "To the queen of harvest, &c. much honoured by the reed, *corn-pipe*, and whistle:" and it must be remembered, that the shepherd boys of Chaucer's time had—

——many a floite and litling horne,
And *pipes made of grene corne.—Ritson.*

[36] *From Perigenia, whom he ravished?*

The form of the name here adopted is no doubt altered, by poetical license, from *Perigouna*, as it occurs in North's Plutarch, in the life of Theseus. The real name was *Perigoune*, daughter of the famous robber Sinis. Theseus first killed the father, and then debauched the lady.

[37] *And make him with fair Æglé break his faith.*

Even the most learned writers formerly used proper names in the genitive case, and the old copies here have *Eagles*, the same form of the word which occurs in North's translation of the Lives of Plutarch.

[38] *Since the middle-summer's spring.*

Middle-summer is the middle of the summer, or midsummer. Midsummer is not, strictly speaking, the middle of summer; but that is what is evidently here intended. "These are flowers of middle summer," Winter's Tale. "The midle spring, or the middest of the spring," Nomenclator, 1585. *Spring*, for *beginning*, is used again in King Henry IV. Part II.:—"As flaws congealed in the *spring* of day;" which expression has authority from the Scripture, St. Luke, i. 78: "whereby the day-*spring* from on high hath visited us." Again, in the romance of Kyng Appolyn of Thyre, 1510: "—arose in a mornynge at the *sprynge of the day*," &c. Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. x.:—"He wooed her till day-*spring* he espyde." So Holinshed, p. 494: "—the morrowe after about the *spring* of the daie—."—*Steevens and Malone.*

An expression similar to that in the text, but used apparently in a different sense, occurs in Churchyard's Charitie, 1595,—

A warmer time in better tune may bring
This hard cold age, when comes a summer spring.

Warburton alters *the* to *that*, upon which Heath makes the following observations,—"We should re-establish the ancient and authentick reading, '*the* middle summer's spring,' that is, never since the spring preceding last midsummer. Mr. Warburton's correction supposes some certain more distant summer to have been mentioned or referred to before; but no such mention or reference is to be

found. He adds, that 'it appears to have been some years since the quarrel first began.' In the preceding scene, Puck tells us that this quarrel took its rise from a changeling, whom the Queen kept in her train, and would not give up to Oberon, who from a motive of jealousy had demanded him of her; but how long before this had happened is no where, except in this place, said."

[39] *By paved fountain, or by rushy brook.*

The epithet *paved* seems here intended to mean no more than that the beds of these fountains were covered with pebbles, in opposition to those of the rushy brooks, which are oozy. The same expression is used by Sylvester in a similar sense:—"By some cleare river's lillie-*paved* side."—*Henley.*

Dr. Johnson considers "paved fountain" to mean a fountain laid round the edge with stone; and Sir H. Wotton speaks of aqueducts *listed* with stone. The author, however, referred probably to the paving of pebbles, Titania alluding altogether to natural scenery.

[40] *Or in the beached margent of the sea.*

The *in* of the old copies, here used, as in several other places, in the sense of *within*, was unnecessarily altered by Pope to *on*. The term *margent*, one of the old forms of *margin*, is of so exceedingly common occurrence as merely to require a passing notice. It seems to have first come in use in the sixteenth century, and has only become obsolete within the past generation, many instances of it occurring in writers of the time of the first Georges.

The reasons thereof are touched in a worde by the poet, who doth hereafter treat of them more at large, as we have also noted in the *margent*, and meane to speake somewhat thereof.—*Babilon, Part of the Seconde Weeke of Du Bartas*, 1596.

> The Centaures and the Cretan king pursue them
> Unto the oceans *margent*, and even there,
> Twixt sea and shore, in countlesse heaps they slew them;
> Such as escape, their course to Troy-ward beare.
> *Heywood's Troia Britanica*, fol. Lond. 1609.

Yet I doe not advise you to gather them out of your history as often as they occurre, but note them pro tempore with black lead in the *margent* under severall markes, either of letters or of figures.—*MS. in Southwell Minster*, written circa 1623.

[41] *Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain.*

So, Milton:—"While rocking winds are *piping* loud." And Gawin Douglas, in his translation of the Æneid, p. 69, 1710, fol. Edinb.—"The soft *piping wynd* calling to se." The Glossographer observes, "we say a piping wind, when an ordinary gale blows, and the wind is neither too loud nor too calm."—*Johnson and White.*

[42] *Every pelting river.*

Pelting, eds. 1600; *petty*, ed. 1623. The former word was common in early English in the sense of, small, petty, contemptible. "*Pomum nanum*, small fruite, a litle pelting apple," Nomenclator, 1585. "One cotage, that was but a pelting one indeede," Golding's Ovid. "Will not shrink the city for a pelting jade," Mother Bombie, 1594. "Such pelting scurvy news," Two Noble Kinsmen, 1634.

[43] *Made so proud.*

Proud.— This word is often used without any reference to the state of the mind; but simply as implying exuberance or overfulness. Thus, when springs of

water are running freely, they are said to be *proud;* and a shower in the morning, when it is ushering in a fine day, is said to proceed from the *pride* of the morning. —*Cornwal Glossary.*

> When a long drought presag'd some fatall dearth,
> Thy unexhausted founts gave us new birth
> Of wit and verse; when Cham, or Isis fell,
> Thy open'd floudgates made their riv'lets swell
> 'Bove their *proud* banks.—*Randolph's Poems*, 1643.

[44] *That they have overborne their continents.*

That is, observes Johnson, borne down the banks that contain them. So, in King Lear,—"close pent up guilts, rive your concealing continents!" Compare, also, the following lines on the season to which the description in the text is supposed to refer, in Churchyard's Charitie, 1595.

> A colder time in world was never seene:
> The skies do lowre, the sun and moone waxe dim;
> Sommer scarce knowne but that the leaves are greene.
> *The winter's waste drives water ore the brim;*
> Upon the land great flotes of wood may swim.
> Nature thinks scorne to do hir dutie right,
> Because we have displeasde the Lord of Light.

[45] *And the green corn hath rotted.*

A portion of this speech may have been suggested by the following lines in the fifth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, as translated by Golding,—

> —But yet, with rage opprest,
> She curst all lands, and sayd they were unthankfull everych one,
> Yea and unworthy of the fruits bestowed them upon.
> But bitterly above the rest she banned Cicilie,
> In which the mention of her losse she plainely did espie,
> And therefore there with cruell hand the earing ploughs she brake,
> And man and beast that tilde the ground to death in anger strake.
> She mar'd the seed, and eke forbad the fields to yeeld their fruite;
> The plenteousnesse of that same ile, of which there went such bruite
> Through all the world, lay dead; the corne was killed in the blade;
> Now too much drought, now too much wet, did make it for to fade.
> The starres and blasting winds did hurt; the hungry fowles did eate
> The corne in ground; the tines and briars did overgrow the wheat,
> And other wicked weeds the corne continually annoy,
> Which neither tilth nor toyle of man was able to destroy.

[46] *Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard.*

Dr. Forman, in his account of the year 1594, preserved in MS. Ashmole 384, says,—"Wheat, barly and malte waxed deare in Julii, yt was worth, whete 5*s.* a bushell, in August 6*s.* a bushell, and also in September 6*s.* a bushell; barley 31*s.* malte 26*s.* a quarter in Julii, Aug., Septemb." Some writers attributed the high price of corn, not to the wet weather so much as to other causes. "Also graine grew (in 1594) to be of a great price, a bushell of wheat at 6, 7, or 8 shillings, &c., which dearth happened more through the merchants over-much transporting, then the unseasonablenesse of the weather past," Penkethman's Artachthos, 1638.

> And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
> Borne on the bier with white and bristly *beard.*—*Sonnets.*

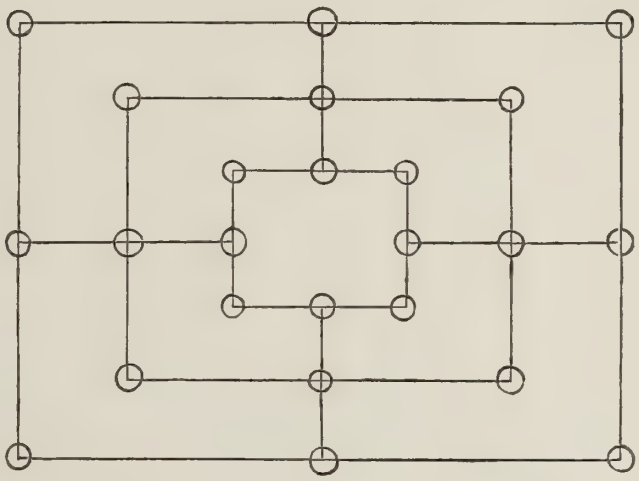
[47] *And crows are fatted with the murrain flock.*

The *murrain* is the plague in cattle. It is here used by Shakespeare as an adjective; as a substantive by others: "—— sends him as a *murrain* to strike our herds," Heywood's Silver Age, 1613.—*Steevens.*

[48] *The nine-men's-morris is fill'd up with mud.*

In that part of Warwickshire where Shakespeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonshire, the shepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to represent a sort of imperfect chess-board. It consists of a square, sometimes only a foot diameter, sometimes three or four yards. Within this is another square, every side of which is parallel to the external square; and these squares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both squares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other stones, which they move in such a manner as to take up each other's men, as they are called, and the area of the inner square is called the pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. These figures are by the country people called *nine men's morris*, or *merrils;* and are so called because each party has nine men. These figures are always cut upon the green turf, or leys as they are called, or upon the grass at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy seasons never fail to be choked up with mud.—*James.*

Nine men's morris is a game still played by the shepherds, cow-keepers, &c., in the midland counties, as follows: a figure of squares one within another (see diagram) is made on the ground by cutting out the turf; and two persons take each nine stones, which they place by turns in the angles, and afterwards move alternately, as at chess or draughts. He who can play three in a straight line may then take off any one of his adversary's, where he pleases, till one, having lost all his men, loses the game.—*Alchorne.*



In Cotgrave's Dictionary, under the article *Merelles*, ap. Tollet, is the following explanation: "Le Jeu des Merelles; the boyish game called merils, or *fivepenny morris:* played here most commonly with stones, but in France with pawns, or men made on purpose, and termed *merelles.*"

The *jeu de merelles* was also a table-game. A representation of two monkies engaged at this amusement may be seen in a German edition of Petrarch de Remedio utriusque Fortunæ, b. i. ch. 26. The cuts to this book were done in 1520. This game was sometimes called *the nine mens merrils*, from *merelles* or *mereaux*, an ancient French word for the jettons or counters, with which it was played. The other term *morris* is probably a corruption suggested by the sort of *dance* which in the progress of the game the counters performed. In the French *merelles* each party had three counters only, which were to be placed in a line in order to win the game. It appears to have been the *Tremerel* mentioned in an

old fabliau. See Le Grand, Fabliaux et Contes, tom. ii. p. 208. Dr. Hyde thinks the morris or merrils was known during the time that the Normans continued in possession of England, and that the name was afterwards corrupted into *three mens morals*, or *nine mens morals*. If this be true, the conversion of *morals* into *morris*, a term so very familiar to the country people, was extremely natural. The doctor adds, that it was likewise called nine-penny, or nine-pin miracle, three-penny morris, five-penny morris, nine-penny morris, or three-pin, five-pin, and nine-pin morris, all corruptions of three-pin, &c. merels; Hyde, Hist. Nerdiludii, p. 202.—*Douce.*

> That can set his three along in a row,
> And that is *fippeny morrell* I trow.
> *Apollo Shroving*, 1627, p. 49.

There can be but little doubt that nine-men's-morris is the same game as that commonly known in the south of England under the name of Moriners or Mariners. It is played by two persons with nine men each on a figure drawn in the manner above described (generally on a board with the lines cut in it, and holes at the angles for pegs by way of men). The players take turns to "pitch" their men; that is, to place them in the holes in such a way as to get, if possible, three in a line—a "row." After they are all "pitched," the players move alternately, the one whose turn it is shifting any one of his men to the next hole (if unoccupied) to the one it is then on, along a line. Whenever either player succeeds in making a "row" of his own men, whether during the "pitching" or subsequent play, he is entitled to take off any one of his adversary's which is not protected by being in a "row;" and the game is lost by the person whose number of men is first reduced by this process below three.—*Note by C. S.*

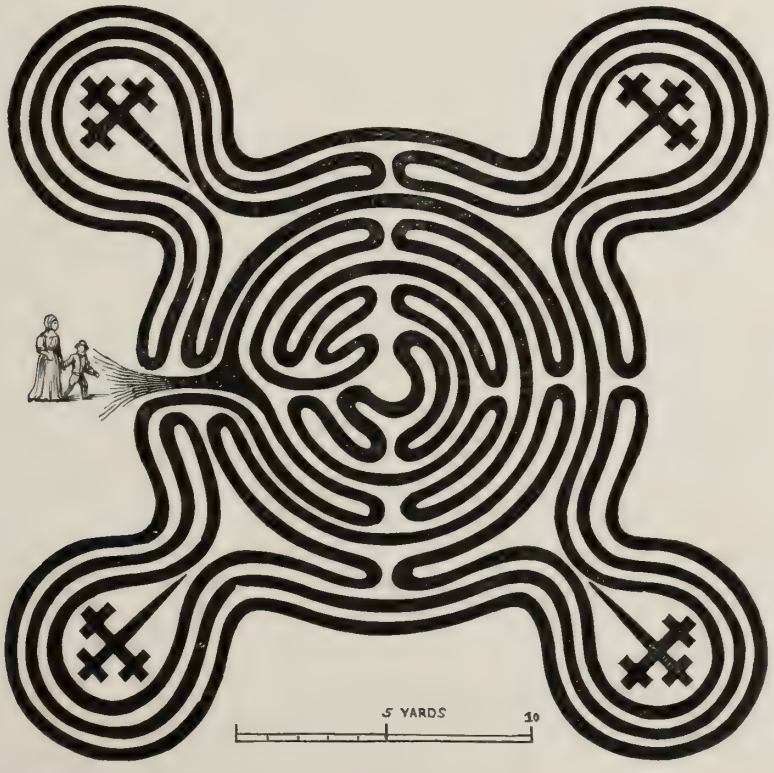
Forby has, "*Morris*, an ancient game, in very common modern use. In Shakespeare it is called *nine men's morris*, from its being plaid with nine men, as they were then, and still are called. We call it simply *morris*. Probably it took the name from a fancied resemblance to a dance, in the motions of the men. Shepherds' boys and other clowns play it on the green turf, or on the bare ground; cutting or scratching the lines, on the one or the other. In either case, it is soon filled up with mud in wet weather. In towns, porters and other labourers play it, at their leisure hours, on the flat pavement, tracing the figure with chalk. It is also a domestic game; and the figure is to be found on the back of some draught-boards. But, to compare *morris* with that game, or with chess, seems absurd; as it has a very distant resemblance, if any at all, to either, in the lines or in the rules of playing. On the ground, the men are pebbles, broken tiles, shells, or potsherds; on a table, the same as are used at draughts or backgammon. In Nares it is said to be the same as nine-holes. With us it is certainly different. In our game of *nine-holes*, the holes are made in a board with a number over each, through one of which the ball is to pass. This must be something like Trou-madame (of which, indeed, there are many varieties or resemblances), only that it is played on the ground, and in the open air." The open air game of nine-holes is alluded to in Drayton's Polyolbion, xiv.

The following account of the Northamptonshire game of merrels or morris, by Miss Baker, is sufficiently interesting to deserve extracting,—"*Merells* or *morris*, a game, played by two people, on a board, whereon are marked three squares, one within another at equal distances, and connected with each other by a line at each angle, drawn from the inner to the outer square, and again by lines in the middle of each side of the square, the area of which is denominated the pound. At each intersection of the lines a spot or hole is made; as it is sometimes played with pegs, sometimes with bits of paper, or wood, or stone, according to the resources of

the players. Strutt, in his Sports and Pastimes, gives a representation of a Merelle Table of the 14th century, which coincides with the above description. The mode of playing now observed is this. Each of the players has nine pieces or men, differing in colour or material from his adversary's, for distinction's sake; which they lay down on the spots alternately, one by one, each endeavouring to prevent his opponent from placing three of his pieces in a line, as whichever does so is entitled to take off any one of his antagonist's men where he pleases, without breaking a row of three, which must not be done whilst there is another man on the board. After all the pieces are placed on the board, they are moved alternately backwards or forwards along the lines; and, as often as either of the players succeeds in accomplishing a row of three, he claims one of his antagonist's men, which is placed in the pound, and he who takes the most pieces wins the game. This amusement was formerly the pastime of the shepherds while tending their flocks in the open fields, and was called *Nine Men's Merrills*, or *Nine Men's Morris*. The squares were rudely cut in the turf with their knives, in a somewhat similar form to those marked on the board; and the game was played with stones or pegs. After a continuance of rainy weather, these squares were filled up with mud. This game also bears the name of *Peg Morris*, as is evidenced by Clare, in speaking of the shepherd boy,—

> Oft we may track his haunts, where he hath been
> To spend the leisure which his toils bestow,
> By *nine-peg morris* nicked upon the green.—*Rural Muse*, p. 119.

"Upon the inclosure of open fields, this game was transferred to a board, and continues a fire-side recreation of the agricultural labourer. It is often called by the name of *Mill*, or *Shepherd's Mill*."



[49] *And the quaint mazes in the wanton green.*

Several mazes of the kind here alluded to are still preserved, having been kept up from time immemorial. On the top of Catherine-Hill, Winchester, the usual

play-place of the school, observes Percy, was a very perplexed and winding path running in a very small space over a great deal of ground, called a Miz-Maze. The senior boys obliged the juniors to tread it, to prevent the figure from being lost, and I believe it is still retained. The specimen here copied in the annexed engraving was taken, by Mr. Fairholt, from an old print of the Shepherd's Race or Robin Hood's Race, a maze which was formerly on the summit of a hill near St. Ann's Well, about one mile from Nottingham. The length of the path was 535 yards, but it was all obliterated by the plough in the year 1797, on the occasion of the enclosure of the lordship of Sneinton.

[50] *The human mortals want their winter cheer.*

The old copies read, "winter here," supported by Malone, in the following note;—

Here, in this country.—I once inclined to receive the emendation proposed by Theobald, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer,—their winter *cheer;* but perhaps alteration is unnecessary. "Their *winter*" may mean those sports with which country people are wont to beguile a winter's evening, at the season of Christmas, which, it appears from the next line, was particularly in our author's contemplation:—

> The wery *winter* nights restore the *Christmas games*,
> And now the seson doth invite to banquet townish dames.
> *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562.—*Malone.*

I have already expressed my opinion, that winter-*cheer* is the true reading; and am confirmed in it by the following passage in Fletcher's Prophetess, where the shepherd says:

> Our evening dances on the green, our songs,
> Our *holiday good cheer;* our bagpipes now, boys,
> Shall make the wanton lasses skip again!—*M. Mason.*

Their winter emphatically; and the reason is given in the following verse; "They want here their winter, because no night, &c." [N. B. *here* is turned into *heried.*] So the Latins sometimes use the pronoun *suus*, Ovid. Met. iv. 373, Vota suos habuere deos.—*Upton.*

Here, in the sense of landlord or master, was suggested by Dr. Dodd, and Johnson, ed. 1773, p. 30, proposed, "the human mortals want their *wonted year.*"

Their winter here is—their accustom'd winter, in a country thus afflicted; and what that accustom'd winter was, appears from the next line; to wit, a winter enliven'd with mirth, and distinguish'd with grateful hymns to their deities; which omitting now, (as if angry with their gods, to whom they falsely impute the calamities above-mentioned), Therefore, &c.—*Capell.*

I will venture to maintain the propriety of my opinion in its fullest extent, viz., that the fairies of Shakespeare and the common people are immortal, and were never esteemed otherwise. And, first, to show how little Spenser is to be regarded as an authority in the matter, it will be only necessary to have recourse to the doctrine of that poet's master, the inimitable Ariosto, who expressly tells us that a fairy *can not* die:

> Morir non puote alcuna Fata mai,
> Fin che'l Sol gira, ò il ciel non muta stilo. . . .
> Ma le Fate morir sempre non ponno.

The character of a fairy in the old romances, (see particularly Histoire de Mélusine, of which there is a very ancient English translation in the Museum,) like that of the ancient wood-nymphs, unites the ideas of power and beauty, and

such are the fairies of Ariosto and Spenser; as Shakespeare himself evidently knew, when he made Mark Antony say,—"To this *great fairy* I'll commend thy acts." It is to this species of fairies that Milton alludes, where he speaks of

—— Fairy damsels met in forest wide,
By knights of Logres and of Liones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.

The fairies, on the contrary, of the Midsummer Night's Dream, according to a beautiful passage of the same author, are,

—— Faerie elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon
Sits arbitress, and neerer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocond music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

Beaumont and Fletcher, I should conceive as good vouchers for the popular opinion of Shakespeare's time, and see what they say in the Faithful Shepherdess:

A virtuous well, about whose flow'ry banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, *so to make 'em free*
From dying flesh, and dull mortality.

Pretty conclusive evidence this, one should think! There is, indeed, a foolish romance, intitled Huon de Bourdeaux, which had been turned into English long before Shakespeare's time, where Oberon, king of the Fairies, is made to dye and bequeath his dominions to Huon. Shakespeare, I am convinced, was upon this occasion indebted to no book whatever; unless it were the great book of society, which he perused and studied with so much care. And that he himself has expressly represented his fairies immortal, will appear from the following quotations, which could only have escaped the notice of a supposititious editor, less attentive to his author's text than tenacious of the mistakes of his predecessors or himself.—1 *Fairy.* [to *Bottom.*] Hail, *mortal*, hail!—*Puck.* Believe me, king of *shadows*, I mistook.—*Ob.* But we are *spirits* of another sort.—*Puck.* If we *shadows* have offended.—*Ritson.*

Shakespeare might have employed this epithet, which, at first sight, appears redundant, to mark the difference between men and fairies. Fairies were not human, but they were yet subject to mortality. It appears from the romance of Sir Huon of Bordeaux, that Oberon himself was mortal. The same phrase, however, occurs in Chapman's translation of Homer's address to Earth, the mother of all:

—— referr'd to thee
For life and death, is all the pedigree
Of *mortal humans.—Steevens.*

"This, however," says Ritson, "does not by any means appear to be the case. Oberon, Titania, and Puck, never die; the inferior agents must necessarily be supposed to enjoy the same privilege; and the ingenious commentator may rely upon it that the oldest woman in England never heard of the death of a fairy. *Human mortals* is, notwithstanding, evidently put in opposition to fairies who

partook of a middle nature between men and spirits." It is a misfortune, as well to the commentators as to the readers of Shakespeare, that so much of their time is obliged to be employed in explaining and contradicting unfounded conjectures and assertions. Spenser, in his Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. x. says, (I use the words of Mr. Warton; Observations on Spenser, vol. i. p. 55,) "that man was first made by Prometheus, was called *Elfe*, who wandering over the world, at length arrived at the gardens of Adonis, where he found a female whom he called *Fay*.—The issue of *Elfe* and *Fay* were called *Fairies*, who soon grew to be a mighty people, and conquered all nations. Their eldest son Elfin governed America, and the next to him, named Elfinan, founded the city of Cleopolis, which was enclosed with a golden wall by Elfinine. His son Elfin overcame the Gobbelines; but of all fairies, Elfant was the most renowned, who built Panthea of chrystal. To these succeeded Elfar, who slew two brethren giants; and to him Elfinor, who built a bridge of glass over the sea, the sound of which was like thunder. At length, Elficleos ruled the Fairy-land with much wisdom, and highly advanced its power and honour: he left two sons, the eldest of which, fair Elferon, died a premature death, his place being supplied by the mighty Oberon; a prince, whose 'wide memorial' still remains; who dying left Tanaquil to succeed him by will, she being also called Glorian or Gloriana." I transcribe this pedigree, merely to prove that in Shakespeare's time the notion of fairies dying was generally known.—*Reed.*

Reed might here have added the names of many divines and philosophers, whose sentiments coincide with his own position on this subject: "— post prolixum tempus *moriuntur omnes:*" i. e. aerial and familiar spirits, &c. were *all mortal.* See Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1632, p. 42.—*Steevens.*

A few pages further Titania evidently alludes to the *immortality* of fairies, when, speaking of the changeling's mother, she says, "but she, *being mortal*, of that boy did die." Spenser's fairy system and his pedigree were allegorical, invented by himself, and not coinciding with the popular superstitions on the subject. *Human mortals* is merely a pleonasm, and neither put in opposition to *fairy mortals*, according to Steevens, nor to *human immortals*, according to Ritson; it is simply the language of a fairy speaking of men.—*Douce.*

In a tract on fairies, by the Rev. Robert Kirk, 1691, MS. in Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, we read that they are of, "Middle nature betwixt man and angel . . . . light changeable bodies, somewhat of the nature of a condensed cloud, and but seen in twilight . . . . These bodies are so pliable through the subtilty of the spirits that agitate them, that they can make them appear or disappear at pleasure . . . . They remove to other lodgings at the beginning of each quarter of the year, so travelling till Doomsday . . . . They live much longer than wee, yet die at last, or at least vanish from that state. It is one of their tenets that nothing perisheth, but everything goes round in a circle, lesser or greater, and is renewed and refreshed in its revolutions . . . . They are not subject to sore sicknesses, but dwindle and decay at a certain period, all about one age . . . . They are said to have aristocratical rulers and laws . . . . Their apparel and speech is like that of the people under which they live."

[51] *No night is now with hymn or carol blest.*

The term *carol*, now used solely for a lively devotional ballad sung at Christmas, was formerly employed in a more general sense. It seems here to be applied to any kind of religious song. A collection of Christmas carols was printed as early as 1521 by Wynkyn de Worde.

There was sometime an old knight, who being disposed to make himself merry in a Christmas time, sent for many of his tenants and poor neighbours, with their wives, to dinner: when having made meat to be set on the table, would

suffer no man to drink till he that was master over his wife should sing a carol, to excuse all the company: great niceness there was, who should be the musician; yet, with much ado, looking one upon another, after a dry hem or two, a dreaming companion drew out as much as he durst towards an ill-fashioned ditty. When having made an end, to the great comfort of the beholders, at last it came to the women's table, where likewise commandment was given that there should no drink be touched till she that was master over her husband had sung a Christmas carol; whereupon, they fell all to such a singing, that there was never heard such a catterwalling piece of music, whereat the Knight laughed heartily, that it did him half as much good as a corner of his Christmas pie.—*Pasquils Jests*, 1609.

Christmas, how chance thou com'st not as the rest,
Accompanied with some music or some song?
A merry carrol would have grac'd thee well,
Thy ancestors have us'd it heretofore.
Summers Last Will and Testament, by Nash, 1600.

[52] *Therefore the moon, the governess of floods.*

This line has no immediate connection with that preceding it, as Dr. Johnson seems to have thought. It does not refer to the omission of hymns or carols, but of the fairy rites, which were disturbed in consequence of Oberon's quarrel with Titania. The moon is with peculiar propriety represented as incensed at the cessation—not of the carols, as Dr. Warburton thinks, nor of the heathen rites of adoration, as Dr. Johnson supposes, but of those sports, which have been always reputed to be celebrated by her light. In all this there is no difficulty. All these calamities are the consequences of the dissention between Oberon and Titania; as seems to be sufficiently pointed out by the word *therefore*, so often repeated. Those lines which have it not, are evidently put in apposition with the preceding line in which that word is found.—*Malone.*

In Bartholomæus de Propriet. Rerum, by Batman, lib. 8. c. 29, the moon is described to be "mother of all humours, minister and lady of the sea." But in Lydgate's prologue to his Storie of Thebes, there are two lines which Shakespeare seems closely to have imitated;

Of Lucina the moone, moist and pale,
That many showre fro heaven made availe.

The same mode of expression occurs in Parkes's Curtaine Drawer of the World, 1612, 4to. p. 48: "the centinels of the season ordained to marke the *queen of floods* how she lends her borrowed light."—*Douce.*

In Walter Gray's Almanacke and Prognostication for the year 1591, the moon is called "the chiefe governesse of fluddes and streames."

[53] *Pale in her anger, washes all the air.*

The moone gathereth deawe in the aire, for she printeth the vertue of hir moysture in the aire, and chaungeth the ayre in a manner that is unseene, and breedeth and gendereth deaw in the upper part thereof.—*Bartholomæus, by Batman*, 1582, fol. 133.

[54] *That rheumatic diseases do abound.*

Rheumatic diseases signified, in Shakespeare's time, not what we now call *rheumatism*, but distillations from the head, catarrhs, &c. So, in a paper entitled, the State of Sir H. Sydney's Bodie, &c. Feb. 1567; Sydney's Memorials, vol. i. p. 94: "—he hath verie much distempered diverse parts of his bodie, as namely, his hedde, his stomach, &c., and thereby is always subject to coughes, distillations, and other *rumatic diseases*."—*Malone.*

[55] *And thorough this distemperature.*

By *distemperature* is meant, in this place, the perturbed state in which the king and queen had lived for some time past. So, in Romeo and Juliet:—"Thou art up-rous'd by some *distemperature.*"—*Malone and Steevens.*

[56] *Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose.*

To have "snow in the *lap* of June," is an expression used in Northward Hoe, 1607, and Shakespeare himself, in Coriolanus, talks of the "consecrated snow that lies on Dian's *lap:*" and Spenser in his Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. ii. has:—"And fills with flow'rs fair Flora's painted *lap.*"—*Steevens.*

[57] *And on old Hyems' thin and icy crown.*

In deference to the opinion of Mr. Dyce, I insert this reading into the text, but am not quite convinced the old lection *chin* is incorrect. The following remarks by Theobald at all events deserve notice:—"The editions agree in this reading (*chin*); and it staggered me to hear of a chaplet, or garland, on the *chin;* I therefore conjectured it should be,—'And on old Hyems' chill and icy crown:' but, upon looking into Paschalius de Coronis, I find many instances of the antients having chaplets on their necks, as well as temples; so that, if we may suppose Hyems is represented here as an old man, bending his chin towards his breast, then a chaplet round his neck may properly enough be said to be on his chin: so I am much in doubt about my first conjecture." Mr. Dyce ridicules the criticisms of Weston and Malone (below given), observing,—"When Virgil describes Atlas with rivers streaming from his chin, and when Ovid paints Winter with icicles dangling on his beard and crown, we have such pictures presented to us as the imagination not unwillingly receives; but *Hyems with a chaplet of summer buds on his chin* is a grotesque which must surely startle even the dullest reader." Assuredly so; and the author evidently intended a grotesque contrast,—"is, *as in mockery*, set;" the proper appendage being ice. "Frost, ice, and snowe hang on the beard of Winter," Virgin Martyr, 1622.

I believe this peculiar image of Hyems' *chin* must have come from Virgil, (Æneid, iv. 250,) through the medium of the translation of the day;

——tum flumina *mento*
Precipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba.—*Weston.*

Thus translated by Phaer, 1561:

——and from his hoary beard adowne,
The streames of waters fall; with yce and frost his face doth frowne.

This singular image was, I believe, suggested to our poet by Golding's translation of Ovid, book ii.:

And lastly, quaking for the colde, stood *Winter* all forlorne,
With rugged head as white as dove, and garments all to-torne,
Forladen with the isycles, that dangled up and downe
Upon his gray and *hoarie beard*, and snowie *frozen crowne.*—*Malone.*

I should rather be for *thin*, i. e. thin-hair'd.—*Tyrwhitt.*

So, Cordelia, speaking of Lear: "—to watch, poor perdu! with this *thin* helm." Again, in King Richard II.: "White-beards have arm'd their *thin* and hairless scalps."—*Steevens.*

Thinne is nearer to *chinne* (the spelling of the old copies) than *chill*, and therefore, I think, more likely to have been the author's word.—*Malone.*

[58] *The childing autumn.*

Childing, metaphorically, fruitful, from *childing*, bringing forth a child. "A

childing, a bringing forth a childe," Hollyband's Dictionarie, 1593. Dr. Grey mentions the reading of, *chiding* autumn.

> In hire *childynge* to fele no penaunce,
> Sithe sche was bothe mayde, modir, and wyf.
> *Lydgate, MS. Soc. Antiq.* 134, f. 9.

So, in Heywood's Brazen Age, 1613:—"Fifty in number *childed* all one night." Again, in his Golden Age, 1611:—"I *childed* in a cave remote and silent." Again, in his Silver Age, 1613:—"And at one instant he shall *child* two issues." There is a rose called the *childing* rose.—*Steevens.*

Again, in Tasso's Godfrey of Bulloigne, by Fairfax, b. xviii. st. 26:

> An hundreth plants beside (even in his sight)
> *Childed* an hundreth nymphes so great, so dight.

A kind of double daisy, in which one flower rises within another, is called by Gerard "the childing daisie."

> Saturne hath spoke enough; whose longing eares
> Have not bin fild and cloy'd with his renowne?
> The Heavenly musicke of th' harmonious spheares,
> Climbe to his praise: by him the fields are sowne,
> The archers shoot, and *childing* Tellus beares;
> In what remote climbe is not Saturne knowne?
> *Heywood's Troia Britanica, Great Britaines Troy*, 1609.

[59] *By their increase.*

Increase, produce. "Then shall the earth yield her *increase*, and God, even our own God, shall bless us," Psalms, lxvii. 6. Compare, also, the Sonnets,—"The teeming autumn, big with rich increase." Theobald suggested to alter *increase* to *inchase*, "from the French *enchassure*, a term in use amongst the jewellers to signify the setting a stone in gold or silver; to this the word *inchase* metaphorically alludes. He had said, the seasons changed their liveries; *i. e.* the weather in which the seasons were set; so that the sense of the whole in this reading is this: 'The amazed world knows not, by the weather in which the seasons are set or *inchased*, how to distinguish spring, summer, autumn, and winter, from each other.' The metaphor is beautiful, as comparing the seasons set in their several weathers to gems inchased in gold and silver: and the poets in their *Prosopopœiæ* represent spring as adorned with emeralds, the summer with the pyropus, the autumn with the topaz, and winter with diamonds."

This reading was adopted by Warburton, but the following observations upon it by Heath judiciously set it aside,—"The poet had been just saying that roses, the usual livery of the spring, were nipped in the bud by the hoary-headed frosts, while the sweet summer-buds made their appearance in the depth of winter, so that the seasons had changed their wonted liveries, and it was no longer possible to distinguish them one from the other by their product. Sir Thomas Hanmer hath made the same mistake, and in consequence of it, hath given us for an emendation, *by their inverse*; which I must own I can make no sense of, nor conceive how things are commonly known and distinguished from each other by their *inverse*."

[60] *To be my henchman.*

A henchman was originally a horseman attendant on a knight or person of high degree. "Every knight had after him riding three henshmen, on him awaiting," Chaucer's Floure and the Leafe. The term is probably derived from

A. S. *henges*, a horse. Upon the establishment of the household of Edward IV. were "henxmen six enfants, or more, as it pleyseth the king, eatinge in the halle," &c. There was also "a maister of the henxmen, to shewe them the schoole of nurture, and learne them to ride, to wear their harnesse; to have all curtesie—to teach them all languages, and other virtues, as harping, pipynge, singing, dauncing, with honest behavioure of temperaunce and patyence," MS. Harl. 293. They were excepted from the operation of the statute 4 Edw. IV. cap. 5. concerning excess of apparel: "Provided also, that *henchmen*, heralds, pursuivants, sword-bearers to mayors, messengers, and minstrels, nor none of them, nor players in their interludes, shall not be comprised within this statute." In the following centuries, the term henchman was certainly used for a page attending on foot. Blount says *henchman* "is used with us for one that runs on foot, attending on a person of honour;" and in the Nomenclator, 1585, "un page d'hommes, a page of honour or a henchman." "Deinde novem honorarii juvenes, quos *henchmen* vocamus," Nobilitas Politica vel Civilis, fol. 1608. "At the funeral of Henry VIII. nine *henchmen* attended with Sir Francis Bryan, *master of the henchmen*," Strype's Eccl. Mem. v. 2. App. n. 1, ap. *Tyrwhitt;* and a patent is preserved in the Fœdera, vol. xv. 242, whereby Edward VI. gives to William Bukley, M. A. "propter gravitatem morum et doctrinæ abundantiam, officium docendi, erudiendi, atque instituendi adolescentulos vocatos *Henchmen;*" with a salary of 40*l.* per annum. In a letter from Mr. Allen to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated December 11th, 1565, it is said,—"Her Highnes hathe of late, whereat some do muche marvell, dissolved the auncient office of the henchemen."

The following interesting accounts of the henchmen, and the Master of the henchmen, above alluded to, are extracted from the Liber Niger Domus Regis Edwardi Quarti,—"*Henxmen, vj. enfauntes*, or more, as it shall please the Kinge; all these etyng in the halle, and sitting at bourde togyder, and to be served two or three to a messe, as the soverayns appoynt, taking dayly for theyre brekefastes, amonges them all, two loves, one messe of grete mete, one gallon ale. Also for theyre souper in fastyng dayes, according to thayre age, and lyverey nyghtly for them all to thayre chambre, one lofe, one gallon ale; and for wynter lyverey, two candylls wax, four candylls perich', three talwood for them all, russhes and litter all the yere of the sergeaunt ussher of the halle and chambre; and if these gentylmen, or any of them, be wardes, then after theyre byrthes and degrees. The steward and thesaurere, with the chamberlayn, may appoynt theyre servyce, more larger in favoure by theire discressions, when and as often as them nedeth, till the King hathe geven or solde their lands and wardes. And all theyre competent harneys to be carryed, and beddinge, two logged togeder at the Kinge's carryage by oversight of the countroller. And everyche of theym an honest servaunt to kepe theyre chambre and harneys, and to array hym in this courte, whyles theyre maisters be present in courte, or elles to have here no chambre dekons, &c., and all other finding for theyre beddes, they take of the King's warderober, by sewte of the maister of henxmen made to the King's chamberlayn for warrauntes.—*Maistyr of henxmen*, to shew the schooles of urbanitie and nourture of Englond, to lerne them to ryde clenely and surely; to drawe them also to justes; to lerne them were theyre harneys; to have all curtesy in wordes, dedes, and degrees, dilygently to kepe them in rules of goynges and sittinges, after they be of honour. Moreover to teche them sondry languages, and othyr lerninges vertuous, to harping, to pype, sing, daunce; and with other honest and temperate behaviour and patience; and to kepe dayly and wekely with these children dew convenitz, with corrections in theyre chambres, according to suche gentylmen; and eche of them to be used to that thinge of vertue that he shall be moste apt to lerne, with remembraunce dayly of Goddes servyce accustumed.

This maistyr sittith in the halle, next unto these henxmen, at the same boarde, to have his respecte unto theyre demeanynges, howe mannerly they ete and drinke, and to theyre communication, and other fourmes curiall, after the booke of urbanitie. He taketh dayly, if he be present in courte, wages, clothing, and other lyverey, as other squires of houshold; save he is not charged with servyng of the halle; carryage also for harneys in courte, competent by the countroller, to be with the henxmennes harneys in courte. And to have into this courte one servaunt, whyles he is present, and sufficyaunt lyverey for his horses in the towne or countrey, by the herberger. And if he be sycke in courte, or lette bloode, he taketh two loves, two messes of grete mete, one gallon servoise; and for the fees that he claymyth amonges the henxmen of all theyre apparayle, the chamberlayn is juge."

As the visible light is the henchman of the sun's brightnes, so are the benefits of God heralds of the divine bounty.—*Meres' Palladis Tamia*, 1598.

> When by much gazing on those glittering beames,
> Which, if unmaskt, from dayes bright *henchman* streames.
> *Whiting's Albino and Bellama*, 1638.

The term henchman continued in use till a very recent period in Scotland, where it was applied to the first and favourite servant of a Highland chieftain. See Scott's notes to the Lady of the Lake, ii. 8.

From an early period, the Lord Mayor of London was attended by henchmen. In the very curious account of the Lord Mayor's Show of 1553, in Machyn's Diary, p. 48, he is mentioned as being immediately followed by "ij. good henchmen;" and in Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601, —"he whose phrases are as neatly decked as my lord mayor's hensmen." This character is represented in the annexed curious engraving, discovered by Mr. Fairholt in the Bagford collection, of a henchboy gaily dressed in the picturesque costume of the time of Charles I., illustrating the following lines,—

> With chaines, scarfe, feathers, staffe, with
> posie garnisht,
> With silkes and sattins, laced, faced, varnisht;
> For first preferment 'tis my dadies care
> To make me hinch-boy to the shewe or mayor.

The hench-boys of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress are mentioned in Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable, 1640, sigs. D, F. iv. "I will match my Lord Mayor's horse, make jockeys of his hench-boys, and run 'em through Cheapside," Wits, fol. ed., p. 174. Hench-boys are also alluded to in the Muses Looking-Glasse, ed. 1643; Ford's Ladies' Trial, 1639; Glapthorne's Ladies Priviledge, 1640. Ben Jonson, in the Christmas Masque, speaks of the sheriff's hench-boys.

> The very next dish was the mayor of a towne,
> With a pudding of maintenance thrust in his belly;
> Like a goose in the feathers drest in his gowne,
> And his couple of hinch-boyes boyld to a jelly.—*Ben Jonson.*

When you see him, you'l swear it, he is not the quondam man, in the thread-bare-breeches and no money, but dazelling scarlet, lac'd and lin'd with gold: his coach richly drawn by six milk-white mares, guarded with pages and laqueys drest like *hinch-boyes.—The Mistaken Husband, a Comedy*, 1675.

A henchman was a page of honour. 'Twas an ancient office which was dissolv'd by queen Elizabeth in the year 1565. See Strype's Annals, vol. i, 1st edit. p. 471. Ashmole, Order of the Garter, p. 575, I think, gives an account of the ancient habit worn by them.—*Grey.*

[61] *And, in the spiced Indian air.*

As the rivers there are very many, so are they very great, through whose watery overflowing it commeth to passe that in the moyst grounde, the force of the sunne approaching, ingendreth or bringeth forth all things in great quantitie, and seemeth almost to fill the whole world with spice and precious stones, of which it aboundeth more than all other countries of the world.—*Glanville, ed. Batman*, 1582.

[62] *And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind.*

Why the wind was termed *wanton* we may learn from Othello: "The *bawdy* wind that kisseth all it meets." Again, in the Merchant of Venice: "Hugg'd and embraced by the *strumpet* wind."—*Malone.*

> Wilt thou for my sake goe into yon grove?
> And we will sing unto the wilde birdes notes,
> And be as pleasant as the western winde,
> That kisses flowers and wantons with their leaves.
> *Lilly's Woman in the Moone*, 4to. Lond. 1597.

> But when the shippes did put off from the shoare,
> Ech mariner betooke him to his oare,
> *Bigge-bellyed sailes* were haled up on hye,
> And to the mayne-mast the mayne yard they tye.
> *The Newe Metamorphosis*, 1600, MS., i. 57.

Dryden, in his translation of Homer, speaks of "the bellying canvas," and a somewhat similar thought occurs in Crashaw,—

> He shook himself and spread his spacious wings,
> Which like two bosom'd sails embrac'd the dim air.

[63] *With pretty and with swimming gait.*

Ben Jonson, in Cynthia's Revels, mentions "the swim" as a technical phrase for a particular movement in dancing.

[64] *Following her womb.*

Some editors place a comma after *following*, and make the rest of the line parenthetical. Dr. Kenrick well observes,—"If the reader hath ever seen a ship scudding before the wind, with its fore-sail grown *big-bellied*, as the poet expresses it, with the swelling breeze; he must recollect that, in such a case, the sail projects so far forward, that it seems, to a spectator on shore, to go in a manner *before* the rest of the vessel; which, for the same reason, appears to *follow*, though closely, *after*, with an easy, swimming motion.—This was the moving image, which the fairy's favourite, taking the hint from, and the advantage of, her pregnancy, endeavoured to imitate; and this she did, by wantonly displaying before her the convexity of her swelling belly, and moving after it, as the poet describes,—with pretty and with swimming gait." Warburton alters *following* to *follying*, thus

coining a word to remove the difficulty. For the body itself to be spoken of as following any prominent part is not unusual, and there is still a common phrase of a like kind addressed to a person who is requested to go straight forward. Compare also the following examples cited by Farmer. So, in Trulla's combat with Hudibras: "— She press'd so home, that he retired, and follow'd 's bum." And Dryden says of his Spanish Friar, "his great belly walks in state before him, and his gouty legs come limping after it." Bishop Corbet, wishing to reprove a person who came to be confirmed, who had an immense beard, addressed him, —"you fellow behind the beard there."

[65] *If you will patiently dance in our round.*

"*Orbis saltatorius*, the round danse, or the dansing of the rounds," Nomenclator, 1585. So, in the Boke of the Governour, by Sir Thomas Elyot, 1537: "In stede of these we have now base daunces, bargenettes, pavyons, turgions, and *roundes*." The round was, in fact, what is now called the country-dance, and a representation of it occurs in the annexed engraving copied from a woodcut in the Roxburghe collection of ballads. The following notice of it occurs in Davies' Orchestra, a Poeme of Dauncing, 1622,—

Thus when at first love had them marshalled,
As erst he did the shapeless mass of things,
He taught them *rounds* and *winding hays* to tread,
And about trees to cast themselves in rings:
As the two bears whom the first mover flings
With a short turn about heaven's axle-tree,
In a round dance for ever wheeling be.

The presumed native country of this dance is hinted at in Chapman's Alphonsus, 1654, p. 32, where it is termed "a Saxon round." The following lines, supposed to be sung by fairies when dancing in their ring, is taken from the Maydes Metamorphosis, 1600,—

Round about, round about, in a fine ring-a:
Thus we dance, thus we dance, and thus we sing-a:
Trip and go, to and fro, over this green-a,
All about, in and out, for our brave queen-a.

Round about, round about, in a fine ring-a,
Thus we dance, thus we dance, and thus we sing-a:

Trip and go, to and fro, over this green-a,
All about, in and out, for our brave queen-a.

We've danc'd round about in a fine ring-a:
We have danc'd lustily, and thus we sing-a,
All about, in and out, over this green-a,
To and fro, trip and go, to our brave queen-a.

The following Elves Daunce song is extracted from Ravenscroft's Briefe Discourse, 4to. Lond. 1614:—

Round about in a faire ring-a,
Thus we daunce and thus we sing-a,
Trip and trip and goe,
Too and fro and fro,
Too and fro,
Too and fro,
Over this greene-a,
All about,
In and out,
Over this greene-a.

Compare also the following song, entitled "the fayries daunce," written by the author of the preceding one,—

Dare you haunt our hallowed greene?
None but fayries here are seene.
Downe and sleepe,
Wake and weepe,
Pinch him black, and pinch him blew,
That seekes to steale a lover true.
When you come to heare us sing,
Or to tread our fayrie ring,
Pinch him black, and pinch him blew,
O thus our nayles shall handle you.

The fairy poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries contains frequent allusions to the dancing in the round or ring, but further examples are unnecessary. At an earlier period, Chaucer mentions the dancing of the Fairy Queen and her followers,—

The elphe queene, with hir joly compaignie,
Daunced ful oft in many a grene mede.

[66] *Since once I sat upon a promontory.*

If the speech refers, even remotely, to Kenilworth, the idea of the promontory was possibly suggested by "the brayz" mentioned by Laneham as "linking a fair park with the castle on the south," and adjacent to the "goodly pool of rare beauty, breadth, length, and depth."

[67] *And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back.*

It has been generally supposed that there is here an allusion to Mary Queen of Scots, but none of the reasoning on the subject yet produced is entirely satisfactory. The present dialogue between Oberon and Puck is introduced for two reasons in a digressive form, in the first place to give dignity to the flower, whose qualities are to be invoked; in the second, perhaps subservient to the other, to afford the poet an opportunity of introducing the exquisite compliment to Elizabeth, in which is certainly an implication that Cupid had made an attempt on

her heart, which had been repulsed. That the whole is, as has been supposed, an historical allegory, and that Shakespeare should introduce, without object, an allusion to a sovereign whose execution had taken place several years previously, seems improbable; and no direct evidence, in favour of this opinion, has yet been discovered. So much, however, has been written upon the subject, and so many writers of eminence have believed in the theory of this continued allegory, the reader will probably desire to peruse some of the criticisms here annexed:

The first thing observable on these words is, that this action of the *mermaid* is laid in the same time and place with Cupid's attack upon the *vestal*. By the *vestal* every one knows is meant Queen Elizabeth. It is very natural and reasonable then to think that the *mermaid* stands for some eminent personage of her time. And if so, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of satire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude that this person was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to speak openly, either in praise or dispraise. All this agrees with Mary Queen of Scots, and with no other. Queen Elizabeth could not bear to hear her commended; and her successor would not forgive her satirist. But the poet has so well marked out every distinguished circumstance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his secret meaning. She is called a *mermaid*, 1. To denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea, and 2. her beauty, and intemperate lust, for as Elizabeth for her chastity is called a *vestal*, this unfortunate lady on a contrary account is called a *mermaid*. 3. An ancient story may be supposed to be here alluded to. The emperor Julian tells us, Epistle 41, that the Sirens (which, with all the modern poets, are *mermaids*) contended for precedency with the Muses, who, overcoming them, took away their wings. The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the same cause, and the same issue. . . . "—on a dolphin's back." —This evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance of Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France, son of Henry II. . . . "Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath."—This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age. The French writers tell us, that, while she was in that court, she pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the Louvre, with so much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration. . . . "That the rude sea grew civil at her song."—By the *rude sea* is meant Scotland encircled with the ocean; which rose up in arms against the regent, while she was in France. But her return home presently quieted those disorders: and had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace. There is the greater justness and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always sings in storms: . . . "And certain stars shot madly from their spheres, &c."—This concludes the description, with that remarkable circumstance of this unhappy lady's fate, the destruction she brought upon several of the English nobility, whom she drew in to support her cause. This, in the boldest expression of the sublime, the poet images by *certain stars shooting madly from their spheres:* By which he meant the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who fell in her quarrel; and principally the great Duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences. Here again the reader may observe a peculiar justness in the imagery; the vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to destruction with her songs. To which opinion Shakespeare alludes in his Comedy of Errors:—"O train me not, sweet *mermaid*, *with thy note*, to *drown me* in thy sister's flood of tears." On the whole, it is the noblest and justest allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *fairy land*, and out of nature, is in the character of the speaker. And on these occasions Shakespeare always excels himself. He is borne away by the magic of his

enthusiasm, and hurries his reader along with him into these ancient regions of poetry, by that power of verse which we may well fancy to be like what,—"—— olim fauni vatesque canebant."—*Warburton.*

Every reader may be induced to wish that the foregoing allusion, pointed out by so acute a critic as Dr. Warburton, should remain uncontroverted; and yet I cannot dissemble my doubts concerning it.—Why is the *thrice-married* Queen of Scotland styled a *sea-maid?* and is it probable that Shakespeare (who understood his own political as well as poetical interest) should have ventured such a panegyric on this ill-fated Princess, during the reign of her rival Elizabeth? If it was unintelligible to his audience, it was thrown away; if obvious, there was danger of offence to her Majesty.—*Steevens.*

That a compliment to Queen Elizabeth was intended in the expression of the *fair Vestal throned in the West*, seems to be generally allowed; but how far Shakespeare designed, under the image of the Mermaid, to figure Mary Queen of Scots, is more doubtful. If by the *rude sea grew civil at her song*, is meant, as Dr. Warburton supposes, that the tumults of Scotland were appeased by her address, the observation is not true; for that *sea* was in a storm during the whole of Mary's reign. Neither is the figure just, if by the *stars shooting madly from their spheres to hear the sea-maid's musick*, the poet alluded to the fate of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and particularly of the duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with Mary was the occasion of his ruin. It would have been absurd and irreconcileable to the good sense of the poet, to have represented a nobleman *aspiring* to marry a queen, by the image of a star *shooting* or *descending* from its sphere.—*Edinburgh Magazine*, 1786.

By the mermaid is probably intended a syren, a personage more suited to a seat on the back of a dolphin. In the third act of the Comedy of Errors, a mermaid is made synonymous with a syren. Under the old system of criticism, one might almost have imagined a ridicule of Oberon's speech in Ben Jonson's Neptune's Triumph,—

> I would have had your isle brought floating in, now,
> In a brave broth, and of a sprightly green,
> Just to the colour of the sea; and then,
> Some twenty Syrens, singing in the kettle,
> With an Arion mounted on the back
> Of a grown conger, but in such a posture,
> As all the world should take him for a dolphin:
> O, 'twould have made such music!

Dr. Warburton, whose ingenuity and acuteness have been long admired, is now, I believe, pretty generally thought to have sometimes seen not only what no other person would ever have been able to discover, but what, in reality, unless in his own playful imagination, did not exist. Criticism is a talisman, which has, on more than one occasion, dispelled the illusion of this mighty magician. I shall not dispute, that, by the *fair vestal*, Shakespeare intended a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who, I am willing to believe, at the age of sixty-eight, was no less chaste than beautiful; but whether any other part of Oberon's speech have an allegorical meaning or not, I presume, in direct opposition to Dr. Warburton, to contend that it agrees with any other rather than with Mary Queen of Scots. The "mixture of satire and panegyrick" I shall examine anon: I only wish to know, for the present, why it should have been "inconvenient for the author to speak openly" in dispraise of the Scottish Queen. If he meant to please "the imperial votress," no incense could have been half so grateful as the blackest calumny. But, it seems, "her successor would not forgive her satirist." Who then was her

successor when this play was written? Mary's son, James? I am persuaded that, had Dr. Warburton been better read in the history of those times, he would not have found this monarch's succession quite so certain, at that period, as to have prevented Shakespeare, who was by no means the refined speculatist he would induce one to suppose, from gratifying the fair vestal with sentiments so agreeable to her. However, if "the poet has so well marked out every distinguishing circumstance of her life and character, in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his secret meaning," there is an end of all controversy; for, though the satire would be cowardly, false, and infamous, yet, since it was couched under an allegory, which, while perspicuous as glass to Elizabeth, would have become opake as a mill-stone to her successor, Shakespeare, lying as snug as his own Ariel in a cowslip's bell, would have had no reason to apprehend any ill consequences from it. Now, though our speculative bard might not be able to foresee the sagacity of the Scottish king in smelling out a plot, as I believe it was some years after that he gave any proof of his excellence that way, he could not but have heard of his being an admirable witch-finder; and, surely, the skill requisite to detect a witch must be sufficient to develope an allegory; so that I must needs question the propriety of the compliment here paid to the poet's prudence. Queen Mary "is called a *mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea." In that respect at least Elizabeth was as much a mermaid as herself. "And 2. her beauty and intemperate lust; for as Elizabeth for her chastity is called a vestal, this unfortunate lady, on a contrary account, is called a *mermaid*." All this is as false as it is foolish: the mermaid was never the emblem of lust; nor was the gentle Shakespeare of a character or disposition to have insulted the memory of a murdered princess by so infamous a charge. The most abandoned libeller, even Buchanan himself, never accused her of "intemperate lust:" and it is pretty well understood at present that, if either of these ladies were remarkable for her purity, it was *not* Queen Elizabeth. "3. An ancient story may be supposed to be here alluded to: the Emperor Julian tells us that the *Sirens* (which with all the modern poets are *mermaids*) contended for precedency with the Muses, who overcoming them took away their wings." Can anything be more ridiculous? *Mermaids* are half women and half *fishes*: where then are their wings? or what possible use could they make of them, if they had any? The *Sirens* which Julian speaks of were partly women and partly *birds*: so that "the pollusion," as good-man Dull hath it, by no means "holds in the exchange." "The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the same cause and the same issue."—That is, they contended for precedency, and Elizabeth overcoming took away the other's *wings*. The secret of their contest for precedency should seem to have been confined to Dr. Warburton: it would be in vain to enquire after it in the history of the time. The Queen of Scots, indeed, flew for refuge to her treacherous rival, (who is here again the mermaid of the allegory, alluring to destruction, by her songs or fair speeches,) and wearing, it should seem, like a cherubim, her wings on her neck, Elizabeth, who was determined she should fly no more, in her eagerness to tear them away, happened inadvertently to take off her head. The situation of the poet's mermaid, *on a dolphin's back*, "evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance in Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France." A mermaid would seem to have but a strangely aukward seat on the back of a dolphin; but that, to be sure, is the poet's affair, and not the commentator's: the latter, however, is certainly answerable for placing a Queen on the back of her husband: a very extraordinary situation, one would think, for a married lady; and of which I only recollect a single instance, in the common print of "a poor man loaded with mischief." Mermaids are supposed to sing, but their *dulcet and harmonious breath* must in

this instance, to suit the allegory, allude to "those great abilities of genius and learning," which rendered Queen Mary "the most accomplished princess of her age." This compliment could not fail of being highly agreeable to the "fair vestal." "By the rude sea is meant Scotland *incircled with the ocean*, which rose up in arms against the regent, while she [Mary] was in France; but her return home quieted these disorders, and had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace." Dr. Warburton, whose skill in geography seems to match his knowledge of history and acuteness in allegory, must be allowed the sole merit of discovering Scotland to be an *island*. But, as to the disorders of that country being quieted by the Queen's return, it appears from history to be full as peaceable before as it is at any time after that event. Whether, in the revival or continuance of these disorders, she, or her ideot husband, or fanatical subjects, were most to blame, is a point upon which doctors still differ; but, it is evident, that, if the enchanting song of the commentator's mermaid civilized the rude sea for a time, it was only to render it, in an instant, more boisterous than ever: those great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age, not availing her among a parcel of ferocious and enthusiastic barbarians, whom even the lyre of Orpheus had in vain warbled to humanize. Brantome, who accompanied her, says she was welcomed home by a mob of five or six hundred ragamuffins, who, in discord with the most execrable instruments, sung *psalms* (which she was supposed to dislike) under her chamber window: *He!*, adds he, *quelle musique et quelle repos pour sa nuit!* However, it seems, "there is great justness and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always sings in storms." The vulgar opinion, I am persuaded, is peculiar to the ingenious commentator; as, if the mermaid is ever supposed to sing, it is in *calms*, which presage storms. I can perceive no propriety in calling the insurrection of the Northern earls the quarrel of Queen Mary, unless in so far as it was that of the religion she professed. But this perhaps is the least objectionable part of a chimerical allegory of which the poet himself had no idea, and which the commentator, to whose creative fancy it owes its existence, seems to have very justly characterized, in telling us it is "out of nature;" that is, as I conceive, perfectly groundless and unnatural.—*Ritson.*

The description of Shakespeare is doubtlesslyderived from the ancient pageantry, and Boaden suggested there was an allusion to the celebrated festivities at Kenilworth in 1575, at which it is not only possible but probable the poet was a spectator, for although he was then in his boyhood, the distance of Kenilworth from Stratford-on-Avon was but a comparatively short distance, even for those days of inconvenient modes of transit. The following extracts, from various accounts of this display, seem to indicate a prototype of the idea in the text:—

Her Highnesse returning, cam thear, upon a swimming *mermayd*, *Triton*, Neptune's blaster, &c. *Arion*, that excellent and famouz muzicien, in tyre and appointment straunge, ryding alofte upon hiz old freend the *dolphin*, &c.—*Laneham.*

Triton, in the *likenesse* of a *mermaide*, came towards the Queenes Majestie as she passed over the bridge. From thence her Majestie passing yet further on the bridge, *Protheus* appeared sitting *on a dolphins back.—Gascoigne.*

Besides all this, he had upon the pool a *Triton riding on a mermaid* 18 foot long: as also *Arion on a dolphin.—Dugdale.*

The idea of a singer on a dolphin must have been very familiar to an Elizabethan writer. So, in an anecdote hereafter quoted, Harry Goldingham was to represent "Arion upon the dolphin's backe" in a "spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water," and, of course, to sing.

Mr. Halpin, who collected most of these notices, and the few others here given from the same works, for the purposes of comparison, wrote a small volume entitled, Oberon's Vision illustrated by a Comparison with Lylie's Endymion, 8vo. 1843, in which he attempts to prove that "the Vision of Oberon is an allegorical representation of the audacious suit of the Earl of Leicester for the hand of Queen Elizabeth, at a time when he was engaged to two other ladies—to the one, by the forms, at least, of a clandestine marriage; to the other, by the guilty intrigue which preceded another matrimonial ceremony equally mysterious: and that the lady prominently figured as rivalling the Queen was Lettice, Countess of Essex: and that Lylie's Endymion was another allegorical version of the same story, with this difference only, that Douglas, Countess of Sheffield, was the rival pre-eminently depicted." Mr. Hunter, however, very judiciously observes,—"I deem it to be a point fatal to the supposition that any wife of Leicester is figured by 'the little western flower,' that the allegory must be regarded, according to all just rule, as ending before the flower is introduced. This flower was a real flower, about to perform a conspicuous part in the drama, and the allegory is written expressly to give a dignity to the flower: it is the splendour of preparation intended to fix attention on the flower, whose peculiar virtues were to be the means of effecting some of the most important purposes of the drama." This criticism appears to be as conclusive as it is reasonable.

[68] *Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath.*

Heerwith Arion, after a feaw well-coouched words unto her Majesty, beegan a delectabl ditty of a song well apted to a melodious noiz; compounded of six severall instruments, al coovert, casting soound from the dolphin's belly within; Arion, the seaventh, sitting thus singing (az I say) without.—*Laneham.*

And the dolphyn was conveyed upon a boate, so that the owers seemed to be his fynnes. Within the which dolphyn, a consort of musicke was secretly placed; the which sounded; and Protheus, clearing his voyce, sang this song of congratulation, &c.—*Gascoigne.*

Arion on a dolphin with rare musick.—*Dugdale.*

[69] *That the rude sea grew civil at her song.*

Mooving heerwith from the bridge, and fleeting more into the pool, chargeth he [Triton on his mermaid] in Neptune's name both Eolus with al his windez, the waters with hiz springs, hiz fysh, and fooul, and all his clients in the same, that they ne be so hardye in any fors to stur, but keep them calm and quiet while this Queen be prezent.—*Laneham.*

"Triton, in the likenesse of a mermaide, came towards the Queenes Majestie as she passed over the bridge, and to her declared that Neptune had sent him to her Highnes," (and here he makes a long speech, partly in prose, partly in verse, declaring the purport of his message:) "furthermore commanding both the waves to be calme, and the fishes to give their attendance," Gascoigne. "And herewith," he adds, "Triton soundeth his trompe, and spake to the winds, waters, and fishes, as followeth:

"You windes, returne into your caves, and silent there remaine;
You waters wilde, suppress your waves, and keep you calm and plaine;
You fishes all, and each thing else, that here have any sway,
I charge you all, in Neptune's name, you keepe you at a stay."

[70] *And certain stars shot madly from their spheres.*

At last the Altitonant displaz me hiz mayn poour; with blaz of burning darts, flying too and fro, leamz of starz coruscant, streamz and hail of firie sparkes,

lightninges of wildfier a-water and lond; flight and shoot of thunderboltz, all with such continuans, terror and vehemencie, that the heavins thundred, the waters scourged, the earth shooke.—*Laneham.*

There were fireworks shewed upon the water, the which were both strange and well-executed; as sometimes passing under water a long space, when all men thought they had been quenched, they would rise and mount out of the water againe, and burn very furiously untill they were entirely consumed.—*Gascoigne.*

A similar expression occurs in Hamlet,—"make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres." Compare the Rape of Lucrece,—"and little stars shot from their fixed places;" Troilus and Cressida, "a star disorbed;" and Antony and Cleopatra, "the good stars, that were my former guides," &c.

May not the stars allude to the Archduke Charles, Don Carlos of Spain, and the Duke of Anjou, all foreign Princes? and their shooting from their spheres may mean, their seeking an alliance with a foreign Princess. If we apply the image to these Princes, it removes the objection respecting the "stars shooting from their spheres being coeval with the rude sea's growing civil at her song;" as these events happened about the same time. The Earls of Arran, Leicester, Darnley and Bothwell, also, at this time (of whom the Earls of Leicester and Darnley were subjects of the Queen of England) "shot madly from their spheres to hear this sea-maid's music." This is also coeval with Cupid's attack upon the vestal with his love-shaft, by which I understand the accomplishments of the Earl of Leicester, which might have *pierced an hundred thousand hearts*, and certainly made some impression upon Elizabeth, though she never received him professedly as a lover, but remained in *maiden meditation, fancy-free.* But, if we admit this as an allusion to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland and the Duke of Norfolk, (and I see no reason why we should not, for Shakespeare certainly never paid any scrupulous attention to chronology—much less then should we expect it in this allegorical flight of fancy,) these, by deserting their allegiance to Elizabeth and joining Mary, might be said to have *shot*, or *fallen, from their spheres;* and then this attack of Cupid's may allude to the partiality which Elizabeth entertained for the Earl of Essex.—*Plumptre's Appendix to Observations on Hamlet*, 1797.

[71] *To hear the sea-maid's music.*

So, in a masque by Ben Jonson, presented before the Court on Twelfth Night, 1605,—"one of the Tritons, with the two sea-maids, began to sing."

[72] *Cupid all arm'd.*

All arm'd does not signify *dressed in panoply*, but only enforces the word *armed*, as we might say, *all booted.* So, in Greene's Never Too Late, 1616:—"Or where proud Cupid sat *all arm'd* with fire." Again, in Lord Surrey's translation of the 4th book of the Æneid:—"His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights."—*Johnson and Steevens.*

The expression *all-armed* is also found in the Morte d'Arthur, i. 215, and again in the following passage in the Legend of Captain Jones, 1659,—

> Kilza-dog, his good sword; with fist he aim'd,
> *All arm'd*, a blow, which sure the bear had brain'd,
> But that between her yawning teeth it dings.

Warburton proposes to read, *alarmed.* "The common reading, *Cupid all arm'd*, doth not mean (as Warburton, to make way for his own correction, would persuade us) armed cap a pied, in a suit of compleat armour, with cuirass, cuissarts, greaves, and gauntelets, but ready armed, with his bow and arrow in his hand,

prepared for immediate execution. The former is an appearance he never makes, and which it would be ridiculous to imagine, much more to impute to our poet without the least foundation for it in his text. There is therefore no just ground for this alteration, and the less, for that there appears as yet no reason for the alarm which is pretended," Heath. And Ben Jonson, observes Grey, in his Entertainments, speaks of Cupid's arms in the following manner,—

> He doth bear a *golden bow*,
> And a *quiver* hanging low,
> Full of *arrows*, that out-brave
> Dian's shafts, where if he have
> Any head more sharp than other,
> With that first he strikes his mother.

[73] *At a fair vestal, throned by the west.*

Several of the dramatists of the time introduced compliments to the Queen into their plays, and the prevalence of the custom is the excuse for the present rare example in Shakespeare of flattery, the elegance of which scarcely atones for its allusion to the "fair vestal;" at the same time it must be admitted the tendency of the speech is rather in commendation of her chastity than in praise of her beauty. So, in Tancred and Gismund, 1592:

> There lives a virgin, one without compare,
> Who of all graces hath her heavenly share;
> In whose renowne, and for whose happie days,
> Let us record this Pæan of her praise.—*Cantant.*

And, again, at the conclusion of the tragedy of Soliman and Perseda, 1599. Death, observes Steevens, is the speaker, and vows he will spare—

> —— none but sacred Cynthia's friend,
> Whom Death did fear before her life began;
> For holy fates have grav'n it in their tables,
> That Death shall die, if he attempt her end
> Whose life is heaven's delight, and Cynthia's friend.

Even after her death, there is a compliment to her, as "that renowned maid," in the last speech in the tragedy of Locrine.

Besides the advantages of his (Shakespeare's) wit, he was in himself a good-natur'd man, of great sweetness in his manners, and a most agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder if with so many good qualities he made himself acquainted with the best conversations of those times. Queen Elizabeth had several of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour. It is that maiden Princess plainly, whom he intends by "a fair vestal, throned by the west;" and that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomly apply'd to her.—*Rowe's Life of Shakespeare*, 1709.

[74] *And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow.*

To loose, to discharge an arrow from the string; to let off any projective weapon. It is still in use, according to Salopia Antiqua, p. 491. "I spyed hym behynde a tree redy to *lowse* at me with a crosbowe," Palsgrave. "I lowse as an archer with a longe bowe dothe his shotte: I thought full lytell he wolde have lowsed at me whan I sawe hym drawe his bowe," ib. "I lowse as one dothe the shotte of a crosse bowe, *je declicque*. He hath lowsed where at so ever he hath shotte," ibid.

Lowsing must be much like; so quicke and harde that it be without all girdes, so soft and gentle, that the shaft fly not as it were sent out of a bowecase.—*Ascham.*

"They lowsed their arrowes both at once," Adam Bel, Clym of the Cloughe, &c. The substantive *loose* is the act of discharging the arrow, and, sometimes, the moment of its being loosed. "The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a mile," Drayton's Polyolbion. "With that sweet loose, and judicial aim," Every Man out of his Humour. "The archers terme, who is not said to finish the feate of his shot before he give the *loose*, and deliver his arrow from his bow," Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie, 1589, p. 145, ap. Dyce.

To use with me the ordre of an archer, which when he teacheth an other to shoote, and that his scholer doth never drawe cleane, *lose* wel his arrowe, nor shoteth home to the marke, which things be al dispraisable in an archer, then doth the master take out of his scolers hands the bow, and saith thus: draw thus, *lose* thus, hold your forehand, &c.—*The Institucion of a Gentleman*, 1568.

What flame is this, Marpesia, that over-heateth thy hart? what strange fire hath Venus sent from Cipres, that scorcheth thee heere in Taprobane? hath Cupid's bowe such strength, or his arrowes such flight, as being *loosed* in heaven, hee can strike here upon earth?—*Alcida Greenes Metamorphosis*, 1617.

> The big-bon'd gyants wounded from a farre,
> And seeing none but their owne souldiers by them,
> Amazed stand at this new kind of warre,
> To receive wounds by such as came not nie them;
> From every wing they heare their *looses* jarre,
> They knew not where to turne, or how to flie them;
> The showers of arrowes rain'd so fast and thicke,
> That in their legges, thighs, brest, and armes they stick.
>
> *Heywood's Troia Britanica*, fol. Lond. 1609.

[75] *In maiden meditation, fancy-free.*

That is, exempt from the power of love. Thus, in Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke, written by Churchyard, Chastity deprives Cupid of his bow, and presents it to her Majesty: "— and bycause that the Queene had chosen the best life, she gave the Queene Cupid's bow, to learne to shoote at whome she pleased; since none could wound her highnesse hart, it was meete, said Chastitie, that she should do with Cupid's bowe and arrowes what she pleased."—*Steevens.*

[76] *Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound.*

Shakespeare was so minute an observer of nature, it is possible there is here an allusion to the changes which take place in the colours of plants arising from solar light and the character of the soil. Sometimes these changes form a natural portion of the progress of the flower. "The change from white into purple," observes Messrs. Chambers, in their work on Vegetable Physiology, "is illustrated by the change of the snow-white blooms of the *Oxalis acetosella* (wood sorrel), which become purple as they fade; while the tips of the perianth of the daisy sometimes become pink, or purple, as the flower opens. A parallel effect may be seen in the upper part of the bulb of the turnip, which turns purple as the bulb increases in size. The change from blue and yellow into white is also exemplified in the crocus; and from blue to white in the *Polemonium* (Greek, *Valerion*). The *Digitalis purpurea* (foxglove), commencing with white flowers, which become red, deepening into purple, and then fading into white again." Gerard, ed. 1597, p. 646, speaks of two kinds of foxglove, differing only "in the colour of the

flowers, for as the others were purple, these contrariwise are of a milke white colour." Mr. Hunter, following Capell, is of opinion that the transition of the flower from white to purple was suggested by the change of the mulberry, in Ovid's story of Pyramus.

[77] *And maidens call it love-in-idleness.*

Lyte, in his translation of the Herbal of Dodoens, fol. Lond. 1578, p. 149, mentions *love-in-idlenes* as one of the English names of the pansy or heartsease. "Viola tricolor, hart's ease; herba Trinitatis, herba clavellata, paunsies, *love-in-idlenes*," MS. Sloan. 797, fol. 61. Gerard gives it the name of *live-in-idlenes*, with the following description, in his Herbal, ed. 1597, p. 703,—"The hartes-ease or paunsie hath many round leaves at the first comming up; afterwardes they growe somewhat longer, slightly cut about the edges, trailing or creeping upon the ground. The stalkes are weake and tender, whereupon do growe flowers in forme and figure like the violet, and for the most part of the same bignesse, of three sundrie colours (whereof it tooke the surname *tricolor*) that is to say, purple, yellow, and white or blew: by reason of the beuatie and braverie of which colours, they are very pleasing to the eie; for smell they have little, or none at all. The seede is contained in little knaps, of the bignesse of a tare, which come foorth after the flowers be fallen, and do open of themselves when the seede is ripe. The roote is nothing else, but as it were a bundle of threddie strings."

The white colour in pansies is only occasionally met with of a quality deserving the designation of milk-white, but the upper petals of it are sometimes of a pure white. The colours of wild flowers depend in some measure upon the quality of the soil in which they grow. Sorbiere, in his Journey to London, 1698, mentions amongst the plants at Chelsea, "*Cordis Quies Persia*, which the English call Heartsease, or Love and Idleness, a very curious plant." Taylor, the water-poet, quibbling on the names of plants, mentions it as follows:

> When passions are let loose without a bridle,
> Then precious *time* is turn'd to *love-in-idle*.

[78] *I'll put a girdle round about the Earth.*

The word *round* is found only in Fisher's edition of 1600. This metaphor, expressive of great distance, literally meaning, to go round the world, is not peculiar to Shakespeare. The idea and expression was probably derived from the old plans of the world, in which the Zodiac is represented as "a girdle round about the Earth." Thus says the author of the Compost of Ptolomeus,—"the other is large, *in maner of a girdle*, or as a garland of flowers, which they doe call the Zodiack." In the Select Lives of English Worthies, Sir Francis Drake is mentioned as "one of the first that put a sea girdle about the world;" and Bancroft, i. 206, has an epigram on his making the earth a girdle. "Me thinkes I put a girdle about Europe," Queene of Corinth, ed. 1647, p. 9. "And when I have put a girdle 'bout the world," Bird in a Cage, 1633. Compare, also, Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, book iii, p. 19. The Perkins MS. alters *I'll* to *I'd*, on the supposition that Puck could find the herb without making a journey round the earth; but it is scarcely necessary to observe that this species of physical accuracy is unsuited to the occasion, and that the future tense

is constantly used when power merely, and not action, is intended. We have already had a similar use of this tense in the first act,—

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest *I'll* give to be to you translated.

The seede thus ripend is soone cut downe by the sickle of his subtilty; whose policie to preserve his state Florentine, is beyond Machiavels. His speede is no lesse; else he could not so soone put a girdle about the loynes of the earth.—*A Devills Banket described, by T. Adams*, 1614.

He that can compass me, and know my drifts,
May say he hath put *a girdle 'bout the world*,
And sounded all her quick-sands.
Webster's Dutchess of Malfy, 1623.

And as great seamen using all their wealth
And skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
In tall ships richly built and ribb'd with brass,
To put a *girdle* round about the world.
Chapman's Bussy D'Ambois, 1641.

They court Variety (the mother of Delight)
As travellers that resolve to put a girdle about
The world, after they've view'd one fair
And amiable place, pass to another.—*The Poor Scholar*, 1662.

[79] *I am invisible.*

I thought proper here to observe, that, as Oberon, and Puck his attendant, may be frequently observed to speak, when there is no mention of their entering, they are designed by the poet to be supposed on the stage during the greatest part of the remainder of the play; and to mix, as they please, as spirits, with the other actors; and embroil the plot, by their interposition, without being seen, or heard, but when to their own purpose.—*Theobald.*

[80] *Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.*

However forward and indecorous the conduct of Helena in pursuing Demetrius may appear to modern readers, such examples are very frequent in old romances of chivalry, wherein Shakespeare was undoubtedly well read. The beautiful ballad of the Nut-brown Maid might have been more immediately in his recollection, many parts of this scene having a very strong resemblance to it.—*Douce.*

[81] *The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.*

Dr. Thirlby proposes to read,—"The one I'll *slay*, the other *slayeth* me," upon which Heath observes,—"There is not the least foundation for imputing this bloody disposition to Demetrius. His real intention is sufficiently expressed in the common reading,—The one I'll stay; the other stayeth me. 'I will arrest Lysander, and disappoint his scheme of carrying off Hermia; for 'tis upon the account of this latter that I am wasting away the night in this wood.' I believe too another instance cannot be given, wherein a lady is said to *slay* her lover by the slight she expresses for him. The verb *slay* always implies violence, and generally by some kind of weapon."

Hee that seeth a blind man running into a pit, and neither *stayes* him from running into it, neither yet helpeth him out being falne into it, but letteth him there bee drowned, is guiltie of his death.—*Cawdray's Treasurie of Similies*, 1600.

Candace, in whom all curiosity was not extinct, because her hopes were still alive, *staying* Elisa by the arm, prayed her to hearken a few moments to that agreeable sound, which had so sweetly saluted her ear.—*Hymen's Præludia*, 1658.

[82] *And wood within this wood.*

A play upon words, *wood* being an old English word of very common occurrence signifying, mad, wild, furious. "Oothe, or woode, *demens*, *furiosus*," Pr. Parv. "*Dementia*, wodenes," MS. Vocab., xiv. Sec. "Y pray the sufer nat thyn ynwyt to be overcome with wodenesse," Porkington MS. "He was neighe wode, out of wit," Arthour and Merlin, p. 68. "Woode or madde, *fureux*," Palsgrave, 1530. "*Accingi ira*, to be wood, angry," Eliotes Dictionarie, 1559. In the third part of the Countess of Pembroke's Ivy Church, 1591, observes Steevens, is the same quibble on the word:

Daphne goes to the *woods*, and vowes herself to Diana;
Phœbus grows stark *wood* for love and fancie to Daphne.

Compare, also, another example of a similar play upon words in Heywood's Troia Britanica or Great Britaines Troy, 1609,—

But when she comes to her selfe, she teares
Her garments, and her eyes, her cheekes, and heares,
And then she starts, and to her feet applies her,
Then to the woods (*storke wood*) in rage she hies her.

"The name *Woden*," says Verstegan, in his Restitution of Decayed Intelligence, 1605, "signifies fierce or furious; and in like sense we still retain it, saying when one is in a great rage, that he is *wood*, or taketh on as if he were *wood*." The expression long continued in use. "Sod is also used for turf in most places where I have been, so is *wood* a known word for mad, and is in the usual metrical translation of the Psalms," Ray's English Words, ed. 1691, p. 170.

And ever thou ast be meke and myld,
Thou arte become *wode* and wyld!
Thy flessch that was so whyte be-fo[r]ne,
With thi nayles thou hast torne!—*MS. Ashmole* 61, xv. Cent.

[83] *You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant.*

The adamant was the usual old name for the magnet or loadstone. Thus Chaucer, in the Romaunt of the Rose,—

Right as an *adamant* i-wis
Can drawin to him subtilly
The iron, that is laied therby,
So draweth folkis hertes i-wis
Silver and golde that yevin is.

Maundevile, in his Travels, speaks of "the ademand, that is the schipmannes ston, that drawethe the nedle to him." An ancient story respecting it, borrowed probably from the East, is thus given, illustrated by the annexed woodcut, in the early black-letter edition of the Greate Herball, cap. 246,—"lapis magnetis is the adamant stone that draweth yren: it is hote and drye in the thyrde degré, and hath myght to drawe yren, as Arystotle sayth; and is founde in the brymmes of the occyan see; and there be hylles of it, and these hylles drawe the shyppes

that have nayles of yren to them, and breke the shyppes by drawynge of the nayles out." The same is also alluded to by Maundevile,—"In that ile ben schippes with outen nayles of iren or bonds, for the roches of the ademandes: for thei ben alle fulle there aboute, in that see, that it is merveyle to speken of; and 3if a schipp passed be tho marches, that hadde outher iren bondes or iren nayles, anon he scholde ben perisscht: for the ademand, of his kynde, drawethe the iren to him: and so wolde it drawe to him the schipp, because of the iren; that he scholde never departen fro it, ne never go thens." The application of the metaphor of magnetic attraction to that of love, is not peculiar to Shakespeare. Thus Maplet, in the Grene Forest, 1567, says,—"the lodestone draweth iron to it, even as one lover coveteth and desireth another."

> The *adamant* and beauty we discover
> To be alike; for beauty draws a lover,
> The *adamant* his iron.—*Browne's Brit. Past.* Song 1.

A plaine countrey bride is the beginning of the world, or an old booke with a new title. A quarters wages before hand and the title of a countrey dame be the two adamants of her affection.—*Stephens' Essayes*, 1615.

[84] *My heart is true as steel.*

This expression is very common in the early English metrical romances, and was not obsolete in Shakespeare's time. "I have ever found thee true as steele," Every Man out of his Humour. "And we, I warrant you, as sure as steele," Englishmen for my Money. Instances in earlier works are of frequent occurrence. "To Torrent trew ase stylle," Torrent of Portugal, p. 21. "We be true as stele," Interlude of Youth. "Whan all other fayle, he is so sure as stele," Bale's Kynge Johan, p. 11. "Though it have bin thought as true as steele," Gascoigne.

> I lowet never non halfe soo welle,
> With hart trw as anné stylle.—*Porkington MS.*

> He had a quene that hyght Margaret,
> *Trewe as stele* y yow be-hett,
> That falsely was broght in blame.—*MS. Cantab.* Ff. ii. 38, f. 71.

> As true as any stele,—ye may trust her with golde,
> Though it were a bushell, and not a peny tolde.
> *The Enterlude of Jacob and Esau*, 1568.

[85] *The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.*

I love her I cannot tell how; yfaith, and I were well search'd, I think I am little kin to a spannell, the more I am beaten, the better I affect.—*The Knave in Graine new Vampt*, 1640.

Compare also the Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 2, and the following lines in Ray's Collection of English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 59,—

> A spaniel, a woman, and a walnut tree,
> The more they're beaten, the better still they be.

[86] *Lose me.*

It has been proposed to read, *loathe me*. To lose, in this place, means perhaps to blot me out of your memory, to lose all remembrance of me.

[87] *Your virtue is my privilege for that.*

"For that," as Tyrwhitt observes, means, for leaving the city, &c. I do really not impeach my modesty by my conduct, your virtue being a valid excuse for the

course I have taken. Mr. Hunter would continue the line to the next without a stop, reading *for that* in the common sense of, *because.*

[88] *It is not night, when I do see your face.*

As the works of King David might be more familiar to Shakespeare than Roman poetry, perhaps, on the present occasion, the eleventh verse of the 139th Psalm was in his thoughts: "Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear as the day."—*Steevens.* Dr. Johnson refers to the following lines in Tibullus,—

——Tu nocte vel atra
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.

[89] *The dove pursues the griffin.*

The ordinary notion of the griffin may just be worth the illustration here given from an early manuscript of Maundevile's Travels. "A grype hyghte griphes, and is acounted amonge volatiles, Deutronomi xiiij., and there the Glose saythe that the grype is foure-fotedde, and lyke to the egle in heed and in wynges, and is lyke to the lyon in the other parte of the body, and dwelleth in those hylles that ben called Hyperborei, and ben mooste enmyes to horses and men, and greveth them moste, and layeth in his neste a stone that hyght Smaragdus agaynste venemous beastes of the mountayne." Maundevile, speaking of the land of Bacharie, says,—"in that contree ben many griffounes, more plentee than in ony other contree. Sum men seyn that thei han the body upward as an egle, and benethe as a lyoun: and treuly thei seyn sothe, that thei ben of that schapp: but o griffoun hathe the body more gret and is more strong thanne 8 lyouns, of suche lyouns as ben o this half; and more gret and strongere than an 100 egles, suche as we han amonges us: for o griffoun three wil bere, fleynge to his nest, a gret hors, or two oxen ȝoked to gidere, as thei gon at the plowghe: for he hathe his talouns so longe and so large and grete, upon his feet, as thoughe thei weren hornes of grete oxen or of bugles or of kyȝn; so that men maken cuppes of hem, to drynken of: and of hire ribbes and of the pennes of hire wenges, men maken bowes fulle stronge, to schote with arwes and quarelle." To which there is the following note in ed. 1725, referring to the talons,—"One, 4 foot long, in the Cotton Library, has a silver hoop about the end, whereon is engraven, *Griphi Unguis, Divo Cuthberto Dunelmensi sacer:* another about an ell long, is mentioned by Dr. Grew, in his History of the Rarities of the Royal Society, p. 26; tho' the Doctor there supposes it rather the horn of a rock-buck or of the *Ibex mas.*" See further in an interesting note in Prompt. Parv., p. 212. "That there are *griffins* in nature, that is, a mixt and dubious animal, in the forepart resembling an eagle, and behind, the shape of a lion, with directed ears, four feet, and a long tail, many affirm, and most, I perceive, deny not," Brown.

[90] *I will not stay thy questions.*

Though Helena certainly puts a few insignificant *questions* to Demetrius, I

cannot but think our author wrote—*question*, i. e. discourse, conversation. So, in As You Like It: "I met the duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him." —*Steevens.*

[91] *To die upon the hand I love so well.*

To die *upon* the hand, says Steevens, is to die *by* the hand; and he brings, in confirmation of this sense, a passage from the Two Gentlemen of Verona, "I 'll die on him that says so but yourself:" but surely Proteus, when he says this, does not mean he'll die *by* him; but either that he will kill him, or contend with him to death, and in this latter sense I am inclined to interpret the present passage.—*Seymour.*

[92] *I know a bank where the wild thyme blows.*

Where for *whereon*, as in several other places. Steevens unnecessarily proposed to substitute the latter word for the old reading.

[93] *And the nodding violet grows.*

The blacke or purple violet doth foorthwith bring from the roote many leaves, broade, sleightly indented in the edges, rounder then the leaves of ivie: among the middest wherof spring up fine slender stemmes, and uppon everie one a beautifull flower sweetely smelling, of a blew darkish purple, consisting of five little leaves, the lowest whereof is the greatest; and after them do appeere little hanging cups or knaps, which, when they be ripe, do open and divide themselves into three partes.—*Gerard's Herbal*, 1597.

[94] *Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine.*

It has been unnecessarily proposed to alter *luscious* to *lush*, owing to a misappreciation of the metrical system followed by the author. Some editors read *o'er-canopied*, and one omits the first word *quite*.

[95] *With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.*

There is a similarity of idea in the following passage in the Faerie Queene, which renders it deserving of quotation,—

> And over him, art, stryving to compare
> With nature, did an arbour greene dispred,
> Framed of wanton yvie, flouring fayre,
> Through which the fragrant *eglantine* did spred
> His prickling armes, *entrayld with roses red*,
> Which daintie odours round about them threw;
> And all within with flowres was garnished,
> That, when mild Zephyrus amongst them blew,
> Did breathe out beauteous smels, and painted colors shew.

Arbours formed of this sweet-scented shrub were then common. See Lilly's Euphues and his England, signat. H 4, 4to. 1580:—"Fidus, calling these gentlemen up, brought them into his garden, wher under a sweet *arbour of eglantine*, the birds recording their sweet notes, he also strained his olde pipe," &c. Again, in A briefe and pleasant Discourse of Duties in Marriage, called the Flower of Friendshippe, by Edmond Tylney, 8vo. 1568: "—at whose returne we went into the garden, a place marvellous delectable, wherein was a passing faire arbour, at the entrance whereof, on eche side, sprong up two pleasaunt trees, whose greene leaves much delighted our eyes, and were supported with statelye pillers, curiously painted with divers devises. All the whole arbour above over our heades, and on eche side, was *powdred with sundrie flowers*, and wreathed above with the sweete-bryer or *eglantine*, between the braunches whereof the chereful

sunne layde in his beames here and there; so that the heate did not molest us, neyther did the sunne want, to cheere us. What shall I say? it might be called a terrestriall paradise."—*Malone.*

[96] *Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.*

And having done their work, again
These to the church shall bear her train,
Which of our Tita we will make
Of the cast slough of a snake,
Which quivering as the wind doth blow,
The sun shall it like tinsel show.—*Drayton.*

[97] *Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song.*

Roundel is here generally supposed to mean a kind of circular or country dance, but no other example of the word in that sense has been produced. Randolph, however, in his Amyntas, mentions the dancing of a *roundelay*, so it is possible that *roundel* was used in a similar manner. The roundel is, properly, a kind of rhyming sonnet, the exact nature of which is gathered from a specimen in Hoccleve's Poems, ed. Mason, p. 62, the following composition being there expressly termed "this rowndel,"—

Somer, that rypest mannes sustenance
With holsum hete of the sonnes warmnesse,
Al kynde of man thee holden is to blesse:
Ay thankid be thy freendly governance,
And thy fresh look of mirthe and of gladnesse.
Somer, that rypest mannes, &c.
To hevy folk of thee the remembrance
Is salve and oynement to hir seeknesse;
For why we this shul synge in Cristemesse.
Somer, that rypest mannes, &c.

There is a passage in Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub, in which the term *rondels* seems to be used for the rings which round dances make on the grass; but even the dances themselves may possibly be alluded to,—

To shew your pomp, you'd have your daughters and maids
Dance o'er the fields like faies to church, this frost.
I 'll have no rondels, I, in the queen's paths.

[98] *Then, for the third part of a minute, hence.*

This quaint subdivision of time exactly suits the character of the fairy speaker, and her diminutive world. Theobald suggested to read, "Then *'fore* the third part of a minute, hence," that is, as soon as your roundel and fairy song are despatched, then, in a trice, before the third part of a minute, get you gone to do so and so. Warburton thought it should be, "for the third part of the midnight," and Heath, "in the third part of a minute," that is, after your song and dance ended, vanish in the third part of a minute, and leave me to my rest. There is certainly no necessity for disturbing the original text.

What is't to dye stampt full of drunken wounds,
Which makes a man reele quickly to his grave
Without the sting of torments, or the sence
Of chawing death by peecemeale? undone and done
In the forth part of a poore short minute.
The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie, 1604.

[99] *Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds.*

Cankers, that is, caterpillars. See vol. ii. p. 41. The term is applied generally to almost any kind of destructive caterpillar.

Thou, Celia, whome beautie made proude, shalt have the fruite of beautie, that is, to fade whiles it is flourishing, and to blast before it is blowne. Thy face, as fair as the damask rose, the *canker* shall eate thee in the bud, and everie little wind blow thee from the stalke, and then shall men in the morning weare thee in their hats, and at night cast thee at their heeles.—*Lilly's Loves Metamorphosis*, 1600.

The musk-rose of Shakespeare's time was not the same with the flower now so designated, which latter is a more recent introduction. The musk-rose alluded to by Titania is thus described in Gerard's Herbal, 1597, the Latin name being given *Rosa Moschata*,—"The single muske-rose hath divers long shootes of a greenish colour, and woodie substance, armed with very sharpe prickles, dividing it selfe into divers branches: whereon do growe long leaves, smooth and shining, made of divers leaves set upon a middle rib, like the other roses. The flowers growe on the tops of the branches of a white colour, and pleasant sweete smell, like that of muske, whereof it tooke his name; having certaine yellow seedes in the middle, as the rest of the roses have. The fruit is red when it is ripe, and filled with such chaffie flockes and seedes as those of the other roses. The roote is tough and woodie.—The double muske-rose differeth not from the precedent, in leaves, stalkes, and rootes, nor in the colour of the flowers, or sweetenes thereof, but onely in the doublenes of the flowers, wherein consisteth the difference."

[100] *Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings.*

Rear-mice are bats, literally, mice who flutter in the air. "Reremowse, or backe whiche flyeth in the darcke, *nycteris*, *vespertilio*," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. "*Vespertilio*, a reremouse or batte," Elyotes Dictionarie, 1559. In Devonshire, the bat is called, rare-mouse, shear-a-muze, and leather-bird.

> Once a bat and ever a bat,—a *rere-mouse*,
> And bird of twilight.—*B. Jonson's New Inn*, iii. 4.

The *rere-mouse*, or bat alone, of all creatures that fly, bringeth forth young alive, and none but she hath wings made of pannicles or thin skins.—*Holland's Pliny*, B. x. ch. 61.

A *rere-mouse* is a bat, a *mouse* that *rears* itself from the ground by the aid of wings. So, in Albertus Wallenstein, 1640:—"Half-spirited souls, who strive on *rere-mice* wings." Again, in Ben Jonson's New Inn: "—I keep no shades nor shelters, I, for either owls or *rere-mice*." Again, in Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphosis, b. iv. edit. 1587, f. 58, b: "And we in English language bats or *reremice* call the same." Gawin Douglas, in his Prologue to Maphæus's 13th Book of the Æneid, also applies the epithet *leathern* to the wings of the bat:—"Up gois the *bak* with her pelit *leddren* flicht."—*Steevens.*

[101] *And wonders at our quaint spirits.*

For this Dr. Warburton reads, against all authority: "quaint *sports*." But Prospero, in the Tempest, applies *quaint* to Ariel.—*Johnson.*

"Our quaint *spirits*." Dr. Johnson is right in the word, and Dr. Warburton in the interpretation. A *spirit* was sometimes used for a *sport*. In Decker's play, If It be Not Good, the Devil is in It, the king of Naples says to the devil Ruffman, disguised in the character of Shalcan: "Now, Shalcan, some new *spirit?*—*Ruff.* A thousand wenches stark-naked to play at *leap-frog*.—*Omnes.* O rare sight!" —*Farmer.*

[102] *You spotted snakes, with double tongue.*

The same epithet occurs in a future scene of this play;—" —with *doubler* tongue than thine, thou *serpent*," &c. Again, in the Tempest:—" —*adders*, with *cloven* tongues." By both these terms, I suppose, our author means—*forked;* as the tongues of snakes are sometimes represented in ancient tapestry and paintings, and, it may be added, are so in nature.—*Steevens.*

[103] *Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong.*

The common newt, or eft, was formerly supposed to be venomous. "Beeing mooved to anger, it standeth upon the hinder legges, and looketh directlie in the face of him that hath stirred it, and so continueth till all the body be white, through a kind of white humour or poyson, that it swelleth outward, to harme (if it were possible) the person that did provoke it. And by this is their venomous nature observed to be like the salamander, although theyr continuall abode in the water maketh their poyson the more weake," Topsell's Historie of Serpents, fol. Lond. 1608.

The blind-worm is the common slow-worm, respecting which the same writer says, —" it is harmelesse except being provoked, yet many times, when an oxe or a cow lieth downe in the pasture, if it chaunce to lye uppon one of these slow-wormes, it byteth the beast, and if remedy be not had, there followeth mortalitie or death, for the poyson thereof is very strong."

[104] *Sing in our sweet lullaby.*

Our, eds. 1600; *your*, ed. 1623. Several ancient songs with a similar burden have been preserved. One, printed in 1530, commences,—"By, by, lullaby, rockyd I my chyld." See further in the notes to Titus Andronicus.

[105] *Weaving spiders, come not here.*

The weaving spider is of course the common spider which constructs its nets in the open air, on hedges, &c. Spiders are furnished with a poisonous fluid, conveyed in their fangs, but its effects are nearly innocuous in the species found in this country. Even in Shakespeare's time, the old notion of the English spider being venomous was doubted by the naturalists of the day, Topsell, in his Historie of Serpents, 1608, p. 272, observing,—"our spyders in England are not so venomous as in other parts of the world, and I have seene a madde man eate many of them without eyther death or death's harme, or any other manifest accident or alteration to ensue; and although I will not denie but that many of our spyders, beeing swallowed downe, may doe much hurt, yet notwithstanding we cannot chuse but confesse that their byting is poysonlesse, as being without venome, procuring not the least touch of hurt at all to any one whatsoever."

As an ill stomacke, what good meate so-ever it receiveth, it turneth it into ill humours; and the spider gathereth poyson to the same flowers, that the bee gathereth honie: so in the Word of God, and his blessed lawes, which he ordaineth for our health and salvation, ill men gather death and damnation, through their owne wickednesse, and no fault in the Law, nor Law-maker.—*Cawdray's Treasurie of Similies*, 1600.

[106] *Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence.*

This alludes to another kind of spiders. "There are also found, in all places of this countrey, long-legged spyders, who make a very homely and disorderly web; this kind of spyder liveth altogether in the fields; her body is almost of a round figure, and somewhat brownish in colour; living in the grasse, and delighting in the company of sheepe," Topsell's Historie of Serpents, 1608. This seems to be the same species as that alluded to by Latreille, Le Régne Animal, iii. 114,—

"La plupart vivent à terre, sur les plantes, au bas des arbres, et sont très-agiles; d'autres se cachent sous la pierre, dans la mousse." Compare also Mouffet's Theater of Insects, 1658, p. 1071, where there is a woodcut of one of these "spiders with long shanks." All kinds of spiders, whether they wove or not, were anciently termed spinners. "Spynner or spyder, *herigne*," Palsgrave, 1530. "A longe spynner and whyte, with smalle fete, stamped in olde oyle, dooth awaye the whyte perle of the eye," Glanville, Berthelet's edition, 1535.

[107] *Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

Beloved Perigot, show me some place,
Where I may rest my limbes, weake with the chace
Of thee, an hower before thou cam'st at least.
Per. Beshrewe my tardy stepps! here shalt thou rest
Uppon this holy banck; no deadly snake
Uppon this turffe her selfe in foulds doth make;
Here is no poyson for the toade to feed;
Here boldly spread thy handes, no venomd weed
Dares blister them; no slymy snaile dare creepe
Over thy face, when thou art fast a sleepe;
Here never durst the bablinge cuckoe spitt.
No slough of falling starr did ever hitt
Uppon this bancke; let this thy cabin bee;
This other set with violets for mee.

Fletcher's Faithfull Shepheardesse, 1629.

[108] *Hence, away; now all is well.*

This, according to all the editions, is made part of the song; but, I think, without sufficient reason, as it appears to be spoken after the song is over. In the quarto 1600, it is given to the second Fairy; but the other division is better. —*Steevens.*

[109] *O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence.*

Lysander, in the language of love, professes that, as they have one heart, they shall have one bed; this Hermia thinks rather too much, and entreats him to *lie further off*. Lysander answers:—"O, take the sense, sweet, of my *innocence;*" understand *the meaning of my innocence*, or *my innocent meaning;* let no suspicion of ill enter thy mind.—*Johnson.*

[110] *Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.*

In the conversation of those who are assured of each other's kindness, not *suspicion* but *love takes the meaning*. No malevolent interpretation is to be made, but all is to be received in the sense which *love* can find, and which *love* can dictate.—*Johnson.*

The latter line is certainly intelligible as Dr. Johnson has explained it; but, I think, it requires a slight alteration to make it connect well with the former. I would read:—Love *take* the meaning in love's conference; that is, let *love take the meaning.—Tyrwhitt.*

There is no occasion for alteration. The idea is exactly similar to that of St. Paul: "Love thinketh no evil."—*Henley.*

By my troth I am sleepy too: I cannot sing,
My heart is troubled with some heavy thing.
Rest one these violets, whilst I prepare,
In thy soft slumber to receive a share:

Blush not, chast moone, to see a virgin lie
So neere a Prince, 'tis noe immodestie:
For when the thoughts are pure, noe time, noe place,
Hath power to worke faire chastities disgrace;
Lodowick, I claspe thee thus, so arme clip arme;
So sorrow fold them that wish true love harme!
Hoffman, or a Revenge for a Father, 1631.

The Perkins MS. altering *conference* to *confidence*, it may be well to give the following observations by Heath on the arrangement of Warburton, who transposed the words *innocence* and *conference*. "The poet's meaning is extremely plain:—Do not misunderstand me, my dear, but judge of my proposal from the experience you have had of the purity of my intentions towards you; in a conversation of lovers, their mutual love, and the confidence arising from the assurance of it, are the only proper interpreters of whatever happens to drop from them. Let us now examine Warburton's emendation. He explains it thus; 'Judge of my meaning by the drift of my whole speech, and do not pervert the sense of an ambiguous word to a meaning quite foreign to the discourse.' If he were to be asked, what the ambiguous word is that gave the occasion to this apology, I doubt he would be at a loss to point it out. But he was so wrapped up in the contemplation of his own emendation, that he had absolutely forgot the context. He is right in interpreting *conference* to mean, not the last words that were spoken, but the whole of the conversation. Now it unfortunately happens here, that the last words of Lysander are the whole of the discourse to which the present dispute can have any possible reference, and they contain no more than the bare proposal, that the two lovers should lie down to rest close by each other's side, which Lysander is on the point of carrying into immediate execution, when, upon Hermia's objecting to the indecency of it, he justifies himself in the lines now under consideration. Nor is there a syllable in the preceding conference tending to abate his mistress's apprehensions, or to satisfy her that he had not the least view of taking improper advantages of her situation, or any confidence she should repose in him. The proposal is not made in ambiguous terms, as Warburton would represent it, but as clearly and as explicitly as it is possible to find words to express it. It was necessary, therefore, for Lysander to remove all occasion of umbrage arising from the proposal he had just made, by recalling to his mistress's mind the well known innocence of his passion, and appealing to her own mutual affection for a candid interpretation of his intention, before he proceeded to quibble upon the words, as he doth in the lines immediately following."

[111] *Two bosoms interchained with an oath.*

The folios read *interchanged*, but the present reading, which is that of the quartos, is far more forcible and pertinent.

[112] *But Athenian find I none.*

In Fisher's edition of 1600, the verb is printed in another tense, *found*. The present text, which is that of the other editions, seems preferable; but either reading of course makes perfect sense.

[113] *Night and Silence!*

So, in Marston's Tragedie of Sophonisba,—"Night and the god of Silence swels my full pleasures," act iv. sc. 1.

[114] *Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.*

Theobald would read, "Near to this kill-courtesy," for the sake of the metre,

the licenses of which were not well understood in the last century. Steevens, for the same reason, unnecessarily omitted the second *this*.

> A cold suspect, *lack-love*, this give;
> Who loves not then, ought not to live.
> *Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter*, 1671, p. 139.

[115] *All the power this charm doth owe.*

Owe, to own, to possess. "Thou art like a daughter I did owe," Chronicle History of King Leir, 1605.

> Their parents dying, did on them bestowe
> Even all the goods that both of them did *owe*.
> *The Newe Metamorphosis*, MS. temp. Jac. I.

[116] *Wilt thou darkling leave me.*

Darkling, in the dark. "I went darkeling, and dyd hytte agaynst a doore, *je alloye sans chandelle, et heurtay contre ung huys*," Palsgrave, 1530.

> And melancholye was the jade of shame,
> That *darkeling* brought me to that dubble dorr.
> *Copley's Fig for Fortune*, 1596, p. 23.

[117] *And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.*

I had rather see Clinia then all the world besides, and had rather want the sight of all other things then him alone; I am angry with the night and sleep that I may not see him, and thank the light and sun because they shew me my Clinia; I will run into the fire for his sake, and if you did but see him, I know that you likewise would run with me.—*Xenophon, quoted in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1652.

[118] *Nature shows her art.*

The quartos have only—Nature shews art. The folio reads—Nature *her* shews art,—probably the error of the press for—'Nature shews her art,' as I have printed it. The editor of the second folio changed *her* to *here*.—*Malone*.

I admit the word *here*, as a judicious correction of the second folio. *Here*, means—*in the present instance*. On this occasion, says Lysander, the work of nature resembles that of art, viz., as our author expresses it in his Lover's Complaint, an object "glaz'd with crystal."—*Steevens*.

[119] *Not Hermia, but Helena, now I love.*

In Fisher's quarto, 1600, *now* is omitted. Seymour unnecessarily proposes to read,—"Not Hermia, but Helen, now I love."

[120] *And touching now the point of human skill.*

In other words,—and reaching now the highest point of human skill. "I have *touch'd* the highest *point* of all my greatness," Henry VIII.

[121] *Reason becomes the marshal to my will.*

In other words, Reason is now the director of my will. "The marshall of the field, that appointeth every man to his place, and to keepe araie," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. "Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going," Macbeth.

[122] *Speak, of all loves.*

The phrase *of all loves*, or *for all loves*, i. e., by all means, occurs twice in Shakespeare, and occasionally in contemporary writers. The earliest instance yet met with is in the MS. romance of Ferumbras,—

And saide to him she moste go
To viseten the prisoneris that daye,
And said, sir, for *alle loves*,
Lete me thy prisoneres seen;
I wole the gife both goolde and gloves,
And counsail shalle it been.

Its literal signification is perhaps seen in the words addressed by Queen Katharine on her trial to Henry VIII.,—"Sir, quoth she, I beseech you for all the loves that hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right," Cavendish's Life of Wolsey. Compare also the following passage in A Woman Kill'd with Kindness, 1617,—"Of all the loves betwixt thee and me, tell me what thou thinkest of this." A similar phrase, "of all friendship," occurs in a letter from Gilbert Talbot to the Earl of Shrewsbury.

And therefore of all loves let us be gone, least unawares we be taine;
Misteris Clarisia, of all loves perswade hym to depart amaine.
A Pleasant Comedie called Common Conditions, 1576.

He secretely convayde it to the house of a deare friend of his named Maister Frauncis, and presented the same unto him, praying him *of all loves* to keepe it until such time as he did further understand his mind.—*The Forrest of Fancy*, 1579.

Mr. Lovelace, I wold desier you of all love, to let Roger Cosens come to help mee on Sunday, to wait on my weddinge day, and I shall humble thanke you for this, and all your love towards mee all waies.—*Letter*, temp. Jac. I.

O Lord, sir, she is the sorrowfullest woman that her servants mistooke, that ever lived. And, sir, she would desire you *of all loves* you will meet her once againe, to-morrow, sir, betweene ten and eleven, and she hopes to make amends for all.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, ed. 1602.

P. Is there any doubt of that.—*T. Of all loves* hearken to this I am telling you.—*Terence in English*, 1614.

You must not take it ill, Mr. Dryden, if I suspect both those verses to have a strong tincture of nonsense; but if you'l defend 'em, *of all loves* I beg of thee that thou would'st construe them, and put them into sense: for to me, as Parson Hugh says in Shakespear, they seemed lunacies, it is mad as a mad dog, it is affectations.—*Clifford's Notes on Mr. Dryden's Poems*, 1687.

The phrase is of very common occurrence, but perhaps the following few additional references to examples of it may be worth giving:—Palsgrave's Acolastus, 1540; Gammer Gurton's Needle, act v; where it occurs in this form, "for al the loves on earth;" Holinshed's Chronicle, p. 1064; Menæchmi, translated by Warner, 1595; Merry Wives of Windsor, ii. 2; Decker's Honest Whore; The Lovers Quarrel, 1677; The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers, 1685.

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—*The Wood. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep, but invisible.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here 's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house;[1] and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, Bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of 'Pyramus and Thisbe' that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'rlakin, a parlous fear.[2]

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.[3]

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing:[4] for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl[5] than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life:[6] No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are: and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.[7]

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisbe meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar![8] look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great-chamber window,[9] where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine.[10] Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great-chamber; for Pyramus and Thisbe, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall: or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every

mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake;[11] and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

Puck. What hempen homespuns[12] have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward?[13] I 'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisbe, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisbe, the flowers of odious savour sweet;

Quin. Odours! odours![14]

Pyr. —— odours savour sweet;
So hath thy breath,[15] my dearest Thisbe dear.
But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,[16]
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here![17]
[*Aside—Exit.*

Flute. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Thisb. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,[18]
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: You speak all your part at once, cues and all.[19]—Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

Re-enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*

This. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.
Pyr. If I were, fair Thisbe, I were only thine:[20]—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [*Exeunt* Clowns.

Puck. I 'll follow you, I 'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;[21]
Sometime a horse I 'll be, sometime a hound,[22]
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own,[23] do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.[24] [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: This is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The woosel-cock,[25] so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,[26]
The wren with little quill;

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?[27] [*Waking.*

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,[28]
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay—[29]

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo" never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;[30]
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress,[31] you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I 'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,[32]
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, *four* Fairies.[33]

1 *Fai.* Ready.
2 *Fai.* And I.
3 *Fai.* And I.
4 *Fai.* And I.
All. Where shall we go?[34]

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries;[35]
With purple grapes,[36] green figs, and mulberries;
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,[37]
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal![38]
2 *Fai.* Hail!
3 *Fai.* Hail!
4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance,[39] good master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.[40]—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.[41]

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peas-cod, your father. Good master

Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well:[42] that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my lover's[43] tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Wood.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule[44] now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,[45]
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take;
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head;[46]
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic[47] comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,[48]

Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,
And, at our stamp,[49] here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,[50]
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats;[51] from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment,—so it came to pass,
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd—an ass!

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd[52] the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.[53]

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood,[54] plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I 'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.[55]
It cannot be but[56] thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.[57]

Dem. So should the murder'd look! and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What 's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I 'd rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
Oh! once tell true; tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,[58]
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch![59]
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:[60]
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so:[61]
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe:
Which now, in some slight measure, it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then Fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,[62]
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer[63]
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.[64]
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I 'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.[65] [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,[66]
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;[67]
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!
Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once woo one—
That must needs be sport alone;[68]
And those things do best please me,
That befal preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?[69]
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white,[70] this seal of bliss!

Hel. O, spite! O, hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls,[71] to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so.
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,[72]
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! None of noble sort[73]
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia: this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd;[74]
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou abide it dear.[75]—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;

Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense:
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide;—
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes[76] and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?
Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows,[77] the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?[78]
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,[79]
Have with our needles created both one flower,[80]
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;[81]
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,[82]
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,[83]
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,[84]
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury!

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words;
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.
Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot),
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unlov'd,—
This you should pity, rather than despise.
Her. I understand not what you mean by this.
Hel. Ay, do, persever,[85] counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.[86]
But, fare ye well: 't is partly mine own fault,
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.
Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life,[87] my soul, fair Helena!
Hel. O, excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak pray'rs.[88]—
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.
Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come,—
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiop!
Dem. No, no, he 'll

Seem to break loose ;[89] take on, as you would follow,
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go !

[HERMIA *embraces* LYSANDER.

Lys. Hang off, thou cat,[90] thou burr : vile thing, let loose ;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude ? what change is this,
Sweet love ?

Lys. Thy love ? out, tawny Tartar, out !
Out, loathed medicine ! O hated poison, hence !

Her. Do you not jest ?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth ; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond ; for I perceive,
A weak bond holds you ; I 'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead ?
Although I hate her, I 'll not harm her so.

Her. What ! can you do me greater harm than hate ?
Hate me ! wherefore ? O me ! what news, my love ?[91]
Am not I Hermia ? Are not you Lysander ?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me ; yet, since night you left me :
Why, then, you left me,—O, the gods forbid !
In earnest, shall I say ?

Lys. Ay, by my life ;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, of doubt
Be certain, nothing truer, 't is no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me ! you juggler ! you canker-blossom !![92]
You thief of love ! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him ?

Hel. Fine, i' faith !
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness ? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue ?
Fie, fie ! you counterfeit, you puppet, you !

Her. Puppet ! why so ? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures ; she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,

Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole?[93] speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you,
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go;
You see how simple and how fond I am.
Her. Why, get you gone! Who is 't that hinders you?
Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.
Her. What, with Lysander?
Hel. With Demetrius.
Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.
Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:
She was a vixen,[94] when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.
Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus,[95] of hind'ring knot-grass[96] made;
You bead, you acorn.
Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;

Take not her part; for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.[97]
Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine,[98] is most in Helena.
Dem. Follow? nay, I 'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.
[*Exeunt* LYSANDER *and* DEMETRIUS.
Her. You, mistress, all this coil is long of you:
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. [*Exit.*
Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.
Puck. Believe me, king of shadows,[99] I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?[100]
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,[101]
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight.—
Hie, therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs[102] and batty wings doth creep;
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;

And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,[103]
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I 'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,[104]
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;[105]
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,[106]
Already to their wormy beds are gone;[107]
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,[108]
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;[109]
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,[110]
Opening on Neptune with fair-blessed beams,[111]
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit* OBERON.

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.
Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lys. I will be with thee straight.
Puck. Follow me then to plainer ground.
[*Exit* LYSANDER *as following the voice.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward! art thou bragging to the stars,

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I 'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we 'll try no manhood here.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day,— [*Lies down.*
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I 'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho![112] Coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?[113]

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,[114]
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lies down and sleeps.*

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O, weary night! O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest:—
And sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company.[115] [*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:—

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray! [*Lies down.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound;
I 'll apply
Your eye,[116]
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* LYSANDER'S *eye.*
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st[117]
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;[118]
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.[119]
[*Exit* PUCK.—*Scene closes on the sleepers.*[120]

Notes to the Third Act.

[1] *This hawthorn brake our tiring-house.*

The tiring-house was the dressing-room of the old theatres. Maine, in his Amorous Warre, 1648, mentions "the invention of your poets, who kill onely on the stage, and then revive their slaughter'd persons in the tiring-house." A player is called "a brother of the tyring-house," in the Spanish Gipsie. "The moneys receaved at the galleries and *tiring howse* dues towards the paying to them the saide Phillip Henslowe and Jacob Meade of the some of one hundred twenty and fower pounds," Alleyn Papers. It is mentioned as the *tyring-room* in the Rehearsal, 1672, p. 54; and in the Country Wife, 1675.

What a poore use makes that miserable creature of his being here, who bestowes so much time in the *tyring-house*, as hee forgets what part hee is to play on the stage?—*Brathwait's English Gentlewoman*, 1641.

[2] *By'rlakin, a parlous fear.*

By'rlakin, a colloquial diminutive of, *by our ladykin*, in allusion to the Virgin Mary. It occurs in various forms. "Ha! *barlakyng*, I am a trew scholler, and a good wench indeede," Common Conditions, 1576. "By our lakyn, syr, I have ben a hawkyng for the wylde swan," Skelton's Magnyfycence. "The clock hath stricken vive, ich think, by laken," Preston's Cambyses. *Byrlady* is still more common. See instances in the Tyde Taryeth no Man, 1576; Marston's Dutch Courtezan, 1605; Montaigne's Essayes, translated by Florio, p. 514; Englishmen for my Money, 1616; The Relapse, 1697, p. 101; Yorkshire Dialogue, ed. 1697, p. 69; The Mistake by Sir J. Vanbrugh, 1706, p. 6. *Bleady*, a corruption of *by our Lady*, is said to be still in use in the dialect of Pembrokeshire; Jones's Tour in Quest of Genealogy, 8vo. 1811, p. 45.

> *Byrlakyn!* syr, but under your favor,
> This dowgt our dowghter doth well to gather;
> For a good warnyng now at begynnynge,
> What Wyt in the end shall looke for in wynning.
>
> *The Play of Wyt and Scyence*, xvj. Cent.

Parlous is a very common contracted form of *perilous*, used in the generic

sense of *excessive*, and sometimes with the signification of *wonderful*. In MS. Ashmole 59, f. 132, is a receipt "for heme that hath a *parelles* coche," i. e. perilous cough. "He is a parlowes man," Merry Wives of Windsor, 1602. "Very easily into his now parlous-understanding scull," Decker's Wonderfull Yeare, 1603. "Well, I vow you are a parlous man," Epsom Wells, 1673.

> For why, me thought a *per'lous* thing,
> Upon a soddaine ch'was king.
> *Bastard's Chrestoleros*, 1598.

> Then lets he lose the *perlous* sands that ships away may slide,
> And on the sea full smooth his chaire with wheeles he made to ride.
> *Virgil, translated by Phaer*, ed. 1600.

> Beshrew you for it, you have put it in me:
> The *parlosest* old men that ere I heard.
> *Chronicle Historie of King Leir*, 1605.

I, that he is, ile be sworne, the Fondlings are as good gentlemen as any be in the citie; the boy has a *parlous head;* how should he find out this, I marvaile?—*Marmyon's Fine Companion*, 1633.

But mine host the cardinal had a shrewd pate, and his ears were something of the longest; *parlous* wise, and yet loving to his guests, as red about the gills, and as merry as the maids.—*Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter*, 1671, p. 2.

[3] *Let it be written in eight and eight.*

An anonymous MS. annotator alters this to *eighty-eight*, an evident blunder, Bottom requesting that the prologue should be written in verses each of which consists of eight syllables. In eight and six, that is, in alternate verses of eight and six syllables.

[4] *A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.*

There is a singular coincidence between the notion of Bottom in this speech, and a real occurrence at the Scottish court in the year 1594. Prince Henry, the eldest son of James the First, was christened in August in that year. While the king and queen, &c., were at dinner, a triumphal chariot (the frame of which, we are told, was ten feet long and seven broad) with several allegorical personages on it, was drawn in by "a black-moore. This chariot should have been drawne in by a *lyon*, but because his presence might have brought some feare to the nearest, or that the sight of the lighted torches might have commoved his tameness, it was thought meete that the Moore should supply that room."—A true Account of the most triumphal and royal Accomplishment of the Baptism of the most excellent, right high, and mighty prince, Henry Frederick, &c., as it was solemnized the 30th day of August, 1594. 8vo, 1603.—*Malone.*

[5] *There is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion.*

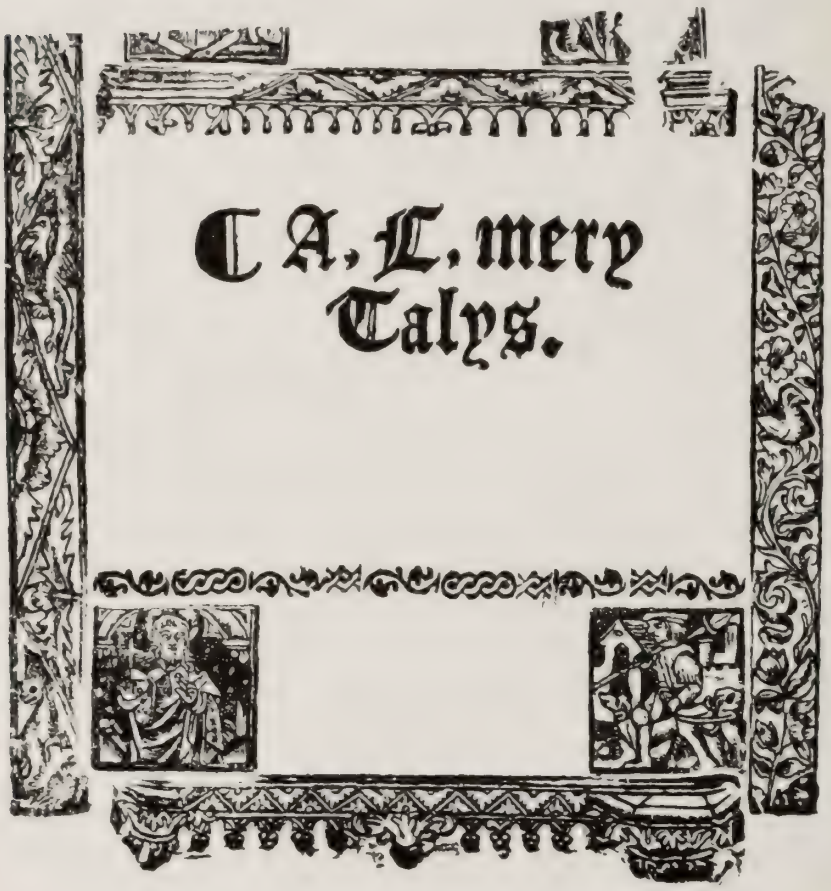
In Cutwode's Caltha Poetarum or the Bumble Bee, 1599, the bee is addressed as, "prodigious fowle."

[6] *It were pity of my life.*

This phrase continued in use to a very late period. It occurs in Cotton's Poetical Works, 1734, p. 7,—

> And should I not pay your civility
> To th' utmost of my poor ability,
> Who art great Jove's sister and wife,
> It were e'en pity of my life.

Fac simile of the Title Page and a portion of the Story of John Adreyns, from the unique original Edition of the Hundred merry Tales.



IT fortunyd that in a market towne in the counte of Suffolke there was a stage play in the which play one callyd Johñ adroyns which dwellyd in a nother vyllage .ii. myle from thens playde the dyuyll And when the play was done thys Johñ adroyns in the euynyng departyd fro the sayde market towne to go home to hys own house and because he had there no change of clothyng he went forth in hys dyuylls aprell whych in the way comyng homeward cam thorow a waren of conys belõgyng to a gentylmã of the vyllage wher he hym self dwelt At whych tyme it fortunyd a preste a vycar of a churche therby with .ii. or .iii. other vnthryfty fe lows had brought with thẽ a hors a hey & a feret to thẽtent there to get conys & when the feret was in ỹ yerth and the hey set ouer the path way where thys Johñ adroyns shuld come thys prest & hys other felows saw hym come in the dyuyls rayment cõsideryng that they were i the dyuyls seruyce & stelyng of co nys & supposyng it had ben the deuyll in dede for fere ran away Thys Johñ adroyns i the dyuyls rayment and because it was somwhat dark saw not ỹ hay but wẽt forth i hast & stõblid therat & fell doun that with the fal he had almost broken his nek But whan he was a lytyll reuyuyd he lokyd vp & spyed it was a hay to catch conys & lokyd further & saw that they ran away for fere of hi/ & saw a horse tyed to a bush laden wyth conys whych they had taken & he toke the horse & the haye and lept vpõ the horse & rode to ỹ gẽtylmannys place that was lorde of the waren to the entẽte to haue thank for takynge suche a pray And whan he came/knokyd at the gatys To whyme anone one of the gen tylmannys seruauntys askyd who was there/ and sodeinly openyd the gate

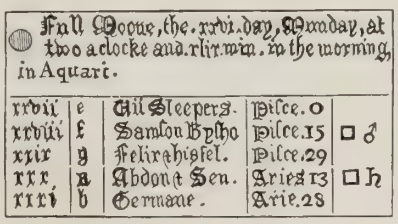
[7] *And tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.*

This ludicrous advice was probably suggested by some contemporary anecdote, possibly originating from the curious story of John Adroyns related in the Hundred Merry Tales. Honest John, who had been enacting the part of the devil in a play at some town in Suffolk, returning home in his stage costume, so alarmed a household to which he approached after an adventure with some poachers, that he was fain to tell them plainly he was no devil, but John Adroyns your neighbour,—"Nay, feare not me—for I am a good devyll: I am John Adroyns your neighbour in this towne, and he that playde the devyll to day in the playe. I bryng my mayster a dosen or two of his conyes that were stolen in dede, and theyr horse and theyr haye (net), and made them for feare to runne awaye." The Hundred Merry Tales were no doubt familiar to Shakespeare, and are indeed expressly mentioned by name in Much Ado about Nothing. See the note in vol. iv. p. 70.

The following anecdote,which is yet more to the purpose, and has been frequently quoted, occurs in a collection of jests in MS. Harl. 6395, collected by Sir Nicholas Lestrange in the seventeenth century :—"There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and, amongst others, Harry Goldingham was to represent Arion upon the dolphin's backe, but finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant, when he came to performe it, he teares off his disguise, and sweares he was none of Arion, not he, but eene honest Harry Goldingham; which blunt discoverie pleas'd the Quene better than if it had gone through in the right way; yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well." Sir W. Scott has made good use of this laughable incident.

[8] *A calendar, a calendar! Find out moon-shine.*

Shakespeare is here thinking of the calendars of his own time, which were in greater use even than the almanacs of the present day, and were more frequently referred to. The manner in which moon-shine was noted in them will be observed in the accompanying facsimile of a few lines from the Almanacke of Walter Gray for 1591, a diminutive and very rare little volume. The following corresponding extract is taken from the first act of the German comedy of Peter Squenz,—


Full Moone, the. xxvi. day, Monday, at two a clocke and. xlix. min. in the morning, in Aquari.

xxvii	e	Gil Sleepers.	Pisce. 0	
xxviii	f	Samson Bysho	Pisce. 15	☐ ♂
xxix	g	Felix hispel.	Pisce. 29	
xxx.	a	Abdon et Sen.	Aries 13	☐ ♄
xxxi	b	Germane.	Arie. 28	

Quince. Ovidius the Ecclesiastic says, the moon did shine when the play is represented.—*Kricks.* We must refer to the almanack, and see if the moon will shine on that day.—*Bollinger.* Hold, I have one; it is a legacy from my grandfather's aunt.—*Kricks.* Listen to what has occurred to me! I will tie my plush round my body, and carry a light in my lantern, and thus represent the moon.—*Peter Squenz.* How shall we do for a wall? Pyramus and Thisbe must talk together through the chink in the wall.—*Klipperlig.* I think it would be best to paint one of you with lime-water, and to put him on the stage. He would have to say, he was the wall; and when Pyramus is to speak, he would have to speak into his mouth, that is, into the chink; but if Thisbe should want to say anything, he would have to turn his mouth to Thisbe.

[9] *A casement of the great-chamber window.*

The great-chamber was the state-room. Thus, in a letter dated July 6th, 1576, speaking of hangings, "I have yet seen none that I think deep enough for a *great chamber*, but for lodgings."

[10] *Or to present the person of moonshine.*

The author of the play of Lingua, sensible of the folly of such personifications, introduces, on the appearance of one of the pageants (that of *Visus*), where the sky is represented by "a page clad in azure taffeta dimpled with stars," the following question and reply:—"*Pha.* What blue thing's that, that's dappled so with stars? —*Visus.* He represents the heaven.—*Pha.* In my conceit, it were pretty if he thundered when he speaks."—*Anon.*

[11] *Enter into that brake.*

Kennett, MS. Lansd. 1033, defines *brake*, "a small plat or parcel of bushes growing by themselves." This seems to be the right meaning here, although a single bush is also called a *brake*. "A grounde full of bushes and brambles; a brake of briers; a thicket of thornes," Nomenclator, 1585. In Palmer's Devonshire Glossary, p. 32, "*spinetum*, *dumetum*, a bottom overgrown with thick tangled brushwood." A brake is also a little space with rails on each side, which Mr. Hunter thinks is the Shakespearian term, an explanation rather at variance with Quince's "hawthorn brake;" and moreover, the *brake* mentioned by this commentator from Barnaby Googe would only be found in cultivated land, not in the centre of the "palace wood." When Puck says, "through bog, through bush, through *brake*, through briar," an expression, the latter part of which is repeated word for word in Drayton's Nymphidia, we clearly see that Kennett's explanation exactly suits the context. So also when Demetrius says, ii. 2, "I'll run from thee, and hide me in the *brakes*," can these be little enclosed spots in the middle of the wood in which he is followed by Helena? There is a spot near Broadway, co. Worc., filled with hawthorn bushes and short underwood still called the Brakes. See also Florio, in v. *Broncóso*, "full of brakes, briers or bushes;" and again in Venus and Adonis,—"brakes obscure and rough, to shelter thee from tempest and from rain." A *brake-bush* is mentioned in the Notbrowne Mayde, 1521, and, at a later period, in Day's Ile of Gulls, 1633. "A brake of briars and thorne," Drayton's Mooncalf. The term is of such frequent occurrence in this sense, it is scarcely necessary to refer to many examples.

————————I went me in
Among the *brakes* in hast;
With hooke I hewde the brembles downe,
And bushy briers at last.
Mantuan, by Turbervile, 1567, f. 31.

As sheepe with woll be clad full thicke,
Their masters have the gayne,
And birds do buylde their nests in *brakes*,
And put themselves to payne.
Gaulfrido and Barnardo le Vayne, 1570.

Hee caused us to ridd a large plot of ground both of trees and *brakes*, and to build us houses sufficient for all our lodging, and one especially for all our publique meetings; wherein the negroe which fled to us before did us great service, as being well acquainted with the country, and their meanes of building.—*Sir Francis Drake Revived.*

To Epsam Well we ask'd the way,
Of young and old, of poor and gay;
Where, after five or six mistakes,
We found the spring, neer hid with *brakes*.
Musarum Deliciæ, 1656.

[12] *What hempen home-spuns.*

Yet this plaine *home-spunne* fellow keepes and maintaines thirty, forty, fifty servants, or perhaps more, every day releeving three or foure score poore people at his gate.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

[13] *What, a play toward?*

This is a very common expression in old plays. "Have I a pleasure toward," Revengers Tragædie, 1608. "Since the rumour of this troublesome world towards," Barret's Theorike and Practike of Moderne Warres, 1598. "A goodly day toward," Every Man in his Humour. "Here's a fine wedding towards," Heire, 1633. "Here's a mad businesse towards," Late Lancashire Witches, 1634. "A bounsing feast toward," Fletcher's Sicelides. "If there be not some great storme towards, nere trust mee," Suckling's Aglaura, 1638. "What new devise is towards?," Nabbes' Bride, 1640.

Also ther is a pytte in Kent in Langley Parke: ayens any batayle he wille be drye, and it rayne neveyre so myche; and if ther be no batayle *toward*, he wille be fulle of watere, be it neveyre so drye a wethyre; and this yere he is drye.—*Warkworth's Chronicle.*

A jester us'd to say that as soone as ever he perceiv'd a fray *toward*, he straight became a launce-man; being ask'd how so, he answered: Mary, I launch forthwith into the next house.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

[14] *Odours, odours.*

"This is the reading of the folio: the quartos have, *odours, odorous.* Possibly, we ought to read, *the flowers have odours, savours sweet*, or, *odorous savours sweet*," J. P. Collier. The only difficulty arises from the common use of a singular verb following a plural noun, an usage altered at pleasure in the formation of the present text.

[15] *So hath thy breath.*

The old copies concur in reading:—"So *hath* thy breath."—Pope made the alteration of *hath* into *doth*, which seems to be necessary.—*Steevens.* It is scarcely requisite to correct the sense of a speech which is probably intended to be ignorantly formed.

[16] *Stay thou but here a while.*

The verses should be alternately in rhyme: but *sweet* in the close of the first line, and *while* in the third, will not do for this purpose. The author, doubtless, gave it:—"—stay thou but here a *whit*," i. e., a little while: for so it signifies, as also any thing of no price or consideration; a trifle: in which sense it is very frequent with our author.—*Theobald.*

Nothing, I think, is got by either change. I suspect two lines to have been lost; the first of which rhymed with "savours sweet," and the other with "here a while." The line before appears to me to refer to something that has been lost.—*Malone.*

[17] *A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!*

That is, in that theatre where the piece was acting.—*Steevens.* In the two early quartos, this line is given to Quince: in the folio, 1623, it is properly assigned to Puck, who has been standing behind.—*J. P. Collier.*

[18] *And eke most lovely Jew.*

It may be worth notice that *eke*, also, was becoming obsolete in Shakespeare's time, and is used by him only in burlesque passages.

[19] *Cues and all.*

A *cue*, in stage cant, is the last words of the preceding speech, and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next. So, Othello:—"Were it my *cue* to fight, I should have known it without a prompter." Again, in the Return from Parnassus:—"Indeed, master Kempe, you are very famous: but that is as well for works in print, as your part in *cue*."—*Steevens.*

"Here is the Don's *cue*, and he will enter," Gayton's Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixot, 1654, p. 140. "And sweet Revenge was at her *qu* to speake," Adrasta or the Woman's Spleene, 1635. Fellow-players are termed *cue-fellowes* in the Declaration of Popish Impostures, 1603.

[20] *If I were, fair Thisbe, I were only thine.*

Perhaps we ought to point thus: If I were, [i. e. as true, &c.] fair Thisbe, I were only thine.—*Malone.* Some editors place the comma after *fair.*

[21] *Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier.*

Here are two syllables wanting. Perhaps, it was written:—"Through bog, through mire."—*Johnson.* So, in Spenser's Fairy Queene, b. vi. c. viii.:—"Through hills, through dales, *through bushes and through briars*, long thus she bled," &c.—*Malone.* The alliteration evidently requires some word beginning with a *b*. We may therefore read:—"Through bog, *through burn*, through bush, through brake, through brier."—*Ritson.* Compare the ballad of Robin Goodfellow,—

Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes.

[22] *Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound.*

The various transformations adopted by Puck, here enumerated, are noticed by several other writers. In the Mad Prankes of Robin Goodfellow, 1628, he is not only said to have the power of changing his shape "to horse, to hog, to dog, to ape," but to anything whatever,—"because he was weary, he wished himselfe a horse: no sooner was his wish ended, but he was transformed, and seemed a horse of twenty pound price, and leaped and curveted as nimble as if he had beene in stable at racke and manger a full moneth; then wished he himselfe a dog, and was so: then a tree, and was so: so from one thing to another, till hee was certaine and well assured that hee could change himselfe to any thing whatsoever." The same is noticed in the ballad-history on the same subject,—

To any forme that he did please
himselfe he would translate;
And how one day hee'd send for him
to see his fairy State.
Then Robin longs to know the truth
of this mysterious skill,
And turnes himselfe into what shape
he thinks upon or will.
Sometimes a neighing horse was he,
sometimes a gruntling hog,
Sometimes a bird, sometimes a crow,
sometimes a snarling dog.
Sometimes a cripple he would seeme,
sometimes a souldier brave:
Sometimes a fox, sometimes a hare;
brave pastimes would he have.
Sometimes an owle he'd seeme to be,
Sometimes a skipping frog;
Sometimes a kirne, in Irish shape,
to leape ore mire or bog:
Sometime he'd counterfeit a voyce,
and travellers call astray;
Sometimes a walking fire he'd be,
and lead them from their way.

Compare also the black-letter ballad of Robin Good-fellow, one version of which gives the following text,—

Sometimes you find me like a man,
Sometimes a hawk, sometimes a hound,
Then to a horse me turn I can,
And trip and troll about you round:
But if you stride my back to ride,
As swift as air I with you go,
O'er hedge, o'er lands, o'er pool, o'er ponds,
I run out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

The transformation into "a headless bear" was probably suggested by some tale in the ancient popular mythology. The change of Puck to a bear is thus noticed in the Mad Prankes, 1628,—"Supper beeing ended, a great posset was brought forth: at this Robin Good-fellowes teeth did water, for it looked so lovely that hee could not keepe from it. To attaine to his wish, he did turne himselfe *into* a *beare:* both men and women (seeing a beare amongst them) ranne away, and left the whole posset to Robin Good-fellow." The spirits conjured up by the magicians are stated to have taken similar forms. Puck's allusion to the "fire" is of course to the ignis fatuus, the quaint representation of which here given is taken from the Margarita Philosophica, 1503.

Dec. Does Pyramena know this dancing lantern?
Py. The ignis fatuus I suppose; some call it
Jack-with-the-lantern, some, Will with the wisp:
'Tis th'evening's false light, which leads stumbling clowns
(O're moors and marshes) into bogs and pits.
The Slighted Maid, p. 49.

[23] *You see an ass-head of your own.*

"It is plain by Bottom's answer," says Johnson, "that Snout mentioned an ass's head." This suggestion, however, is not necessary, the phrase being a vernacular one of the day, and originally in the present place created probably great amusement, when thus spoken by Bottom in his translated shape. Mrs. Quickly, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, says, "You shall have a fool's head of your own." According to Pinkerton,—"The phrase,—You see an ass's head of your own; do you?, is a trite vulgarism, when a person expresses a foolish amazement at some trifling oddity in another's dress, or the like."

Bull. I apprehend, gentlemen, you are merrily dispos'd, in good sadness.—*Wid.* Apprehend a *fool's head.* Come into play.—*Brome's Northern Lass.*

[24] *Bless thee! thou art translated.*

That is, changed, transformed. See the State Papers, ind. So, in Timon,—"to present slaves and servants translates his rivals."

[25] *The woosel-cock, so black of hue.*

The *ousel*, or *woosel*, was a generic term for the blackbird. Barnefield, in his Affectionate Shepheard, 1594, says,—

House-doves are white, and *oozels* blackebirds bee,
Yet what a difference in the taste we see.

"The osyll, *le merle*,"—Palsgrave's Introductorie for to lerne to rede, 4to. *Ousles* and blackbirds are mentioned as different birds in Holland's Pliny, 1601, i. 284, and the former term is now applied to a species which is larger than the

ordinary blackbird, and which has a white crescent upon its breast. In Shakespeare's time, however, the terms were generally if not invariably considered by English writers as synonymous. "Blacke-birds or ousyls among wild-foule have the chiefe praise for lightnes of digestion," Castell of Health, 1595, p. 45. Venner, in his Via Recta ad Vitam Longam, ed. 1637, p. 81, speaks of "the blackbird or owsle," as a pleasant article of food. The form of the word *woosel* in the old editions, is also found in Drayton's Polyolbion, xiii,—"the woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill," where it is mentioned as the same bird as the merle. "The ousel shrills," Spenser. Steevens quotes the following lines from the Arbor of Amorous Devises, where the expression "so black of hue" is perhaps by mistake assigned to the thrush,—

> The chattering pie, the jay, and eke the quaile,
> *The thrustle-cock that was so black of hewe.*

If he be obstinate, let not her be overthwart, nor doe as she did to whome her husband brought for their supper two thrushes, but she would needs have it that they were two *owsels or blackebirds;* and he replying that they were thrushes, and she holding that they were *owsels*, he, in his chafe, gave her a boxe on the eare: and yet for all that, when the thrushes were served to the table, she continued in terming them *owsels*, by reason whereof the husband fell to beating her againe: a weeke after, she put him in minde of his *owsels* againe, and continuing in her obstinacie, he was faine to fall to his olde remedie. But this matter ended not thus, for at the yeeres ende, she hit him in the teeth how he beat her for two *owsels;* and he said it was for two thrushes, but she saide he was deceived; but she was well beaten for it againe.—*The Civile Conversation of M. Stephen Guazzo, by Pettie*, 1586.

He beareth Argent, an ousell, or black-bird, proper. The ousell is all black of the body from head to tail, the bill yellow, and feet black. The red-breasted ousell is the same, only hath a red breast. The Indian mock-bird, or blew ousell, the bill crooked, under the nostrils dusky, the breast and neck of a lovely blew; the back and wings black, yet sheweth something of blew. A long blew tail.—*Holme's Academy of Armory*, 1688.

[26] *The throstle with his note so true.*

The throstle is properly the singing-thrush, but the term was certainly sometimes applied to any species of this bird. "*Merulus, merula*, Anglice, a thyrstylle cok," Nominale MS., xv. Cent. "Thrusshe a byrde, *gryue*," Palsgrave. "Thrustell cocke, *maulvis*," Palsgrave, subst. f. 70. Newton, in his Herbal for the Bible, 1587, p. 200, speaks of the *throssel* as a different bird from the thrush; and the distinction is thus clearly enunciated in Holme's Academy of Armory, ii. 279,—"The throstle, mavis, or singing-thrush: the bill is of a dusky colour, the eyes hazle colour: in the colour of the spots on the breast, and belly, it agrees with the thrush, or missell-bird; for the spots are dusky, the breast yellow, and belly white; the upper surface of the body is dusky, with a mixture of yellow in the wings, which is very like an olive colour: the lower covert feathers have yellow tips. The legs and feet are of a light brown, or dusky, the soles of the feet yellow."

"The thrustele sange both nyght and daye," Squyr of Lowe Degre, the thrush being separately named in a following line. Gower speaks of the throstle with the nightingale, and in Thomas of Ercildoune, the throstle and mavis are mentioned as distinct birds. "The throstell, with shrill sharps, as purposely he song t'awake the lustlesse sunne," Drayton's Polyolbion.

Gladde is the *throstel* whane the floures spring,
The somer is to him so acceptible.—*MS. Ashmole* 59, f. 20.
The *throstlecock*, by breaking of the day,
Chants to his sweete full many a lovely lay.
Drayton's Shepherd's Garland, 1593.

Or if thou wilt goe shoote at little birds,
With bow and boult, the *thrustle-cocke* and sparrow,
Such as our countrey hedges can afforde,
I have a fine bowe, and an yvorie arrow.
The Affectionate Shepheard, 1594.

The lines sung by Bottom were perhaps suggested by similar enumerations of birds in the old English metrical romances. Chaucer has imitated one of these in his Rhyme of Sir Thopas.

[27] *What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?*

Perhaps a parody on a line in the Spanish Tragedy, often ridiculed by the poets of our author's time:—"What outcry calls me from my naked bed?" The Spanish Tragedy was entered on the Stationers' books in 1592.—*Malone.* "Who calls Minerva from the starry court?," Noble Stranger, 1640.

[28] *The plain-song cuckoo gray.*

The cuckoo, in Chaucer's poem of the Cuckowe and the Nightingale, 118, says, "my songe is both true and eke plaine." Plain-song, as the phrase implies, was the simple chaunt or melody without any variations. "*Diatonum*, plaine song betwixt two, naturall musicke," Nomenclator, 1585. Skelton mentions the cuckoo's plain-song in his Phyllyp Sparowe, Works, ed. Dyce, i. 64.

I think you were borne with love in your mouth; you harpe still on that string, and you have it as ready as the coockoe hath his song, which makes but small musick.—*Florio's Second Frutes*, 1591.

Meanetime Dan Cuckow, knowing that his voice
Had no varietie, no change, no choice:
But through the wesand pipe of his harsh throate,
Cri'd only Cuckow, that prodigious note!
The Cuckow, a poem by R. Niccols, 1607.

Ah, sweetly, sweetly, doth the cuckoe sing
The cuckolds' praises in the pleasant Spring;
Familiar is her song, smooth, easie, *plaine*,
Not harsh, nor hardly wrested from her throat.
Pasquil's Night Cap, 1612.

The cuckow sings not worth a groat,
Because she never changeth note;
The man you speake of, young or olde,
Indeed he is a plaine cucquolde.
Hans Beer-Pot his Invisible Comedie, 1618.

[29] *And dares not answer, nay.*

Bottom here refers to an opinion, which was very prevalent in Shakespeare's time, that the unfaithfulness of a woman to her husband was always guided by a destiny which no human power could avert. In Grange's Garden, 1577, we have an allusion to this:—

And playing thus with wanton toyes, the cuckow bad good morow,
Alas, thought I, a token 'tis for me to live in sorrow;

Cuckow sang he, Cuckow sayd I, what destiny is this?
Who so it heares, he well may thinke it is no sacred blisse.
Alas, quoth she, what cause have you, as yet thus for to say?
In Cuckow time few have a charme, to cause his tongue to stay;
Wherefore,
Content yourselfe as well as I, let reason rule your minde,
As cuckolds come by destiny, so cuckowes sing by kinde.

In a note in the English translation of Ariosto's Satires, 1608, there is a singular tale on the same subject: "Many hold of opinion that to be a cuckold is destiny and not their wives dishonesties, as a good fellow in the world said to a friend of his, who telling him he was sorry that so honest a man as he should be abused as he was, seeing the fault was his wives and not his; I thanke you, neighbour, replied he, for your good conceit of me, but I assure you I think it was not her own fault, but rather mine owne fortune that made me a cuckold; for I verily believe whosoere I had married would have bin naught as well as she. Nay then, quoth his neighbour, if you think so, God forbid I should dissuade you from an opinion you hold so confidently, and so left him." Launce, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, probably alludes to something of this kind, when he says,—"now of another thing she may (be liberal), and that cannot I help."

Thy stars gave thee the cuckolds anadem:
If thou wert borne to be a wittoll, can
Thy wife prevent thy fortune, foolish man?
That woman which a Hellen is to thee,
Would prove another man's Penelope.—*Wits Recreations*, 1640.

[30] *So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape.*

This arrangement of the lines is adopted from Fisher's edition of 1600. In the other editions, the present line is the fourth, the fourth takes the place of the fifth, and the fifth of the third.

The notion of fairies being in love with mortals is also noticed in a very rare tract, the Severall notorious and lewd Cousonages of John West and Alice West, falsely called the King and Queene of Fayries, 1613,—"This companion comes to a young shopkeeper, a goldsmith's prentise, one that had the charge of more wealth then wit, and desires to speake with him, and in smooth language so insinuated, that she made him beleeve the queene of fayries did most ardently doat upon him; the fellow liking the motion, askt how he might see or speak with her. Why thus, quoth she, bring foure of the fairest silver and guilt peeces of plate in thy masters shop into such a close by S. Giles, and place them at the foure corners of the close, and they shal not onely be turned to perfect gold, but there thou shalt confer with the amorous queen of fayries. The young man the next morning got up early according to his houre, went to the close, and placed the plate at the foure corners, still expecting the queen of fayries, and then this Alice West had plast in a ditch foure of her consorts, who came forth, and with stones and brickbats so beat the poore prentise, that he ran home, and forgot to take his plate with him. His corage was cold for meeting the Q. of fayries."

Compare also the following passage in the Mad Prankes of Robin Goodfellow, 1628,—"Amongst these fayries was there a hee fayrie: whether he was their king or no I know not, but surely he had great government and commaund in that country, as you shall heare. This same hee fayry did love a proper young wench, for every night would hee with other fayries come to the house, and there dance in her chamber; and oftentimes shee was forced to dance with him, and at his departure would hee leave her silver and jewels, to expresse his love unto her. At

last this mayde was with childe, and being asked who was the father of it, she answered a man that nightly came to visit her, but earely in the morning he would go his way, whither she knew not, he went so suddainly."

[31] *Methinks, mistress.*

Mistress is spelt *maistresse*, in ed. 1632, an early form of the word, more common in the sixteenth than in the seventeenth century.

[32] *And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep.*

Others dive downe to th' bottome of the deepe;
Another mounts up to the lofty skye,
To fetch downe hony dew of mowntaynes steepe—
In every corner doe they serch and pry,
Who can the best accepted present bringe,
To please theire soe much honoured Queene and Kinge.

Sports of the Fairies, a poem in MS. Ashmol. 36.

[33] *Four fairies.*

In the stage-direction in ed. 1623 it is, "*and* four fairies," but the conjunction should probably be omitted. The last line of Titania's speech is omitted in that edition, the compositor having merged it into the direction. The origin of the mistake is perhaps to be traced from ed. 1600, where the line is placed separately, and the stage-direction is merely,—"Enter foure fairies"; so that the whole might readily have been mistaken for a direction not belonging in any way to the text.

[34] *Where shall we go?*

In the original editions, this and the four previous speeches are thus printed,—"*Fai.* Ready; and I, and I, and I, where shall we go." The correctness of the present arrangement is obvious. Steevens unnecessarily proposed to omit one of the repetitions of *and I*, on account of the metre.

[35] *Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries.*

Apricock is one of the old English forms of *apricot* (Fr.), and is more correct than the latter, if regard be had to its derivation from *præcoquus*, applied to a fruit ripening earlier than the peach. Apricots are termed by Dioscorides, πραικοκια, whence the form in the text is easily deducible. "The fruit is named in English abrecock, and of some aprecock and aprecox," Gerard's Herbal, 1597, p. 1261. The form *apricock* continued in frequent use in England up to the last century, and is still retained in some of the provinces. A fruiterer's bill, dated 1730, includes "dried apricocks."

Lyte, in his Niewe Herball, 1578, p. 661, says the fruit of the "lesser berie," speaking of the bramble, "is called a dewberie or blackberie." There is, however, a much better and more minute description of it in Parkinson's Theatrum Botanicum, 1640,—"*Rubus tricoccos:* the Deaw-berry or Winberry.—The deaw-berry hath slender weake branches like the last, more often lying downe then being raised up, with fewer prickes and thornes thereon then in the last; the leaves likewise are usually but three set together, more separate on the branches, yet almost as large as it, and nearer set together on long footstalkes: the flowers are white and small, the berries usually consisting but of three small berries or graines set together in one, yet many times foure or five lesse sappie but not lesse sweete or blew then the other: the roote hereof creepeth under ground more then the last." Other writers make it synonymous with the dwarf mulberry or knot-berry, *rubus chamæmorus*, and it is worth remarking that this fruit is still called the dewberry by the Warwickshire peasantry. It is exceedingly plentiful in the

lanes between Stratford-on-Avon and Aston Cantlowe. Capell is of opinion that as the dewberry is ranked by Titania with fruits of a choice description, some other interpretation should be given to it in the passage in the text. The name was certainly applied to more than one species of fruit. Culpeper gives the dewberry as one of the names of the gooseberry.

> I have an orchard that hath store of plums,
> Brown almonds, servises, *ripe figs*, and dates,
> *Dewberries*, apples, yellow oranges.—*Dido.*

[36] *With purple grapes.*

> One gathers grapes ripe from the lusty vine,
> And with his little hands hee squeazeth out
> The juce, and then presents it up for wine;
> And straight theire presses in among the rowt
> Another loaden with an eare of wheate,
> The whitest and the fairest hee cann gett.—*MS. Ashm.* 36.

[37] *And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes.*

This line, accepted literally, exhibits one of the few palpable errors in natural history to be detected in these writings, the light of the glow-worm emanating from the further segments of the abdomen; but the probability is that Shakespeare intended to designate the lights of this insect as *eyes*, the sparkling seats of light, without any necessary reference to the part of the body in which they were placed. That the poet was wholly ignorant of the real facts, seems highly improbable.

The blue phosphoric light of the glow-worm is most vivid in the female, but it disappears after she has laid her eggs, a beautiful provision in nature, her lamp being the guiding-star to her lover. It may also be observed that she has the power of extinguishing it at pleasure.

[38] *Hail, mortal!*

The old copies read—Hail, mortal, *hail!* The second *hail* was clearly intended for another of the fairies, so as that each of them should address Bottom. The regulation now adopted was proposed by Steevens.—*Malone.*

[39] *I shall desire you of more acquaintance.*

This line has been very unnecessarily altered. The same mode of expression occurs in Lusty Juventus, a morality:—"I shall desire you of better acquaintance." Such phraseology was very common to many of our ancient writers. So, in An Humorous Day's Mirth, 1599:—"*Fo.* I pray, sir, take acquaintance of my daughter.—*Be.* I do desire you of more acquaintance." Again, in Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, 1621:—"—— craving you *of* more acquaintance."—*Steevens.*

The alteration in the modern editions was made on the authority of the first folio, which reads in the next speech but one—"I shall desire *of you* more acquaintance." But the old reading is undoubtedly the true one. So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. ix.:—"If it be I, *of pardon I you pray.*"—*Malone.*

So, in the Marriage between Wit and Wisdom, 1579,—"Gentellwoman, this shal be to desier you of more acquaintance."

[40] *If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.*

In allusion to the web of the common house-spider being used in stopping the effusion of blood, a simple and good appliance now nearly obsolete.

In the Maydes Metamorphosis, a comedy by Lyly, there is a dialogue between some foresters and a troop of Fairies, very similar to the present:—"*Mopso.* I pray you, what might I call you?—1 *Fai.* My name is Penny.—*Mop.* I am sory I cannot purse you.—*Frisco.* I pray you, sir, what might I call you?—2 *Fai.* My name is Cricket.—*Fris.* I would I were a chimney for your sake." The Maydes Metamorphosis was not printed till 1600, but was probably written some years before. Warton says, History of English Poetry, ii. 393, that Lyly's last play appeared in 1597.—*Malone.*

[41] *Peas-blossom.*

It may be worthy of remark that one of the characters in the ancient English play of the Deade Man's Fortune, the plot only of which has been preserved, is termed Peascod.

[42] *I know your patience well.*

The Oxford edition reads—I know your *parentage* well. I believe the correction is right.—*Johnson.* *Parentage* was not easily corrupted to *patience.* I fancy, the true word is, *passions*, sufferings. There is an ancient satirical poem entitled—"The Poor Man's *Passions* [i. e. sufferings,] or Poverty's *Patience.*" *Patience* and *Passions* are so alike in sound, that a careless transcriber or compositor might easily have substituted the former word for the latter.—*Farmer.* No change is necessary. These words are spoken ironically. According to the opinion prevailing in our author's time, mustard was supposed to excite to choler. See the Taming of the Shrew, Act IV.—*Reed.* Perhaps we should read—"I know you *passing* well."—*M. Mason.* By *patience* is meant, standing still in a mustard pot to be eaten with the beef, on which it was a constant attendant.—*Steevens.*

Patience there appears put for—impatience, hotness; applicable, to a proverb, to the gentleman the speech addresses: and that this is its ironical sense, the ideas that follow after seem to confirm; insinuating—that this hotness being hereditary in the family had been the cause that many of them had been *devour'd* in their quarrels with *ox-beef*, and of his crying for them.—*Capell.*

Bottom is certainly speaking ironically, thinking perhaps of the old proverb, —as hot as mustard.

[43] *Tie up my lover's tongue.*

So all the old editions, Steevens unnecessarily altering *lover's* to *love's* on account of the metre. To tie up one's tongue, to be silent, was a common old phrase. "Tye up your tongue, mungril," Cynthia's Revels. "First, there's to tye your tongue up.—*Pen.* Dumbe as a dog, sir," Women Pleas'd, p. 33. "You may tie his tongue up, as you would doe your purse-strings," Beaumont and Fletcher's Elder Brother, 1651, p. 49. See also Middleton's Works, ed. Dyce, ii. 479.

> Hee brings the Indies with him: 'tis his purse
> That gives us meanes to eate, to drinke, to sleepe:
> Hee tyes up all men's tongues—a nobleman
> For a protector, and a courtier too,
> Is no meane base to build on.—*The Inconstant Ladie.*

[44] *What night-rule now about this haunted grove?*

In reference to the exact interpretation of *night-rule*, it is observed by Nares, —"Steevens and Douce agree in thinking *rule* in this and *misrule*, a corruption of *revel;* but misrule clearly does not mean *mis-revel*, but misgovernment, or misconduct; exemption from all common rule and order. Night-rule therefore may,

I think, better be interpreted, such conduct as generally *rules* in the night." This explanation appears to be supported by the following lines in Scot's Philomythie, 1616,—

> For these would breed contempt, and Athens owle
> Might challenge so *night-rule* of every fowle.

There was, however, a common use of the word *rule*, which may be intended in the passage in the text. "No man shall, after the houre of nine at the night, keep any rule whereby any such sudden outcry be made in the still of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wife or servant, or singing or revelling in his house," Statutes of the Streets of London, ap. Stowe, p. 666. There is an epigram in the Scourge of Folly, 1611, "against Tuballus his time-keeping in his *ill rule* keeping." See also Middleton, ed. Dyce, iv. 14. "Here is good rule—here is pretty rule," Tom Tyler and his Wife.

The Frankes, keeping foule *rule* about Colonia Agrippina and Juliacum, he represseth, having besieged and recovered the towne Castellum.—*Marcellinus, translated by Holland*, 1609, p. 81.

It appears from the old song of Robin Goodfellow, in the third volume of Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, that it was the office of this waggish spirit "to viewe (or superintend) the night-sports."—*Steevens.*

[45] *The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort.*

A *sort*, that is, a company. This word is of very frequent occurrence, and is used again in this very speech. "What care I for waking a sorte of clubbish loutes," Enterlude of Jacob and Esau, 1568. "A sort of country fellows," Tale of a Tub. "All the shaven sort falles downe, and foloweth them herein," Googe's version of Naogeorgus. "So great a sort of Turkes and Jewes," Zodiake of Life. The term is used in the Psalms,—"Ye shall be slain, all the sort of you," that is, the whole company of you shall be slain. "Amidst a sort of men so harmless as these are," Phillis of Scyros, 1655. "A sort of brave gallants he kept in his court," ballad of the Deposing of Richard II. A "sort of geldings" is mentioned in the Battle of Floddon Field, ed. 1808, p. 20.

Shall also by mean therof see (as it were in a glass) the miserable ends that a *sort* of handsome gentlemen hath by this crafty and subtle device come to, imputing (for want of knowledge) their cause of misery to ill fortune.—*The Detestable Use of Dyce Play.*

> And you shall heare how in what wether,
> A *sort* of souldiers met together.
>
> *Poems, temp. Elizabeth*, MS. Addit. 15225.

We have bene greatly busyed this 3 or 4 days past, being Syse tyme, and a busy syse, speacyally about the arayment of a *sort* of women, wytches, that 9 of them shal be executed at the gallows this fornone, for bewitching of a young gentleman of the adge of 12 or 13 years old, being the soon of one Mr. Smythe.—*Letter dated* 1616.

A thick-skin was a common term of contempt for a stupid country bumpkin, derived from the notion that a thick skin and a dull understanding were generally found united in the same person. "Some measure not the finenesse of spirit and wit by the puritie of bloud, but suppose that creatures are brutish, more or lesse, according as their skin is thicker or thinner," Holland's Pliny, 1601, i. 346. "That he, so foul a thick-skin, should so fair a lady catch," Albions England, 1602, vi. 30. "What, are these thick-skind, heavy-purs'd, gorbellied churles mad?," Weakest Goeth to the Wall, 1618.

Pitty it is that gentler witts should breed,
Where *thick-skin* chuffes laugh at a schollers need;
But softly may our honours ashes rest,
That lie by mery Chaucer's noble chest.
The Returne from Pernassus, 4to. 1606.

[46] *An ass's nowl I fixed on his head.*

Nowl, properly the crown or top of the head, but sometimes used for the head itself; A. S. *hnoll*, knoll, top, summit. "*Nolle*, idem quod *nodul*," Prompt. Parv. "No, sothly, it liith all in thy noll, both wit and wysdom," History of Beryn, 1524. "What thing dares not a dronken nolle adventure," Newton's Touchstone of Complexions, 1576. "Wine, O wine! how dost thou the nowle refine?," Mother Bombie. "One thumps me on the neck, and another strikes me on the nole," Three Ladies of London, 1584. "Crammed panches and drunken nowls are apt to nothing but to be sluggish, slothfull, and drowsie," Barret's Theorike and Practike of Moderne Warres, 1598.

No man dare me then once to controule,
Least my husband chaunce for to scoule.
If any man use to intreate me foule,
My husband will lay him over the *noule*.
The Tyde Taryeth no Man, 1576.

The following receipt for the process tried on Bottom, occurs in Albertus Magnus de Secretis: "Si vis quod caput hominis assimiletur *capiti asini*, sume de segimine aselli, et unge hominem in capite, et sic apparebit." There was a translation of this book in Shakespeare's time.—*Douce.*

Howbeit, these are but trifles in respect of other experiments to this effect: speciallie when great princes mainteine and give countenance to students in those magicall arts, which in these countries and in this age is rather prohibited than allowed, by reason of the abuse commonlie coupled therewith; which in truth is it that mooveth admiration and estimation of miraculous workings. As for example, if I affirme, that with certeine charmes and popish praiers I can set an horsse or an asses head upon a mans shoulders, I shall not be beleeved; or if I doo it, I shall be thought a witch. And yet if I. Bap. Neap. experiments be true, it is no difficult matter to make it seeme so: and the charme of a witch or papist joined with the experiment, will also make the woonder seeme to proceed thereof. The words used in such case are uncerteine, and to be recited at the pleasure of the witch or cousener. But the conclusion is this: cut off the head of a horsse, or an asse, before they be dead, otherwise the vertue or strength thereof will be the lesse effectuall, and make an earthen vessell of fit capacitie to conteine the same, and let it be filled with the oile and fat therof; cover it close, and dawbe it over with lome: let it boile over a soft fier three daies continuallie, that the flesh boiled may run into oile, so as the bare bones may be seene: beate the haire into powder, and mingle the same with the oile; and annoint the heads of the standers by, and they shall seeme to have horsses or asses heads. If beasts heads be annointed with the like oile made of a mans head, they shall seeme to have mens faces, as diverse authors soberlie affirme.—*Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584.

This is partially copied in Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671, p. 75, "to set a horses or an asses head upon a mans head and shoulders."

The above recipe is the real property of Baptista Porta, in the serious refutation of whom the Jesuit Kircher has wasted too much time. See his treatise De Luce et Umbra. In the Prodromo Apologetico alli studi Chircheriani of Petrucci, there are similar receipts, and especially one in which an oil is directed to be made

from the semen of a horse, which being used in a lamp, the company present will appear to have horses' heads. It is accompanied with a curious engraving of a Houyhnhnm party engaged in conversation, among whom there is the figure of an *equus togatus*, that will not fail to make a due impression on such readers as are acquainted with the trick put by Spence, the author of *Polymetis*, on Dr. Cooke, the provost of King's College, Cambridge, a sour pedant who had offended him. See the tail-piece to the 17th dialogue in the *first* edition of the above work.—*Douce.*

This trick of Puck's may, however, have been suggested to Shakespeare by one that is related of the world-renowned Doctor Faustus. That Shakespeare knew of Faustus we see by his allusion to him in the Merry Wives of Windsor, where Bardolph speaks of "three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses:"—and in the forty-third chapter of the History of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus, which tells "how Dr. Faustus feasted his guests on Ash-Wednesday,"—we read, "The guests having sat, and well eat and drank, Dr. Faustus made that every one had an ass's head on, with great and long ears, so they fell to dancing, and to drive away the time until it was midnight, and then every one departed home, and as soon as they were out of the house, each one was in his natural shape, and so they ended and went to sleep." Now, although from the uncertainty which at present prevails as to when the English story-book was first printed, it cannot be asserted that Shakespeare was acquainted with it, the probability is that he was so—or, at least, might have been. In the first place, we know that the German Volksbuch, which corresponds with our English one, was printed at Frankfort in 1587; and here let me remark that some of the German antiquaries have regarded the history of Faust as of English origin:—and in the next place we have the fact that the Second Report of Dr. John Faustus, containing his Appearances and the Deeds of Wagner, was published in this country as early as 1594; from which we may reasonably infer the existence of an earlier edition of the tract before alluded to.—*W. J. Thoms.*

The transformation, however, was probably familiar to Shakespeare as introduced upon the stage. One of the stage-directions in the Chester Mysteries is,—"Then Balaham shall strike his asse, and remark, that here it is necessary for some one to be transformed into the appearance of an asse."

[47] *And forth my mimic comes.*

Mimmick is the reading of the folio. The quarto printed by Fisher has—*minnick;* that by Roberts, *minnock:* both evidently corruptions. The line has been explained as if it related to Thisbe; but it does not relate to her, but to Pyramus. Bottom had just been playing that part, and had retired into a brake; according to Quince's direction: "When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake." "Anon, his *Thisbe* must be answered, And forth my *mimick* (i. e. my actor) comes." In this there seems no difficulty. *Mimick* is used as synonymous to *actor*, by Decker, in his Guls Hornebooke, 1609: "Draw what troop you can from the stage after you: the *mimicks* are beholden to you for allowing them elbow room." Again, in his Satiromastix, 1602; "Thou (B. Jonson) hast forgot how thou ambled'st in a leather pilch by a play-waggon in the high-way, and took'st mad Jeronymo's part, to get service amongst the *mimicks*."—*Malone.*

There is a provincial word *minnock*, one who affects much delicacy, a dandy, current in the eastern counties, but it seems unlikely to be the term here intended. "A mimick, a jester, a vice, or one that counterfeiteth other mens doings or manners," Minsheu.

[48] *As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye.*

The following curious engraving of a fowler catching wild geese by means of a

net and lamp, the operation usually termed batfowling, was discovered by Mr. Fairholt amongst some representations of field-sports upon a powder-flask of gilt metal preserved in Lord Londesborough's armoury at Grimston. The flask is of German manufacture, and appears to be a work of the latter part of the sixteenth century. The difficulty experienced in obtaining early representations of common things was exemplified in the numerous endeavours to procure an engraving of the mode of batfowling to illustrate a passage in the Tempest. I made a long-continued search in the Bodleian Library, especially in the Douce collection, without discovering anything of the kind earlier than the last century; but after the volume containing that comedy was printed, Mr. Fairholt, when visiting at Lord Londesborough's, accidentally met with the interesting example which he has here engraved.

[49] *And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls.*

I am afraid, this is corrupt; I own, I do not understand it. Perhaps,—And at our *stump* here—pointing to the stump of some tree, over which the frighted rusticks fell.—*Theobald's Letters.*

This seems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never represented stamping, or of a size that should give force to a stamp, nor could they have distinguished the stamps of Puck from those of their own companions. I read:—"And at a *stump* here o'er and o'er one falls." So Drayton:

A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a *stubbled tree* he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels;
  Alas, his brain was dizzy.——
At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
And as again he forward sets,
  And through the bushes scrambles,
A *stump* doth *trip him* in his pace,
Down fell poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case,
  Among the briers and brambles.—*Johnson.*

I adhere to the old reading. The *stamp* of a fairy might be efficacious, though not loud; neither is it necessary to suppose, when supernatural beings are spoken of, that the size of the agent determines the force of the action. That fairies did *stamp* to some purpose, may be known from the following passage in Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus:—"Vero saltum *adeo profunde in terram impresserant*, ut locus insigni adore orbiculariter peresus, non parit arenti redivivum cespite gramen." Shakespeare's own authority, however, is most decisive. See the conclusion of the first Scene of the fourth Act:—"Come, my queen, take hand with me, And *rock* the ground whereon these sleepers be."—*Steevens.*

But to use few words herein, I hope you understand that they affirme and saie, that Incubus is a spirit; and I trust you know that a spirit hath no flesh nor bones, &c., and that he neither dooth eate nor drinke. In-deede your grandams maides were woont to set a boll of milke before him and his cousine Robin Goodfellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight: and you have also heard that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or good-wife of

the house, having compassion of his nakednes, laid anie clothes for him, beesides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee; for in that case he saith; What have we here? *Hemton hamten*, here will I never more tread nor *stampen.*—*Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584.

> Ho! ho! ho! ho!, needs must I laugh such fooleries to name:
> And at my crummed messe of milke each night, from maid or dame,
> To do their chares, as they suppos'd, when in their deadest sleepe
> I puld them out their beds, and made themselves their houses sweepe.
> How clatterd I amongst their pots and pans, as dreamed they?
> My *hempen hampen sentence*, when some tender foole would lay
> Me shirt or slop, then greeved, for I then would go away.
> Yee fairies too made mothers, if weake faith, to sweare that ye
> Into their beds did foist your babes, and theirs exchang'd to be.
>
> *Warner's Albions England.*

[50] *Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong.*

"Fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth," Wisdom of Solomon, xvii.

[51] *Some, sleeves; some, hats.*

There is the like image, observes Dr. Johnson, in Drayton, of Queen Mab and her fairies flying from Hobgoblin:

> Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
> 'Gainst one another justling;
> They flew about like chaff i' th' wind,
> For haste some left their masks behind,
> Some could not stay their gloves to find,
> There never was such bustling.

[52] *Hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes.*

Latch, to catch. Hence, metaphorically, to infect. "*Latching*, catching, infecting," Ray's English Words, ed. 1674, p. 29. The word occurs in the first sense in Macbeth. I believe the usual interpretation given to it in this passage, *licked over*, is quite inadmissible; but it is to be observed that the direction was to *anoint* the eyes. The love-juice literally caught the Athenian's eyes.

[53] *Of force she must be ey'd.*

Of force, that is, of necessity. "By me, of force, he must be murthered," Drayton. "Two men of acquaintance, travelling from London together till they came to Saint Albones, the businesse of the one was such, that he must needs goe beside the common way, and so goe by Newport Pannell; the other, *of force*, must goe by Stony-Stratford, and yet both must come thorow Northampton," Book of Riddles.

[54] *Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep.*

"I am in blood stept in so far," Macbeth. Dr. Johnson considers there is here an allusion to the old proverb,—over shoes, over boots.

Plunge in knee deep. We have here ventured upon making a slight change from all other editions, that have let "*the* deep" pass unquestioned. After "being o'er shoes in blood," it seems to us that "plunge in knee deep" would naturally follow. In Shakespeare's time "knee" was generally spelt "kne," and between *kne* and *the* there is not much difference in writing.—*Phelps.*

[55] *Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.*

Warburton would read—*i' th' antipodes*, which Edwards ridicules without mercy. The alteration is certainly not necessary; but it is not so unlucky as he imagined. Shirley has the same expression in his Andromana:—"To be a whore, is more unknown to her, then what is done *in the antipodes.*" *In* for *among* is frequent in old language.—*Farmer.*

The familiarity of the general idea is shown by the following passage in the Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:—"And dwell one month *with the* Antipodes." Again, in King Richard II:—"While we were wandring *with the* Antipodes."—*Steevens.*

Why noontide *with* (i. e. *among*) the Antipodes, will not mean on the other side the globe, which is all that the context and Warburton want it to mean, is utterly unaccountable. But *in* the Antipodes, is a very unaccurate expression; for *the Antipodes* means not *a place* on the globe, as Warburton's explanation, *in* the *Antipodes where*, necesarily implies; but *the people* inhabiting that place.—*Edwards.*

And so displease &c., meaning—*and so displease* her brother, the sun, now shining in his meridian height *with* (or among) *the Antipodes:* for it is to be remember'd that 'tis now mid-night with the speaker, and (of consequence) mid-noon with the Antipodes; whom the *moon*, if (as the text has it) she should *creep through the* earth's *centre*, would take upon her to light, and so *displease* her brother by usurping on his province: this verb the Oxford editor changes into—*disease;* what he means by't, unknown.—*Capell.*

[56] *It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him.*

This turn of expression, being obsolete, may just deserve an early example from the Newe Metamorphosis, a MS. written about the year 1600,—

> It cannot be but that thou art farre spent,
> If thou camest hither with a true intente,
> And art not able nowe one stroke to stricke,
> A sorry jade will either neigh or kicke.

[57] *So dead, so grim.*

All the old copies read—*so dead;* in my copy of it, some reader has altered *dead* to *dread.*—*Johnson. Dead* seems to be the right word, and our author again uses it in King Henry IV.—"So dull, so *dead* in look, so woe-begone."—*Steevens.* So also, in Greene's Dorastus and Fawnia: "— if thou marry in age, thy wife's fresh colours will breed in thee *dead* thoughts and suspicion."—*Malone.*

[58] *Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake?*

The construction of this sentence is somewhat peculiar, and the line requires, I think, a note of interrogation, although the speaker does not absolutely pause. Darest thou have looked upon him, when he was awake?,—a question of course implying a positive negative reply. This kind of deeply satirical and passionate interrogation is found in the works of nearly all our dramatic poets.

[59] *O brave touch!*

A cunning feat or trick. "Touche, a crafty dede, *tour*," Palsgrave. In the old black letter story of Howleglas, it is always used in that sense: "— for at all times he did some mad *touch.*"—*Steevens.*

Touch in Shakespeare's time was the same with our *exploit*, or rather *stroke.* A brave touch, a noble stroke, *un grand coup.* "Mason was very merry, pleasantly

playing both with the shrewd *touches* of many curst boys, and the small discretion of many lewd schoolmasters," Ascham.—*Johnson.*

But hoe, syr, see that you play no wild *touch* ere you be aware; you know how quick sighted your father is to espie out these things.—*Terence in English*, 1614.

[60] *You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood.*

I rather conceive that—"*on* a mispris'd *mood*" is put for—"*in* a mispris'd *mood*," i. e., "*in* a mistaken *manner*." The preposition *on* is licentiously used by ancient authors. When Mark Antony says that Augustus Cæsar "dealt *on* lieutenantry," he does not mean that he "dealt his blows *on* lieutenants," but that he dealt *in* them, i. e., achieved his victories by their conduct.—*Steevens.*

[61] *And from thy hated presence part I so.*

So, which is not in the old copy, was inserted, for the sake of both metre and rhyme, by Pope.—*Malone.*

[62] *Go swifter than the wind.*

"Swifter than the wind; *Ocyor Euro*, Horat.," Baret's Alvearie, 1580.

[63] *All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer.*

Old French *chere*, face. Lydgate finishes the prologue to his Storie of Thebes with these lines:

> And as I coud, with *a pale cheare*,
> My tale I gan anone, as ye shall heare.—*Douce.*

Cheer, countenance, is of constant occurrence. "Stooping their stiffe crests with a heavie cheere," Funerall Oration on Queen Elizabeth, 1603. "Pale at the sudden sight, she chang'd her cheer," Dryden.

Importunate shepheard, whose loves are lawlesse, because restlesse, are thy passions so extreame that thou canst not conceale them with patience? or art thou so folly-sicke, that thou must needes be *fancie-sicke*, and in thy affection tyed to such an exigent, as none serves but Phœbe?—*Euphues Golden Legacie.*

[64] *With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.*

So, in King Henry VI., we have "blood-consuming,"—"blood-drinking," and "blood-sucking sighs;" all alluding to the ancient supposition that every sigh was indulged at the expense of a drop of blood.—*Steevens.*

[65] *Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.*

"Than schal your soule up to heven skippe, swyfter than doth an arwe out of a bowe," Marchaundes Tale. "She did fly as swift as arrow from a Turkye bowe," Golding's translation of Ovid, 1567.

> And through the ayre away doth goe,
> Swift as an arrow from the bow.
> *Drayton's Nymphidia*, ed. 1631, p. 179.

> The sent-strong swallow sweepeth to and fro,
> *As swift as shafts fly from a Turkish bowe*,
> When (use and art, and strength confedered)
> The skilfull archer draws them to the head.—*Du Bartas.*

> Like to an arrow from the bow,
> Or like swift course of watery flow.—*Wastell.*

[66] *Hit with Cupid's archery.*

This alludes to what was said before: "—— the bolt of Cupid fell: it fell

upon a little western flower,—before milk-white, now purple with love's wound."—*Steevens.*

[67] *Pleading for a lover's fee.*

Three kisses were properly a lover's fee. "How many, saies Batt; why, three, saies Matt, for that's a mayden's fee," MS. Ballad, circa 1650.

> Or Mars had steel'd my milky heart with manlier moodes than thees:
> Or Mercurie had apted me *to plead for lovers fees:*
> Or Sol infused sense to search what better me behov'd:
> Or Venus made me lovely, so for love to be belov'd.
>
> *Warner's Albions England*, book vii. chap. 36.

[68] *That must needs be sport alone.*

A vernacular phrase signifying, excellent sport. "This islande were a place alone for one that were vexed with a shrewd wyfe," Holinshed, 1577. "Now, by my sheepe-hooke, here's a tale alone," Drayton's Shepherd's Garland, 1593. See also Antonio's Revenge, sig. K, and Wily Beguiled.

The wilie cat smileth at this, at these wiles, at these guiles, &c. This is *sport alone* for the catt. He meaneth, the beast, the foole is delighted with it.—*Withals' Dictionarie*, ed. 1608, p. 439.

Oh that youth so sweet, so soone should turne to age; were I as you, why this were *sport alone* for me to doe.—*Englishmen for my Money*, 1616.

[69] *Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?*

This is said in allusion to the *badges* (i. e. family crests) anciently worn on the sleeves of servants and retainers. So, in the Tempest:—"Mark the *badges* of these men, and then say if they be *true*."—*Steevens.*

[70] *This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!*

Thus all the editions as low as Sir Thomas Hanmer's. He reads:—"This *pureness* of pure white;" and Dr. Warburton follows him. *Princess* is, of course, metaphorically used for the chief or most excellent. The old reading may be justified from a passage in Sir Walter Raleigh's Discovery of Guiana, where the pine-apple is called *the princess of fruits.* Again, in Wyatt's Poems,—"of beauty *princesse* chief."—*Steevens.*

In the Winter's Tale we meet with a similar expression: "—— good sooth, she is the *queen of curds and cream.*"—*Malone.*

When Mr. Collier offered the very unnecessary conjecture *impress* on account of the context (seal), he did not perceive that these two rapturous encomiums on the hand of Helena have no connexion with each other. Demetrius terms it "princess of pure white," because its whiteness exceeded all other whiteness; and "seal of bliss," because it was to confirm the happiness of her accepted lover.—*Dyce.*

Compare Measure for Measure,—"Seals of love, but seal'd in vain."

[71] *But you must join, in souls, to mock me too.*

That is, join heartily, unite in the same mind. Shakespeare, in K. Henry V., uses an expression not unlike this:—"For we will hear, note, and believe *in heart;*" i. e., heartily believe: and in Measure for Measure, he talks of electing with *special soul.* In Troilus and Cressida, Ulysses, relating the character of Hector as given him by Æneas, says: "—— with *private soul* did in great Ilion thus translate him to me." And, in All Fools, by Chapman, 1605, is the same expression as that for which I contend:—"Happy, *in soul*, only by winning her." Again, in a masque called Luminalia, or the Festival of Light, 1637:—"You

that are chief *in souls*, as in your blood." Again, in Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil, 1595: "—— whose subversion *in soul* they have vow'd." Again, in Warner's Albions England, 1602, b. xii. ch. lxxv.:—"Could all, *in soul*, of very God say as an Ethnick said to one that preached Hercules?" Again, in Twelfth-Night:—"And all those swearings *keep* as true *in soul*." Sir T. Hanmer would read—*in flouts*: Dr. Warburton, *insolents*.—*Steevens.*

I rather believe the line should be read thus:—"But you must join, *ill* souls, to mock me too?" *Ill* is often used for *bad, wicked.* So, in the Sea Voyage of Beaumont and Fletcher,—"They did begin to quarrel like *ill* men;" which I cite the rather, because *ill* had there also been changed into *in*, by an error of the press, which Sympson has corrected from the edition of 1647.—*Tyrwhitt.*

—— Men shift their fashions—
They are *in souls* the same.—*R. Dabourne.*

So, in Timon of Athens, "My lord, *in heart*, and let the health go round." A similar phraseology is found in Measure for Measure:

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but *in* foul mouth
To call him villain!—*Malone.*

Dr. Johnson originally proposed to read *in scorns*, or *in scoffs*; Blackstone, *in scouls*; and Monck Mason, *in soul.* In Euphues Golden Legacie, p. 42, "as wee exceed not ill dyet," *ill* is clearly a misprint for *in*; so that these words were sometimes mistaken for each other.

[72] *A trim exploit, a manly enterprize.*

This is written, observes Steevens, much in the manner and spirit of Juno's reproach to Venus in the fourth book of the Æneid:

Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis,
Tuque puerque tuus; magnum et memorabile nomen,
Una dolo divûm si fœmina victa duorum est.

[73] *None, of noble sort.*

That is, of noble quality or condition, or perhaps merely, of noble kind. "A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation," Every Man in his Humour. "Men most select, of special worth and sort," Drayton. "Men of sort and suit," Measure for Measure. "Much more to gentlemen of your sort," Warning for Faire Women, 1599.

[74] *My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd.*

To her, old eds. "I entring guest-wise on a time the frolicke Thebane court," Warner's Albions England, vi. 31. "Into this world, as stranger to an inne, this child came guest-wise," Witts Recreations, 1654.

And after service don, do him in *gestwise* entertaine,
And causes find from day to day to make him here remaine.
Virgil, translated by Phaer, 1573, lib. iv.

Note (by an old law) he which commeth *guest-wise* to an house, and there lieth the third night, is called an Hoghenhine (or Agenhine); and after the third night, hee is accompted one of his family in whose house hee so lieth.—*Dalton's Countrey Justice*, 1620.

[75] *Lest, to thy peril, thou abide it dear.*

Fisher's edition of 1600 reads *aby* in the place of the *abide* of the other copies.

To "aby it dear" was a favorite phrase with early writers. "Now he ys dedd, thou schalt bye hit fulle dere," Beves of Hamtoun, MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38. "For thou slow my brother Cate, that thou shalte by fulle dere," Torrent of Portugal, p. 67. "If that they don, ye shul it dere abeye," Doctoures Tale. "And so it may betide, thei salle dere abie," Langtoft's Chronicle, 159. "Thou, Porrex, thou shalt dearely abye the same," Tragedie of Gorboduc, 1565. "But they that do it dearly shall abye," Harington's Ariosto. "Thou shalt dear aby this blow," Pinner of Wakefield, 1599.

The king, hearing this tale, started up, and, with a loude voyce, began to call them traitors; adding, that if they went aboute any hurte to his person, they should deere *abye* it.—*Holinshed, Hist. of Scotland*, 64.

[76] *Than all yon fiery oes.*

Oes are anything round: the stars were small oes. In Wits Recreations, 1654, the heavens are called a "box of oes." It is, however, worthy of remark that eyes were sometimes spelt *oes*. "Frome your *oes* the teres wald starte," MS. Bodl. e Mus. 160. "The colours that show best by candlelight are white, carnation, and a kind of sea-water green; and *oes*, or spangs, as they are of no great cost, so they are of most glory," Bacon's Essays. Dr. Grey unnecessarily proposes to read, *orbs and eyes*.

Again, in the Partheneia Sacra, 1633: "— the purple canopy of the earth, powder'd over and beset with silver *oes*, or rather an azure vault," &c. Again, in John Davies of Hereford's Microcosmos, 1605, p. 233: "Which silver *oes* and spangles over-ran."—*Steevens*. D'Ewes's Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments, p. 650, mentions a patent to make spangles and *oes* of gold; and I think haberdashers call small curtain rings, O's, as being circular.—*Tollet*.

And O ye women which doth fashions fall,
O ruff, O gorget, and O farthingall,
And O ye spangles, O ye golden O's
That art upon the rich embroydred throws,
Think not we mock, though our displeasing pen
Sometime doth write, you bring an O to men.
Wits Recreations, 1654.

In a short peticote she was clad,
Time could not change it, 'twas so bad;
Old fringe 'twas trim'd with, on which rows
There hang'd, of tinsel, deckt with *oes*,
Well worth a hundred pound (believe it)
Of that mans mony that would give it.
Homer à la Mode, a mock Poem, 1665.

[77] *The sisters' vows.*

We might read more elegantly—The *sister* vows, and a few lines lower,—All *school-day* friendship. The latter emendation was made by Pope; but changes merely for the sake of elegance ought to be admitted with great caution.—*Malone*.

[78] *O, and is all forgot?*

The conjunction *and* is adopted from ed. 1632, the word *now* being conjectured in its place by Malone. The insertion of the former word certainly adds greatly to the force of the speech.

Gibbon observes that, in a poem of Gregory Nazianzen on his own life, are some beautiful lines which burst from the heart, and speak the pangs of injured and lost friendship, resembling these. He adds "Shakspeare had never read the

poems of Gregory Nazianzen: he was ignorant of the Greek language; but his mother tongue, the language of nature, is the same in Cappadocia and in Britain." —*Reed.*

[79] *We, Hermia, like two artificial gods.*

Artificial, ingenious, artful.—*Steevens.* I cannot be reconcil'd to this construction.—In my judgment our author meant, in the epithet *artificial*, to imply only, *similar to*—namely—"We two, *like* two deities, were creating," &c.—*MS. note by T. Hull.*

[80] *Have with our needles created both one flower.*

Most of our modern editors, with the old copies, have—*needles;* but the word was probably written by Shakespeare, *neelds*, a common contraction in the inland counties at this day, otherwise the verse would be inharmonious. See Gammer Gurton's Needle. In the age of Shakespeare many contractions were used. Ben Jonson has *wher* for *whether*, in the prologue to his Sad Shepherd; and in the Earl of Sterline's Darius, is *sport* for *support*, and *twards* for *towards*. Of the evisceration and extension of words, however, T. Churchyard affords the most numerous and glaring instances; for he has not scrupled even to give us *rune* instead of *ruin*, and *miest* instead of *mist*, when he wants rhymes to *soon* and *criest.*—*Steevens.*

In the old editions of these plays, many words of two syllables are printed at length, though intended to be pronounced as one. Thus *spirit* is almost always so written, though often used as a monosyllable; and *whether*, though intended often to be contracted, is always, I think improperly, written at length.—*Malone.*

[81] *Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.*

The annotator offers to us *loving* for *lovely;* and the substitution has been highly commended, as removing the apparent egotism of Helena calling herself "lovely." Such a show of vanity, no doubt, does attach to the old words; but, by the new reading, we get instead a something very like an absurdity. What is the meaning of "two *loving* berries?" Are we to regard the passage as a foreshadowing of Darwin's Loves of the Plants?—*Smibert.*

[82] *So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart.*

Hence with this book, and now, Mounsieur Clarence, methinks plaine and prose friendship would do excellent well betwixt us; come thus, sir, or rather thus, come, sir, tis time I trowe that we both liv'd like one bodie, thus, and that both our sides were slit, and concorporat with organs fit to effect an individuall passage even for our very thoughts; suppose wee were one bodie now, and I charge you beleeve it; whereof I am the hart, and you the liver.—*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

Then by degrees creeping into favour with the ladies, where in time he found opportunity to parle with Eriphila, whom for fashion sake at the first hee found somewhat strange, but in short time became so tractable that there was but one heart in two bodies.—*Alcida Greenes Metamorphosis*, 1617.

—— Why thus must we two live,
One minde, one heart, and one content for both.
The Taming of a Shrew, 1594.

[83] *Two of the first, like coats in heraldry.*

The old copies read, *life coats*, corrected by M. Folkes. Helen says, "we had two seeming bodies, but only one heart." She then exemplifies her position by a simile—"we had *two of the first*, i. e., *bodies*, like the double coats in heraldry that belong to man and wife as *one person*, but which, like our *single heart*, have but *one crest.*"—*Douce.*

The two coats of the first house, according to M. Mason, refer to the elder branch, and would of course be crowned with the same crest; such coats would be without "a difference," to use an heraldic term, and really due but to one, the head of the family.

One, two, &c., of the first, second, &c., are terms peculiar in heraldry, to distinguish the quartering of coats. So in Ben Jonson's Staple of News, —— "He bears, in a field azure, a sun proper, beamy, *twelve* of the *second*." And again, "She bears (an't please you,) Argent, three leeks Vert, in canton Or, and tassell'd of the *First*."—*Theobald.*

I had formerly supposed that Helena meant to say that she and her friend were as closely united, as much one person, as if they were both of the first house, as if they both had the privilege due but to one person, that is, the right of bearing the family coat without any distinguishing mark. But further consideration, and indeed the coat of arms of John Aubrey, the antiquary, which I happened to see soon after my former edition was published, convinced me I was mistaken. In Aubrey's arms, as in many others, are four quarters, which he thus describes:—1. Aubry.—2. Danvers.—3. Lyte.—4. As the first. Two of the first therefore are two perfectly similar, like the two coats in the arms above, the first and fourth, which are in fact two of the first, due but to one (Aubry) and to be crowned only with one crest.—*Malone.*

An ingenious correction, communicated to the third modern, and follow'd by those after him; but wanting other explainings than the absurd one of his giving, namely—"Two of the *first*, *second*, &c., are terms peculiar in heraldry to distinguish the different quarterings of coats:"—The comparison's aptness lyes in having the two first or principal quarterings of a coat borne in two distinct shields; united at top, as are now the arms of great heiresses to those of their husbands, and *crowned with one crest:* that quarterings have been borne in this manner, this passage is proof; but upon what occasion, heralds and antiquarians must say.—*Capell.*

[84] *And will you rent our ancient love asunder.*

To rent, to rend. "I rent, I teare a thyng asonder," Palsgrave, 1530. "To rent or teare," Minsheu. See also the early translation of the Scriptures, Joel, ii. 13, &c.

[85] *Ay, do, persever.*

The verb *persever*, the accent being on the second syllable, is of common occurrence in early English poetry. See examples in the notes to Hamlet. The first word *ay*, as usual in early printed works, is spelt *I*, and in ed. 1685 the comma is omitted, Helena being made to say, *I do;* but she probably merely means,—Ay, do this, persevere, &c.

[86] *You would not make me such an argument.*

Such a *subject* of light merriment.—*Johnson.* So, in the first part of King Henry IV. "—— it would be *argument* for a week," &c.—*Steevens.*

[87] *My life.*

This form of endearment is not obsolete, but, as it is not noticed in the dictionaries, an example is annexed from the Newe Metamorphosis, 1600,—

> Sometyme a merchant that hereby did dwell,
> Tis no greate matter though his name I tell,
> Palgradius he hight, maried a wife,
> Which deerely lovd him as her deerest life.

[88] *Thy threats have no more strength than her weak pray'rs.*

Praise, old eds. Sure, the sense and opposition of terms, aimed at in both lines, require that we should read—her weak *pray'rs.—Theobald's Letters.*

Theobald (ed. 1733, i. 117) proposed to read, *prays.* A noun thus formed from the verb, to *pray*, is much in our author's manner; and the transcriber's ear might have been easily deceived by the similarity of sounds.—*Malone.*

[89] *No, no, he'll seem to break loose.*

This is the reading of the quartos, *sir* being substituted for *he'll* in ed. 1623. The opening of this speech seems to be in relation, very ironically, to Lysander's previous one, implying that he is making no real effort to detach himself from the lady. Demetrius then personally addresses Lysander in the most provoking language that presents itself.

[90] *Hang off, thou cat, thou burr.*

Cat occurs also as a term of contempt in the Tempest,—"here is that which will give language to you, cat."

[91] *What news, my love?*

In other words, what novelty is this? There is a very plausible, but I think unnecessary, conjecture in the Perkins MS.,—"what *means* my love?"

[92] *You canker-blossom!*

The *canker-blossom* is not in this place the blossom of the *canker* or *wild rose*, which our author alludes to in Much Ado about Nothing. "I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge, than a rose in his grace:" but a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle. So, in this play, Act II.:—"Some to kill *cankers* in the musk-rose buds."—*Steevens.*

[93] *How low am I, thou painted maypole?*

The term *maypole* appears to have been generally one of contempt, applied not only to a tall person, but to any one who was the object of derision. In the first edition of the Merry Wives of Windsor, 1602, Falstaff, after having been deceived by the pretended fairies, says,—"ay, 'tis well; I am your maypole; you have the start of me." The reference in the text is obviously to the height of Helena, theimmense length of the maypole rendering it an excellent object of derisive comparison. The annexed representation of one, with the piper, and couples dancing around it, is taken from a woodcut appended to an early black-letter ballad in my possession, the subject of which has no connexion with the engraving.

Painted maypoles are of great antiquity. Machyn has the following curious note in his Diary of the year 1552,—"The xxvj. day of May came into Fanchurch parryche a goodly May-polle as youe have seen. It was pentyd whyt and gren, and ther the men and women did wher a-bowt ther neke baldrykes of white and gren, the gyant, the mores-danse, and the . . . had a castylle in the myd with pensels, and . . . plasys of sylke and gylded; and the sam day the lord mayre by conselle causyd yt to be taken done and broken." Stubbes, in his Anatomie of Abuses, ed. 1584, fol. 94, speaks of it with great indignation,—"these oxen drawe home this Maie-poole, this stinckyng idoll rather, which is covered all over with flowers and hearbes bounde rounde aboute with stringes from the top to the bottome, and sometyme painted with variable colours." A painted maypole is also mentioned in a satirical passage in Nash's Have with You to Saffron Walden, 1596,—"steele thy painted maypole, or, more properly to tearme it, thy redoubted rigorous horsmans staffe on their insolent creasts." Tollet, in the account of his painted window, tells us that the May-pole there represented "is painted yellow and black, in spiral lines." Spelman's Glossary mentions the custom of erecting a tall May-pole, painted with various colours: and see also a notice of a "pole painted" in a poem on the maypole in Cleaveland's Works, ed. 1687, p. 369. The following observations on the frontispiece to the present volume, were communicated to me by Mr. Fairholt:—

"The plate represents a Maypole of very great height still existing in the village of Welford, Gloucestershire, about five miles from Stratford-on-Avon. It stands in the centre of the village, where three roads meet, and is fixed in a raised circular mound of earth to which there is an ascent by three stone steps. The mound is planted round with a low bush. The pole is painted in continuous vertical stripes of white, red, and blue; the whole being surmounted by a weather-cock. It was anciently the custom thus to paint the pole; I have a drawing from a Dutch painting of the early part of the seventeenth century, with the pole painted in stripes of white and blue. In the MS. Hours of Anne of Brittany (circa 1499), now preserved in the Imperial Library, Paris, is the representation of a similarly painted maypole in the illumination emblematic of the Month of May. Tollett's window also delineates another may-pole decorated in white and blue stripes; so that the term applied by Helena to Hermia is a sort of inseparable conjunction, when the old custom of painting the may-pole is duly considered, and conveys a deeper satire than that applied to her height alone."

[94] *She was a vixen, when she went to school.*

Vixen or *fixen* primitively signifies a *female fox.* So, in the Boke of Hunting, that is cleped Mayster of Game, an ancient MS. in the collection of Francis Douce,—"the *fixen* of the foxe is assaute onys in the yer; she hath venomous biting as a wolfe."—*Steevens.*

[95] *You minimus.*

Minimus, or *minim*, any thing very small. The word is Latin, but came into use probably from the musical term *minim*, which, in the very old notation, was the shortest note, though now one of the longest. The old musical notes were the *long*, the *breve*, the *semi-breve*, and the *minim*. The *long* and the *breve* are now disused, except that the latter appears sometimes in the Church music; and the *semi-breve* remains the longest note, corrupted to *sembrive*, or *sembref;* the *minim* the next, then *crotchets*, *quavers*, &c. &c.; all invented to suit the constantly increasing rapidity of musical performance and composition. Milton used the word *minim*:—"Not all *minims* of nature, some of serpent kind wondrous in

length and corpulence." And Spenser:—"To make one *minime* of thy poor hand mayd."—*Nares.*

Theobald unnecessarily proposed to alter *minimus* to *minim*, on the ground that Shakespeare would not use the masculine of an adjective when speaking of a woman. He might, however, observes Upton, "have remembered that the masculine gender is often used, where the person is considered more than the sex; as here 'tis by Shakespeare. Milton's expression seems to be from Prov. xxx. 24, according to the vulgate, *Quatuor ista sunt* minima *terræ*. *Minims* are an order of Friars *minimi;* so named thro' affected humility. From this adjective Spenser form'd his substantive *miniments*, trifles, toys; *res minimi pretii*, B. 4. c. 8. st. 6. —'Upon a day as she him sate beside, by chance he certaine *miniments* forth drew.' *Minim* in music is half a semibreve, to which he alludes in B. 6. c. 10. st. 28,—'Pardon thy shepherd mongst so many lays, as he hath sung of thee in all his days, to make one *minime* of thy poor handmaid.'"

[96] *Of hind'ring knot-grass made.*

It appears that *knot-grass* was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child. Beaumont and Fletcher mention this property of it in the Knight of the Burning Pestle:—"say they should put him into a straight pair of gaskins, 'twere worse than *knot-grass*, he would never grow after it." Again, in the Coxcomb:—"We want a boy extremely for this function, kept under, for a year, with milk and *knot-grass*." Daisy-roots were supposed to have the same effect. That prince of verbose and pedantic coxcombs, Richard Tomlinson, apothecary, in his translation of Renodæus his Dispensatory, 1657, informs us that *knot-grass* "is a low reptant hearb, with exile, copious, nodose, and geniculated branches." Perhaps no hypochondriack is to be found, who might not derive his cure from the perusal of any single chapter in this work.—*Steevens.*

I will not say but that he may pass for an historian in Garbier's academy; he is much of the size of those *knot-grass* (i. e. dwarf) professors.—*Cleveland's Char. of a Diurnal-maker.*

"*Knot-grass* is a long round weed, with little round smooth leaves, and the stalks very knotty and rough, winding and wreathing one seam into another very confusedly, and groweth for the most part in very moist places," Markham's Cheap and Good Husbandry, 1676.

[97] *Thou shalt aby it.*

To aby, that is, to abide, to pay dear for, to suffer for. "His master shal it in his shoppe abie," Cokes Tale. "Thi ryot thow schalt now abuyȝe," Walter Mapes, p. 345. "I abye, I forthynke or am punished for a thynge; he shal abye or forthynke it or I drinke," Palsgrave, 1530. "Had I sword and buckler here, you should aby these questions," Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601.

> But yf thou wylt me hym take,
> Thou schalt *abye* for hys sake.
> *Bevis of Hamtoun*, MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38.

He shal *abie* alle thingus that he dide, and nerthelatere he shal not be wastid. —*Job*, xx. 18, Wickliffe's version.

[98] *Or thine or mine.*

The old copies read—*of* thine. The emendation is Theobald's. I am not sure that the old reading is corrupt. If the line had run—"Of mine or thine," I should have suspected that the phrase was borrowed from the Latin:—Now follow, to try whose right of *property*,—of *meum* or *tuum*,—is the greatest in Helena.—*Malone.*

[99] *Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.*

From Oberon, in Fairy-land,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.—*Fairy Ballad.*

[100] *By the Athenian garments he had on.*

Hath on, Roberts, ed. 1600, and the folios. *On* was also made to rhyme with *man* in the similar lines in the second act.

[101] *And so far am I glad it so did sort.*

So happen in the issue.—*Johnson.* So, in Monsieur D'Olive, 1606; "— never look to have any action *sort* to your honour."—*Steevens.*

[102] *With leaden legs.*

Likewise, if he be a sad horse, his hinder parts of themselves are slow, and therefore those shooes will doe much hurt to him, for they will make, as the proverbe is, him have such leaden heeles, that they will very hardly bee caused to follow roundly after, whereby will follow many of the former inconveniences.—*Baret's Hipponomie*, 1618.

[103] *And back to Athens shall the lovers wend.*

Hast thow hyet hyt to the ende,
That thou myȝtes hamward *wende?*
MS. Cott. Claud. A. ii. f. 140.

For so sayeth Crist, withoute fayle,
That nyȝe upon the worldis ende,
Pees and accorde away schalle *wende.*
Gower, MS. Soc. Antiq. 134, f. 37.

[104] *For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast.*

The allusion is probably classical, in reference to the idea that the chariot of Night was drawn by dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness; "the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shet," Golding's Ovid. Shakespeare, however, may possibly have had in his recollection some of the ancient engravings of dragons of the night, one of which, in Pynson's edition of the Shepherds Kalendar, is here copied, —"Shepardys that lyes the nyghtys in the feldes do se many impressions in the ayer above the erthe that they that lythe in theyr beddys sees not; some tyme they see in the ayer comynge in the maner and fassyon of a dragone spetynge fyer by the throte, and some tyme as a lepynge fyer."

[105] *And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger.*

Aurora's harbinger is Lucifer, the morning star. "Now the bright morning

star, *day's harbinger*, comes dancing from the East," Milton's Song on May Morning.—*Douce.*

[106] *That in cross-ways and floods have burial.*

The ghosts of self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads; and of those who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. That the waters were sometimes the place of residence for damned spirits, we learn from the ancient bl. l. romance of Syr Eglamoure of Artoys, no date:

Let some preest a gospel saye,
For doute of *fendes in the flode.—Steevens.*

[107] *Already to their wormy beds are gone.*

This line has been imitated, perhaps unconsciously, by Shelley. Milton, in his Ode on the Death of a Fair Infant, speaks of the grave as a "wormy bed." The adjective seems used in a similar sense in some lines in Coryat's Crudities, 1611,—"old wormy age."

[108] *They wilfully themselves exile from light.*

I have a suspicion it should be *exil'd;*—and please to consider whether Oberon's speech should not more naturally begin at this couplet.—*Theobald's Letters.*

[109] *I with the morning's love have oft made sport.*

In some editions *love* is unnecessarily altered to *light*, but the exquisite imagery of the present speech is certainly impaired, if a literal interpretation be given to the original reading. Oberon merely means to say metaphorically that he has sported with Aurora, the morning's love, the first blush of morning; and that he is not, like a ghost, compelled to vanish at the dawn of day. *Morning love*, ed. 1632.

And why should Tithon thus, whose day grows late,
Enjoy *the morning's love?—Lord Stirling's Aurora*, 1604.

Fletcher, in his Poems, p. 102, notices cock-crow as the time for the departure of the fairies,—

The masquers come late, and, I think will stay,
Like *faries*, till the cock crow them away.
Alas! did not antiquitie assign
A night as well as day, to thee, old Valentine?

[110] *Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red.*

The ruddy horses of the rosy morn
Out of the eastern gates had newly borne
Their blushing mistress in her golden chair,
Spreading new light throughout our hemisphere.
Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, book ii.

Now gins the faire dew dabling blushing morne
To open to the earth heavens easterne gate,
Displaying by degrees the new borne light.
Apollo Shroving, 1627, p. 7.

[111] *Opening on Neptune with fair-blessed beams.*

Fair-blessed is one of the numerous compound adjectives used by Shakespeare, meaning *fair and blessed;* but Warburton strangely altered it to *far-blessing.*

Facsimile of the first Part of the Ballad of Robin Goodfellow, from a copy of the original edition in the Library of the British Museum

The mad-merry prankes of Robbin Good-fellow.

To the tune of *Dulcina.*

FRom Oberon in Fairy Land
the King of Ghoſts and ſhadowes there,
Mad Robbin I at his command,
am ſent to view the night-ſports here.
What reuell rout
Is kept about
In euery corner where I goe,
I will ore ſee,
And merry be,
And make good ſport with ho ho ho.

More ſwift then lightning can I flye.
and round about this ayrie welkin ſoone,
And in a minutes ſpace deſcry
each thing that's done beneath the Moone:
There's not a Hag
Nor Ghoſt ſhall wag,
Nor cry Goblin where I do goe,
But Robin I
Their feats will ſpye
And feare them home with ho ho ho.

If any wanderers I meet
that from their night ſports doe trudge home
With counterfeiting voyce I greet,
and cauſe them on with me to roame
Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes
Ore buſh and briar with them I goe,
I call upon
Them to come on,
And wend me laughing ho ho ho.

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
ſometimes an ore, ſometimes a hound,
And to a horſe I turne me can,
to trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride
My backe they ſtride,
More ſwift then winde away I goe,
Ore hedge and lands,
Through pooles and ponds,
I whirry laughing ho ho ho.

When Ladds and Laſſes merry be,
With pollets and with iunkets fine,
Unſeene of all the Company,
I eate their cates and ſip their wine:
and to make ſport,
I fart and ſnort,
And out the candles I doe blow,
The maids I kiſſe,
They ſhrieke who's this
I anſwer nought but ho ho ho.

Yet now and then the maids to pleaſe,
I card at midnight up their wooll:
And while they ſleep ſnort fart, and ſneeze,
with whæle to threds their flaxe I pull:
I grind at Mill
Their Malt up ſtill,
I dreſſe their hemp, I ſpin their towe
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me laughing ho ho ho.

To face p. 86

"That *fair* is a significant and proper epithet of the sun beams, I should have imagined no one would have disputed; nor can there be any just exception to the other, *blessed*, that is, whose genial influence is universally acknowledged and celebrated," Heath's Revisal. Another compound adjective, *salt-green*, occurs in the next line, for which Dr. Grey unnecessarily proposes to substitute *sea-green*.

[112] *Ho, ho, ho!*

This, the established shout of Robin Goodfellow, is unnecessarily altered by some editors to,—Ho, ho! ho, ho! "In the way the fellow was to ride was a great plash of water of a good depth: thorow this must he of necessity ride: no sooner was hee in the middest of it, but Robin Good-fellow left him with nothing but a pack-saddle betwixt his leggs, and in the shape of a fish swomme to the shore, and ran away laughing, *ho, ho, hoh!* leaving the poore fellow almost drowned," Robin Goodfellow his Mad Prankes, 1628. In the early Latin story in the Digby MS. of the thirteenth century, respecting a goblin termed *Robinet*, who is supposed to be the same with Robin Goodfellow, his habit of shouting is particularly mentioned,—"Nota de Robineto, qui fuit in quadam domo in qua milites quidam quadam nocte hospitati sunt, et cum media nocte multum clamasset, et milites valde inquietasset et a sompno impedisset, tandem clamore fessus quievit. Et dixerunt milites ad invicem, Dormiamus modo, quia modo dormit Robinetus. Quibus Robinetus respondit, Non dormio, sed quiesco, ut melius postea clamem. Et dixerunt milites,—Ergo non dormiemus hac nocte." There is an old Norfolk proverb, still current, "to laugh like Robin Goodfellow," that is, very heartily. The remainder of this note is extracted from Ritson:—

This exclamation would have been uttered by Puck with greater propriety, if he were not now playing an assumed character, which he, in the present instance, seems to forget. In the old song printed by Peck and Percy, in which all his gambols are related, he concludes every stanza with *Ho, ho, ho!* So, in Grim the Collier of Croydon:—"*Ho, ho, ho*, my masters! No good fellowship! Is Robin Goodfellow a bug-bear grown, that he is not worthy to be bid sit down?" Again, in Drayton's Nymphidia:—"*Hoh, hoh*, quoth Hob, God save thy grace." It was not, however, as has been asserted, the appropriate exclamation, in our author's time, of this eccentric character; the devil himself having, if not a better, at least an older, title to it. So, in Histriomastix, a *roaring devil* enters, with the *Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other, crying:—"*Ho, ho, ho!* these babes mine are all." Again, in Gammer Gurton's Needle:—"But Diccon, Diccon, did not the devil cry *ho, ho, ho?*" So, in the Epitaph attributed to Shakespeare:—"*Hoh!* quoth the devil, 'tis my John o'Coombe." Again, in Goulart's Histories, 1607:—"The fellow . . . coming to the stove . . . sawe the *Divills* in horrible formes, some sitting, some standing, others walking, some ramping against the walles, but al of them as soone as they beheld him ran unto him, crying *Hoh, Hoh*, what makest thou here?" Again, in the same book:—"The black guests returned no answere, but roared and cryed out, *Hoh!* sirra, let alone the child, or we will teare thee all to pieces." Indeed, from a passage in Wily Beguiled, 1606, I suspect that this same "knavish sprite" was sometimes introduced on the stage as a demi-devil: "I'll rather," it is one Robin Goodfellow who speaks, "put on my flashing red nose, and my flaming face, and come wrap'd in a calf's skin, and cry *ho, ho*."—*Ritson.*

The ballad above alluded to is the Mad Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow, well-known to the ballad-reading public of the seventeenth century. Copies of it vary considerably from each other. The subjoined facsimile of the first page of one early copy of it will convey a sufficient idea of the original. Another, in black-letter, preserved in the Roxburghe collection, also marked as sung "to

the tune of Dulcina," is embellished with three woodcuts, one a hairy savage, another one of the black and white gallants of Seale Bay, adorned with moons and stars, and the third a copy of the engraving of Robin with the broom, which is appended to the prose tract of 1628.

[113] *Where art thou now?*

So in Fisher's ed. 1600, the other editions omitting *now*. Demetrius, conceiving Lysander to have still been shifting his ground, very naturally asks him where he is *at that instant.—Steevens.*

[114] *Thou shalt buy this dear.*

This phrase seems to have arisen out of the older one, to aby or bie it dear, previously noticed. Palsgrave evidently considered one synonymous with the other. "I bye a thynge dere, I suffre domage and displeasure for a mater; I have bought this pleasure dere; thou shalt abye for it," Lesclarcissement, 1530.

> And minding now to make her *buy it deare*,
> With furie great and rage at her she flies.—*Harington's Ariosto.*

[115] *Steal me a while from mine own company.*

A similar metaphor occurs in Daniel's Tragedie of Cleopatra, 1594, where Cleopatra, addressing the aspick, speaks of death in the same terms here applied to sleep,—

> Therefore come thou of wonders wonder chief,
> *That open can'st with such an easy key*
> *The dore of life*, come, gentle cunning thief,
> That from ourselves so steal'st ourselves away.

[116] *I'll apply your eye.*

So the old copies. *Apply* did not necessarily require the addition of the preposition. The verb occurs without it in the Nice Wanton, 1560. The versification is irregular.

[117] *Thou tak'st.*

Tyrwhitt would prefix the word *see*, but Puck's speech is declarative. Seymour proposes *then*, and, in a previous line, "sleep *you* sound." There is no necessity for any alteration, the uneven metre being evidently intentional. The commencement of the speech is spoken with pauses, and with great precision, but when the juice is dropped, and the incantation finished, Puck, as if pleased at being relieved from any serious occupation, bursts forth joyously with his country proverb in his usual wild strain.

[118] *Jack shall have Jill; nought shall go ill.*

The nicknames of Jack and Jill, as generic titles for a man and woman, are of great antiquity. In a MS. poem against the friars, of the fifteenth century, it is stated that "thei weyl asseylle boyth Jacke and Gylle." Shakespeare has varied the proverb for the sake of the rhyme, its proper form being,—"all shall be well, Jack shall have Jill," as it occurs in Heywood's Epigrammes upon Proverbes, 1567, and in the Scourge of Folly, 1611, p. 151,—

> All shall bee well, and Jack shal have Jill:
> Not I, by this light; for shee is too light.

There are other proverbs respecting them. "As it is commonly said, a good Jack maketh a good Gill," Cawdray's Treasurie of Similies, 1600.

Yet they rest not here, for they are come now at the last to apply sundry

texts of Scripture to the praise of Jacke and Gill, men and women of all sorts and conditions, tag and rag.—*A World of Wonders*, 1607.

> Will squabled in a tavern very sore,
> Because one brought a gill of wine no more.
> Fill me a quart (quoth he) I' me called Will,—
> The proverbe is, each Jack will have his Gill.
> *Hutton's Follies Anatomie*, 12mo. Lond. 1619.

[119] *The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.*

Steevens suggested that *well* should be altered to *still*, for the sake of the rhyme, but various early examples of the proverb here quoted prove that the original reading is correct. "All is well, and the man hath his mare again," Ray's English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 259. "Why, the man has his mare again, and all's well," Fletcher's Chances. According to Seymour, the line in the text is intended to be prose, but, on the whole, it had rather be considered as forming a loose jingling rhyme with the preceding couplet.

> Keep it with thee and take some pain,
> The poor man shall have his mare again.
> *Jyll of Brentford's Testament*, n. d.

[120] *Scene closes on the sleepers.*

The stage-direction in ed. 1623 is,—"They sleepe all the act," which means that they sleep till they are awakened by the huntsmen in the fourth act.

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*The Wood.*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM,[1] Fairies *attending;* OBERON *behind unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,[2]
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,[3]
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears,[4] my gentle joy.

Bot. Where 's Peas-blossom ?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb ?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb ; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble bee on the top of a thistle ; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur ; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not ; I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed ?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif,[5] monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will ?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalery Peas-blossom[6] to scratch. I must to the barber's,[7] monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.[8]

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay:[9] good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.[10]
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle[11]
Gently entwist; the female ivy[12] so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*

OBERON *advances.* *Enter* PUCK.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours[13] for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,[14]
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,[15]
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.[16]
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.

And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he, awaking when the other do,[17]
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be, as thou wast wont to be;[18]
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower[19]
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweet queen.
Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.
Obe. There lies your love.
Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!
Obe. Silence a while.—Robin, take off this head.[20]—
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.[21]
Tita. Music, ho! music![22] such as charmeth sleep.
Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Obe. Sound, music. [*Music.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:[23]
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.
Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,[24]
Trip we after the night's shade:[25]
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground.
[*Exeunt. Horns sound within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and train.*

The. Go one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;[26]
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.[27]
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear[28]
With hounds of Sparta:[29] never did I hear
Such gallant chiding;[30] for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains,[31] every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry.[32] I never heard
So musical a discord,[33] such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded;[34] and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;[35]
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.[36]

The. No doubt they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[*Horns, and shout within.* DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, *and* HELENA, *wake and start up.*

The. Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;[37]
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [*He and the rest kneel to* THESEUS.

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world.
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril[38] of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head!
They would have stol'n away,—they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,—
You of your wife, and me of my consent,—
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.[39]
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is), my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow,[40] seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:[41]
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food:[42]
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We 'll hold a feast in great solemnity.[43]—
Come, Hippolyta.[44]

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and train.*

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When everything seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.[45]

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake?[46] It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake: Let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

As they go out, BOTTOM *awakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, "Most fair Pyramus."—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was:—Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard,[47] the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream:[48] it shall be called

Bottom's Dream,[49] because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of the play[50] before the duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.[51] [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in* Quince's *House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft-man in Athens.

Snout. Yea, and the best person too:[52] and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Quin. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of naught.[53]

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.[54]

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom![55] Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a day:[56] an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I 'll be hang'd; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day in Pyramus, or nothing![57]

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together; good strings to

your beards,[58] new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred.[59] In any case, let Thisbe have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go away! [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

[1] *Enter Titania and Bottom.*

I see no reason why the fourth Act should begin here, when there seems no interruption of the action. In the old quartos of 1600, there is no division of acts, which seems to have been afterwards arbitrarily made in the first folio, and may therefore be altered at pleasure.—*Johnson.*

[2] *Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed.*

> Here sit thou downe upon this flowry banke,
> And make a garland for thy Lacies head,—
> These pinkes, these roses, and these violets,
> These blushing gille-flowers, these marigoldes.
>
> *The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft*, 1600.

[3] *While I thy amiable cheeks do coy.*

Amiable, lovely, pleasing, worthy to be loved. Gerard, in his Herbal, p. 637, mentions an "*amiable* and pleasant kind of primrose." Compare also Stow's Survay of London, ed. 1603, p. 97,—"and after them eight or tenne with black visors *not amiable.*"

To *coy*, is *to sooth, to stroke.* So, in the Arraignment of Paris, 1584:—"Plays with Amyntas' lusty boy, and *coys* him in the dales." Again, in Warner's Albions England, 1602, book vi. chap. xxx.:—"And whilst she *coys* his sooty cheeks, or curls his sweaty top." Again, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of Lucan, b. ix.:—"—— his sports to prove, *coying* that powerful queen of love." Again, in Golding's translation of the 7th book of Ovid's Metamorphosis:—"Their dangling dewelaps with his hand he *coid* unfearfully." Again, ibid.:—"—— and with her hand had *coid* the dragons' reined neckes —." The behaviour of Titania, on this occasion, seems copied from that of the lady in Apuleius, lib. viii.—*Steevens.*

She, desirous to winne him with over-cloying kindnesse, fed him with apples, gave him plumes, presented him peares. Having made this entrance into her future solace, she would use oft his company, kisse him, coll him, check him,

chucke him, walke with him, weepe for him, in the fields, neere the fountaines, sit with him, sue to him, omitting no kindes of dalliance to woe him, &c.—*Dickenson's Arisbas*, 1594.

[4] *And kiss thy fair large ears.*

Syns such there are that lyve at thys day yet,
Whych have hys skyl, hys judgement, and his wit,
And take upon them both to judge and know,
To them I wyshe even thus, and to no mo,
That as they have hys judgement and hys yeares,
Even so I would they had hys fayre long eares.
Ballad of Midas, printed by H. Sutton, n. d.

[5] *Give me your neif.*

"A neive or neiffe, a fist," Ray's English Words, ed. 1691, North Country Words, p. 52. Coles (Engl. Dict.) also calls it northern. Accordingly we find it in Gawin Douglas's Æneid:—"And smytand with *neiffis* his breist, allace!" See Junius, Etymol., and Ruddiman's Gloss; also Jamieson's Dict. v. *Neive*. *Neyve* is also in Tim Bobbin, in the same sense. Also written *nuef*:—"I wu' not my good two-penny rascal; reach me thy *neuf*," Ben Jonson's Poetaster. *Neafe*, eds. 1600, 1623; *newfe*, ed. 1632. This note is chiefly taken from Nares.

Alle lyardes menne, I warne ȝowe byfore,
Bete the cownte with ȝour *neffes*, whene ȝe may do no more.
Thus endis lyarde, at the laste worde,
Yf a manne thynke mekille, kepe somewhate in horde.
MS. Lincoln A. i. 17, f. 149.

[6] *But to help cavalery Peas-blossom to scratch.*

Cavalery Cobweb, old eds. This error, which is easily corrected by the context, was first pointed out by Dr. Grey. Cobweb was not scratching Bottom's head, but had been despatched on a perilous adventure in search of a honey-bag.

It may be thought too great nicety to imagine that *Cobweb* here is a mistake, and that the author writ—*Pease-blossom:* but either it was so, or he guilty of inadvertency; for this was Pease-blossom's employment, and mounsieur Cobweb is then engag'd in another. Unless you will solve it this way;—that Cobweb laughs, and goes not, but joins the other in scratching: and this, indeed, is the likeliest; for Pease-blossom would stand but sorrily there.—*Capell.*

[7] *I must to the barber's, monsieur.*

The exquisite humour of this dialogue, Bottom's discovery of his long hairs, and the singular dexterity with which his new condition is revealed without the discovery of his own transformation to himself, would hardly have required a note, had not a recent editor observed, in reference to Bottom's praise of good hay,—"this is consistent with the notion that Bottom really partakes of the nature of the ass: not so his declaration,—I must to the barber's, &c.; he confuses his two conditions." Bottom's desire for hay is of course involuntary, and has no connexion with any knowledge of his condition.

It may here be remarked, that it requires a close examination to enable us to reconcile the discourse of Bottom, in the present scene, with the conclusions that have generally been drawn from his language in the earlier part of the drama. Here he is a clever humourist, and although, as throughout the play, exhibiting a consciousness of superiority, yet he is without his former absurdities. Is it quite

certain that his wrongly-applied phrases in the second scene of the first act are not intended to proceed from his whimsical humour?

Triumph of Beauty, personated by some young gentlemen, for whom it was intended, at a private recreation. The subject of this masque is that known story of the judgment of Paris upon the golden ball; which you may read in Lucian's Dialogues: but our author has imitated Shakespear, in the comical part of his Midsummer Night's Dream; and Shirley's Shepheard Bottle is but a copy of Shakespear's Bottom, the Weaver.—*Langbaine's Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, 1691.

[8] *Let us have the tongs and the bones.*

In the original sketches of Inigo Jones, preserved in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, are two figures illustrative of the rural music here alluded to. "Knackers" is written by Inigo Jones under the first figure, and "Tonges and Key" under the second: the "knackers" were usually made of bone, or hard wood, and were played between the fingers, in the same way as we still hear them every day among boys in the streets, and it is a very ancient and popular kind of music: the "tongs" were struck by the "key," and in this way the discordant sounds were produced that were so grateful to the ear of the entranced Weaver. The figures themselves, like the rest, are the merest sketches, in order to inform the eye and guide the hand of the artist employed to make the more finished and exact, but less spirited and original drawings.—*J. R. Planché.*

> Yee wel-match'd twins, whose like-tun'd *tongs* affords
> Such musical delight, &c.—*Marston's Satires*, 1598.

In the folios is the following direction,—"Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke;" but this is probably an editorial addition, for Titania's next speech seems to follow too rapidly to admit of a pause for music. A mere example of the "tongs" behind the scenes may, however, be all that is intended.

[9] *I have a great desire to a bottle of hay.*

A *bottle* of hay was not merely a *bundle*, but some *measure* of that provender. So in the Choyce Poems, 12mo. Lond. 1661, p. 43,—

> Do you at livery stand, or by the bottle
> Get you your hay, your oats by peck or pottle?

By a "bottle of hay" is now understood such a moderate bundle as may serve for one feed, twisted somewhat into the shape of a bottle; but in earlier times, the bottles were of stated weights. In a court-book dated 1551, the halfpenny bottle of hay is stated to weigh two pounds and a half, and the penny bottle five pounds. Cotgrave has, "Boteler, to botle or bundle up, to make into botles or bundles." A *botell-horse*, Ordinances and Regulations, p. 97, a horse for carrying bundles? *Bottleman*, an ostler. To look for a needle in a bottle of hay, a common proverb, which occurs in Taylor's Workes, 1630, &c. Cf. Topsell's Beasts, p. 303; Anecdotes and Traditions, p. 58; Howell, sect. 40; Florio in v. *Grégne.*

A country-man passing along the street, met with a car, and the horse spying his bounsing beard, snap'd at it instead of a *bottle of hay;* then the country-man said: The dev'll take thee, who made thee a barber?—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

Mr. Hunter is of opinion that Bottom is intended to pronounce *hay* ambiguously, so as to suggest both a bottle of *hay* and a bottle of *ale.* The context does not appear to confirm this somewhat subtle conjecture.

[10] *And be all ways away.*

Always away, old eds. *All ways away*, Theobald. The old reading, observes Warburton in a letter to the latter critic, "you say *was the giving her attendants an everlasting dismission? no such thing.* But was it not natural enough for her in her love-fit to think she should be eternally happy with her lover, and never more relish fairy-sports. For *be always away* signifies no more than, I shall now take no more pleasure in you. No need then of any emendation; not to mention the strangeness of the expression, *be all ways away*, to mean, take several quarters." Upton proposes to read,—"and be away—away;" and Heath,—"and be always i' th' way." The reading here adopted is thus explained by Theobald,—disperse yourselves, and scout out severally, in your *watch*, that danger approach us from no quarter. Hanmer reads,—"and be *a while* away."

[11] *So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle gently entwist.*

There is a passage in Ben Jonson in which the *blue bindweed* is mentioned as entwining with the honeysuckle, and Gifford thinks the former synonymous with the woodbine. He is, perhaps, right, for, in Lynacre's Herball, the woodbine is made synonymous with withwind, another term for the bindweed; but it is not to be denied that, in Shakespeare's time, the woodbine and the wild honeysuckle were one and the same; and in this very play, the poet mentions the "luscious woodbine," an epithet certainly more appropriate to the honeysuckle. "The honisuckle that groweth wilde in every hedge, although it be *very sweete*," Parkinson's Paradisus Terrestris, 1629, p. 404. The question is so ably put by Nares, that the following extract from his Glossary deserves careful perusal,—

"Two parallel similes must be here intended, or we lose the best effect of the poetry; and the former comparison seems quite parallel to one of Ben Jonson,—

> How the blew-binde weed doth it selfe infold
> With honey-suckle, and both these intwine
> Themselves with bryonie and jessamine,
> To cast a kinde and odoriferous shade.

"Now the blue *bind-weed* is the blue convolvulus (Gerard, 864), but the calling it *wood-bine* has naturally puzzled both readers and commentators; as it seems to say, that the honeysuckle entwines the honeysuckle. Supposing convolvulus to be meant, all is easy, and a beautiful passage preserved. Another mode of construction makes the woodbine and the honeysuckle the same, by apposition; but then they entwine nothing: and *entwine* is made a neuter verb, most unfortunately both for grammar and poetry. The name of *woodbine* has been applied to several climbing plants, and even to the ivy, as Steevens has shown. In a word, if we would correct the author himself, we should read,—'So doth the *bind-weed* the sweet honeysuckle gently entwine, &c.' Otherwise we must so understand *woodbine*, and be contented with it, as a more poetical word than *bind-weed;* which probably was the feeling that occasioned it to be used."

On the whole, however, I am inclined to accept the original text in its literal sense, presuming that Shakespeare either intended to refer to the plant (woodbine) entwining the flower (honeysuckle), or to the circumstance of the smaller tendrils of this plant twining around the stronger branch. The woodbine thus entwists the honeysuckle, because it twines round itself. Fletcher, in the Lovers' Progress, act iv. sc. 3, says,—"woodbines shall clasp to shew our friendship," that is, clasp each other. So again, with reference to the first suggestion, it may be noticed that in Elyot's Dictionarie, 1559, *Periclymenon* is translated, "an herbe called woodbyne, whiche beareth the honysuckle." The principal notes of the commentators are here added:

Read, *wood rine*, i. e., the honey-suckle entwists the rind or bark of the trees :— "So doth the *wood rine* the sweet honey-suckle gently entwist." In Shakespeare's time, this was the manner of spelling; so Spenser in the Shepherd's Calendar, Eclog. 2.—"But now the gray moss marred his *rine*."—*Upton.*

What does the *woodbine* entwist? The *honey-suckle?* But the *woodbine* and *honey-suckle* were, till now, but two names for one and the same plant. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets Madre Selva by *woodbine* or *honie-suckle.* We must therefore find a support for the *woodbine* as well as for the *ivy;* which is done by reading the lines thus :—"So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle, Gently entwist the *maple;* ivy so Enrings the barky fingers of the elm." The corruption might happen by the first blunderer dropping the *p* in writing the word *maple*, which word thence became *male.* A following transcriber, for the sake of a little sense and measure, thought fit to change this *male* into *female*, and then tacked it as an epithet to *ivy.*—*Warburton.*

A very small alteration merely in the pointing, a comma only after *entwist*, and another after *enrings*, will render any further change unnecessary. For then the construction will be thus, 'So the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle doth gently entwist the barky fingers of the elm, so the female ivy enrings the same fingers.' Where the different manner in which the honeysuckle and the ivy avail themselves of the support of the elm branches is very aptly and naturally expressed by the two different verbs, *entwist*, and *enring*, the former gently and loosely twisting round them, the latter adhering to them with a stricter embrace. —*Heath.*

> And as about a tre with many a twist
> Bitrent and writhin is the swete *wodbinde*,
> Gan eche of hem in armis othir winde.
>
> *Chaucer's Troilus and Creseide*, iii. 1236-8.

What Shakespeare seems to mean, is this—So the woodbine, i. e., the sweet honey-suckle, doth gently entwist the barky fingers of the elm, and so does the female ivy enring the same fingers. It is not unfrequent in the poets, as well as other writers, to explain one word by another which is better known. The reason why Shakespeare thought *woodbine* wanted illustration, perhaps is this. In some counties, by *woodbine* or *woodbind* would have been generally understood the *ivy*, which he had occasion to mention in the very next line. In the following instance from Old Fortunatus, 1600, *woodbind* is used for *ivy:* "And, as the running *wood-bind*, spread her arms, to choak thy with'ring boughs in her embrace." And Baret, in his Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, enforces the same distinction that Shakespeare thought it necessary to make :—"*Woodbin* that beareth the honie-suckle." Were any change necessary, I should not scruple to read the *weedbind*, i. e. similax, a plant that twists round every other that grows in its way. In a very ancient translation of Macer's Herball, practysed by Docter Lynacre, is the following passage: "Caprifolium is an herbe called *woodbynde* or *withwynde;* this groweth in hedges or in woodes, and it wyll beclyp a tre in her growynge, as doth yvye, and hath white flowers."—*Steevens.*

This passage has given rise to various conjectures. It is certain that the *wood-bine* and the *honey-suckle* were sometimes considered as different plants. In one of Taylor's Poems, we have—"The *woodbine*, primrose, and the cowslip fine, the *honisuckle*, and the daffadill." But I think Steevens's interpretation is the true one. The old writers did not always carry the auxiliary verb forward, as Capell seems to suppose by his alteration of *enrings* to *enring.* So Bishop Lowth, in his excellent Introduction to Grammar, p. 126, has without reason corrected a similar passage in our translation of St. Matthew.—*Farmer.*

In Lord Bacon's Natural History, Experiment 496, it is observed that there are two kinds of "*honey-suckles*, both the *woodbine* and *trefoil*," i. e., the first is a *plant* that winds about trees, and the other is a three-leaved *grass*. Perhaps these are meant in Dr. Farmer's quotation. The distinction, however, may serve to shew why Shakespeare and other authors frequently added *woodbine* to *honey-suckle*, when they mean the *plant* and not the *grass*.—*Tollet.*

The interpretation of either Dr. Johnson or Steevens removes all difficulty. The following passage in Sicily and Naples, or the Fatal Union, 1640, in which the honeysuckle is spoken of as the flower, and the woodbine as the plant, adds some support to Dr. Johnson's exposition: "——as fit a gift as this were for a lord,—*a honey-suckle*, the amorous *woodbine's offspring*." But Minsheu, in v. *Woodbinde*, supposes them the same; "alio nomine nobis Anglis *honysuckle* dictus." If Dr. Johnson's explanation be right, there should be no point after *woodbine*, *honey-suckle*, or *enrings*.—*Malone.*

Woodbinde or honisuckle climeth up aloft, having long, slender, woodie stalkes, parted into divers branches: about which stand by certaine distances smooth leaves, set togither by couples one right against another; of a light greene colour above, underneath of a whitish greene. The flowers shew themselves in the tops of the branches many in number, long, white, sweete of smell, hollow within; in one part standing more out, with certaine threds growing out of the middle. The fruite is like to little bunches of grapes, red when they be ripe, wherin is conteined small hard seede. The roote is woodie, and not without strings. The woodbinde groweth in woods and hedges, and upon shrubs and bushes, oftentimes winding it selfe so streight and hard about, that it leaveth his print upon those things so wrapped.—*Gerard's Herbal*, 1597.

In Much Ado about Nothing, honeysuckles are the flowers, as they are spoken of as being "ripen'd by the sun," a mode of expression which is scarcely applicable to the plant; and, in the same scene, the bower covered with the honeysuckles so ripened is termed "the woodbine coverture."

[12] *The female ivy so enrings the barky fingers of the elm.*

Shakespeare calls it *female* ivy, because it always requires some support, which is poetically called its husband. So Milton: "——led the vine to wed *her* elm: she spous'd, about him twines her marriageable arms—."—*Steevens.*

"Ulmo conjuncta marito," Catullus. "Platanusque *cælebs* evincet ulmos," Horace, ap. Steevens.

Though the *ivy* here represents the *female*, there is, notwithstanding, an evident reference in the words *enrings* and *fingers*, to the *ring* of the marriage rite. —*Henley.*

In our ancient marriage ceremony, or rather, perhaps, contract, the woman gave the man a ring, as well as received one from him. To this custom the conduct of Olivia bears sufficient testimony:—"A contract of eternal bond of love, &c., Strengthened by *interchangement of your rings*."—*Steevens.*

[13] *Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool.*

Favours, Fisher's ed. 1600; *savours*, Roberts' ed. 1600, eds. 1623, 1632, 1663. My copy of ed. 1685 distinctly has *favors*, but as this reading has always been stated to belong exclusively to the quarto first mentioned, it is possible that different copies may vary in this particular instance. Titania, observes Mr. Dyce, was seeking flowers for Bottom to wear as *favours:* compare Greene; "These [fair women] with syren-like allurement so entised these quaint squires, that they bestowed all their *flowers* upon them for *favours*," Quip for an Upstart Courtier, ed. 1620. She had, amongst other "favours," gathered the musk-roses she stuck

in Bottom's "sleek smooth head," having previously adorned his temples with a "coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers."

[14] *Like round and orient pearls.*

See note 8, p. 74. *Orient*, sparkling, pellucid, "Bright orient pearl," Poems. "Orient liquor in a crystal glass," Comus.

[15] *Stood now within the pretty flourets' eyes.*

The *eye* of a flower is the technical term for its centre. Thus Milton, in his Lycidas, v. 139: —"Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd *eyes*."—*Steevens.*

[16] *Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.*

In Sampson Agonistes, when Dalilah comes to visit her eyeless husband, she is afraid to approach, and the poet has made her silence most beautifully expressive: the chorus tell Sampson,

> Yet on she moves, now stands, and eyes thee fix'd,
> About t' have spoke, but now with *head declin'd*,
> Like *a fair flow'r surcharg'd* with dew, she *weeps*.—*Dr. Dodd.*

[17] *That he awaking when the other do.*

Such is the reading of the old copies, and such was the phraseology of Shakespeare's age; though the modern editors have departed from it.—So, in King Henry IV. P. I.: "—and unbound the rest, and then came in the *other*." Again, in King Henry IV. P. II.: "For the *other*, Sir John, let me see," &c. So, in the epistle prefixed to Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil, by Thomas Nashe, 4to. 1592: "I hope they will give me leave to think there be fooles of that art, as well as of all *other*."—*Malone.*

[18] *Be, as thou wast wont to be.*

So in eds. 1600, the folios reading, *be thou.* The shorter line appears to be more suitable to the nature of a metrical incantation.

[19] *Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower.*

Or, old eds. Oberon here is disenchanting his Queen, but this was not to be done with Cupid's Flower, which he calls Love-in-Idleness, the juice of which was to cause a doating passion for the object first seen; and he says in the same page, he must take the charm off with another herb, which he may imagine is Dian's Bud. Should we not read, think you:—Dian's bud *o'er* Cupid's flow'r.—*Theobald's Letters.*

Dian's bud is the bud of the *Agnus Castus*, or *Chaste Tree.* Thus, in Macer's Herball, practysed by Doctor Lynacre, translated out of Laten into Englysshe, &c. bl. l. no date: "The vertue of this herbe is, that he wyll kepe man and woman *chaste*," &c. *Cupid's flower*, is the *Viola tricolor*, or *Love in idleness.* —*Steevens.*

Agnus castus is a singular medicine and remedie for such as woulde willingly live chaste, for it withstandeth all uncleannes, or desire to the flesh, consuming and drying up the seede of generation, in what sort soever it be taken, whether in powder only, or the decoction drunke, or whether the leaves be caried about the body; for which cause it was called *Castus*, that is, chaste, cleane, and pure.—*Gerard's Herbal*, 1597.

Mr. Halpin ingeniously suggests there may possibly here be an allusion to Queen Elizabeth, on the similarity of terms with those used in some lines respecting that sovereign by Greene, whose popular drama of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay is wound up with a high-wrought compliment to Elizabeth in the form of a

prophecy of her birth and reign, by Friar Bacon. "I find by deep prescience of mine art," quoth this *ex-post-facto* soothsayer,—

> There here, where Brute did build his Troynovant,
> From forth the royal garden of a king,
> Shall flourish out so rich and fair a *bud*,
> Whose brightness shall deface proud Phœbus flower,
> And overshadow Albion with her leaves.— . . .
> —Apollo's heliotropian then shall stoop,
> And Venus' hyacinth shall veil her top;
> Juno shall shut her gilliflowers up,
> And Pallas' bay shall 'bash her brightest green;
> Ceres' carnation, in consort with those,
> Shall stoop and wonder at *Diana*' *Rose*.

[20] *Robin, take off this head.*

This, eds. 1600; *his*, ed. 1623. These words were frequently misprinted for each other. In the previous line, *his* in Fisher's edition of 1600 is altered to *this* in the other copies; and in the next act, in Hippolyta's speech, "he hath played on his prologue," *his* is printed *this* in eds. 1600.

[21] *Of all these five the sense.*

The old copies read—these *fine;* but this most certainly is corrupt. My emendation needs no justification. The *five* that lay asleep on the stage were Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, Helena, and Bottom.—Dr. Thirlby likewise communicated this very correction.—*Theobald.*

The word *fine* here signifies *mulctare*, and consequently Titania does the very thing Oberon desires. She *fines* or *deprives* them of their sense. "Would musick (says Theobald) that was to strike them into a deeper sleep than ordinary, contribute to *fine* (or *refine*) their senses?"—*Anon.*

The last quoted observations show how very difficult it is to establish the propriety of any emendation to the satisfaction of every mind. Bottom must be presumed to be at some little distance from the other sleepers, and concealed from the observation of Theseus and his train; but, on the whole, the correction here adopted is to be preferred to the above subtle explanation of the original text.

[22] *Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep.*

The stage-direction, *Musick still*, here follows in ed. 1623. *Music still* is nothing more than *Still music:* compare a stage-direction in Beaumont and Fletcher's Triumph of Time (Four Plays in One), where, according to the old eds., the epithet applied to *Trumpets* is put last; "*Jupiter and Mercury descend severally.* Trumpets small *above*." The Music was not intended to commence at all till Oberon had said, "Sound, music!" The stage-direction here, as we frequently find in early editions of plays, was placed prematurely, to warn the musicians to be in readiness.—*The Rev. A. Dyce.*

[23] *And bless it to all fair posterity.*

Far posterity, "to the remotest posterity," Warburton. I can see no reason for altering the common reading,—"and bless it to all fair posterity." The meaning is, and bestow on it the blessing of a fair fortune to all posterity; or, to come nearer the literal construction, and bless it so that the fortunes of all posterity who shall enjoy it may be fair. Thus by this beautiful figure the two parts or branches of the blessing are united and consolidated into one expression; its extent,—to all posterity; and its object,—that all that posterity may be fair, that is, both deserving and fortunate.—*Heath.*

Fisher's edition of 1600 reads *prosperity*. Either reading makes perfect sense. *Prosperity* is sanctioned by Titania's reproach to Oberon in the second act, that he came "to give their bed joy and prosperity." On the other hand, as Mason observes, in the concluding song, where Oberon blesses the nuptial bed, part of his benediction is, that their posterity shall be fair.

Poets may be allow'd the like liberty for describing things which really exist not, if they are founded on popular belief: of this nature are fairies, pigmies, and the extraordinary effects of magick: for 'tis still an imitation, though of other men's fancies: and thus are Shakespeare's Tempest, his Midsummer Night's Dream, and Ben Johnson's Masque of Witches, to be defended.—*Dryden's State of Innocence*, 4to. 1677.

[24] *Then, my queen, in silence sad.*

Sad signifies only *grave, sober;* and is opposed to their dances and revels, which were now ended at the singing of the morning lark. So, in the Winter's Tale, Act IV.: "My father and the gentlemen are in *sad* talk," for *grave* or *serious.*—*Warburton.*

A statute 3 Henry VII. c. xiv. directs certain offences committed in the king's palace, to be tried by twelve *sad* men of the king's houshold.—*Blackstone.*

> Now came *still* evening on, and twilight gray
> Had in her *sober* livery all things clad.
> *Silence* accompany'd.—*Milton.*

That *sad* and *sober* are synonymous words, and so used formerly, is plain from many passages in our author. In Much ado about Nothing,—"This can be no trick, the conference was *sadly* borne." And in Milton, VI. 540,—"He comes, and settled in his face I see *sad* resolution and secure." *Sad*, i. e., sober, sedate. Spenser, in his Fairy Queen, B. I. c. 10. st. 7,—"Right cleanly clad in comely *sad* attire," i. e. sober, grave. And B. 2. c. 2. st. 14,—"A sober *sad* and comely courteous dame."—*Upton.*

The original text is doubtlessly correct, but the following extract may be given as a curious and interesting example of unnecessary emendations:—"Why sad? Fairies, as we imagine, are pleased to trip after the night's shade. For that reason, and for bettering the rhyme a little, I am willing to think it should be—in silence *fade*, i. e. vanish; in which sense our poet perpetually employs this word," Theobald's Letters.

[25] *Trip we after the night's shade.*

So, in the next act,—"Following darkness as a dream."

[26] *For now our observation is perform'd.*

> Ye that in love find lucke and swete abundance,
> And live in lust of youthful jollitie,
> Aryse for shame, do way your sluggardy;
> Aryse, I say, do May some observance.—*Wyatt.*

The period of action is in May. In Twelfth-Night, Olivia observes of Malvolio's seeming frenzy, that it "is a very *Midsummer* madness." That time of the year we may therefore suppose was anciently thought productive of mental vagaries resembling the scheme of Shakespeare's play. To this circumstance it might have owed its title.—*Steevens.*

[27] *My love shall hear the music of my hounds.*

The fondness of Theseus for hunting,—"and namely the grete hert *in May*," —is particularly noted in the Knightes Tale.

[28] *When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear.*

Theobald, in a letter to Warburton, suggested that *bear* was a misprint for *boar*, referring to the Erymathian boar, famous amongst the Herculean labours. The hunting of the bear is, however, mentioned more than once in the Knightes Tale, a piece used by Shakespeare in the composition of the present drama; and also in Venus and Adonis. In the Winter's Tale, observes Malone, Antigonus is destroyed by a bear, who is chased by hunters.

Holinshed, with whose histories our poet was well acquainted, says, "the *beare* is a beast commonlie hunted in the East countrie." See vol. i. p. 206; and in p. 226, he says, "Alexander at vacant time hunted the tiger, the pard, the bore, and the *beare*." Pliny, Plutarch, &c. mention *bear-hunting*. Turberville, in his Book of Hunting, has two chapters on hunting the *bear*. As the persons mentioned by the poet are foreigners of the heroic strain, he might perhaps think it nobler sport for them to hunt the *bear* than the *boar*. Shakespeare must have read the Knight's Tale in Chaucer, wherein are mentioned Theseus's "white alandes (grey-hounds) to huntin at the lyon, or the wild *bere*."—*Tollet.*

The *bear* is no animal of such a warm country as Crete; and, besides, in penning this passage, the poet appears evidently to have had in his eye the *boar* of Thessaly, and to have pick'd up some ideas from the famous description of that hunting.—*Capell.*

Does not the poet forget the truth of fable a little here? Hippolita was just brought into the country of the Amazons by Theseus, and how could she have been in Crete with Hercules and Cadmus?—*Theobald.*

[29] *With hounds of Sparta.*

The hounds of Sparta and Crete are frequently mentioned by the classic writers. "This latter was a hounde of Crete, the other was of Spart," Golding's Ovid. "Tenet ora levis clamosa Molossi, *Spartanos*, Cretasque, ligat," Lucani Phars., iv. 440. See also Ben Jonson's Entertainment at Althrope; Othello, act v.

[30] *Never did I hear such gallant chiding.*

To chide, to make an incessant noise. "I chyde, I multyplye langage with a person, *je tence*," Palsgrave. So, in King Henry VIII.:—"As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood." Again, in Humour out of Breath, a comedy, by John Day, 1608: "—— I take great pride to hear soft musick, and thy shrill voice *chide*." Again, in the 22d chapter of Drayton's Polyolbion: "—— drums and trumpets *chide*." This use of the word was not obsolete in the age of Milton, who says, in his Smectymnuus: "I may one day hope to have ye again in a still time, when there shall be no *chiding*. Not in these noises."—*Steevens.*

> The trees themselves doe fall in love with either,
> As seemes by kissing of their tops together:
> And softly whispring; when some gentle gale
> Chides from the mountaine, through the shady vale.
>
> *Peacham's Period of Mourning*, 1613.

[31] *The skies, the fountains.*

It has been propos'd to me that the author probably wrote *mountains*, from whence an echo rather proceeds than from *fountains:* but as we have the authority of the antients for *lakes*, *rivers*, and *fountains* returning a sound, I have been diffident to disturb the text. To give a few instances, that occur at present.—Virgil's Æneid, xii. vers. 886, Tum verò exoritur clamor, ripæque lacusque responsant circa, et cœlum tonat omne tumultu. Auson. in Mosella, vers. 167, —— adstrepit ollis et rupes, et sylva tremens, et concavus amnis. And again,

vers. 296., —— Resonantia utrimque verba refert, mediis concurrit fluctibus Echo. Propert. lib. i. Eleg. 20. vers. 49.—Cui procul Alcides iterat responsa; sed illi nomen ab extremis fontibus aura refert.—*Theobald.*

[32] *Seem'd all one mutual cry.*

Seem, eds. 1600, 1623; *seem'd*, ed. 1632, and later folios. The first editions may, however, be correct, the present being sometimes used for the past tense.

[33] *I never heard so musical a discord.*

Such a pleasing unity of things discordant: the lady means to express, in musical terms, that the harsh voices of the dogs and hunters, joined with the confused echo, was music.—*B. Strutt.*

[34] *So flew'd, so sanded.*

Flew'd, having large hanging chaps, which in hounds were called *flews*. "When a hound is fleet, faire *flew'd*, and well hangd," Lilly's Midas, 1632. Compare Browne's Britannias Pastorals, iii. 31. Golding uses this word in his translation of Ovid's Metamorphosis, finished in 1567, a book with which Shakespeare appears to have been well acquainted. The poet is describing Actæon's hounds, b. iii. f. 34, ed. 1575. Two of them, like our author's, were of Spartan kind, bred from a Spartan bitch and a Cretan dog:

—— with other twaine, that had a syre of Crete,
And dam of Sparta: tone of them called Jollyboy, a great
And *large-flew'd* hound.—*Warton.*

A true right shaped deep-mouthed hound should have a round thick head, wide nostrils, open and rising upwards, his ears large and thin, hanging lower than his chaps: the *flews* of his upper lips should be longer than those of his neither chaps.—*The Gentleman's Recreation*, 1686.

So marked with small spots.—*Johnson.* *Sanded* means *of a sandy colour*, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound.—*Steevens.* Mr. Collier suggests that *sanded* may be a misprint for *sounded*, but this portion of the speech relates entirely to the appearance of the hounds. The passage is thus imitated in Lee's Theodosius,—

Then through the woods we chac'd the foaming boar,
With hounds that opened like Thessalian bulls;
Like tigers flew'd, and sanded as the shore,
With ears and chests that dash'd the morning dew.

[35] *With ears that sweep away the morning dew.*

So, in Heywood's Brazen Age, 1613, ap. Steevens,—

—— the fierce Thessalian hounds,
With their flag ears, ready to *sweep the dew*
From their moist breasts.

[36] *I wonder of their being here together.*

The modern editors read—I wonder *at*, &c. But changes of this kind ought, I conceive, to be made with great caution; for the writings of our author's contemporaries furnish us with abundant proofs that many modes of speech, which now seem harsh to our ears, were justified by the phraseology of former times. In All's Well that Ends Well, we have:—"—— thou dislik'st *of* virtue, for the name."—*Malone.*

[37] *Saint Valentine is past.*

The allusion to St. Valentine by Theseus is an amusing anachronism, less

disturbing, however, to a reader than many others to be found in these plays. "Most men are of opinion that this day (Valentine's day) every bird doth chuse her mate for that yeare," Wither's Epithalamia, 1633.

Or when you heare the birds call for their mates,
Aske if it be St. Valentine, their coopling day.
The Tragedy of Thierry and Theodoret.

The birds may for a yeare their loves confine,
But make new choyce each Valentine.—*Randolph's Poems*, 1638.

[38] *Where we might be without the peril.*

They intended to leave Athens for some place where they might be beyond (*without*) the perils of the Athenian law. One of the quartos omits *be*, and leaves the sense incomplete.—*Knight.*

[39] *Fair Helena in fancy following me.*

Fancy is here taken for *love* or *affection*, and is opposed to *fury*, as before:—"Sighs and tears, poor *Fancy's* followers." Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in, his *fancy*. *Flower-fancier*, for a florist, and *bird-fancier*, for a lover and feeder of birds, are colloquial words.—*Johnson.*

So, in Barnaby Googe's Cupido Conquered, 1563, ap. Steevens,—

The chyefe of them was Ismenis, whom best Diana lov'd,
And next in place sat Hyale, whom *Fancye* never mov'd.

The noblest nymphes that ever were alive,
The queyntest queenes the force of *fancy* felt.
Turbervile's Tragical Tales.

[40] *Melted as doth the snow.*

The word *doth*, which seems to have been inadvertently omitted, was supplied by Capel. The emendation here made is confirmed by a passage in King Henry V.:—"— as *doth* the melted snow upon the vallies."—*Malone.*

[41] *Ere I saw Hermia.*

Instead of *saw* the old copies read *see*. It is by no means unlikely that the latter is the correct reading, but it is so discordant to modern ears, the usual reading is retained.

[42] *But, like in sickness, did I loath this food.*

"Like *a* sickness," old eds. Demetrius in the beginning of this play is represented as entirely devoted to Helena; but by the charms of fairies he is made to slight his former love, and to be as much enamour'd of Hermia. These charms being removed, he returns to his former mistress, as we learn by his declaration in the above-quoted speech. But the latter part is certainly corrupt; the allusion is plainly to a sick man's appetite being depraved, and therefore loathing that very food which in health he was fond of. We must therefore undoubtedly read,—"But like in sickness did I loath this food;" that is, like as I were in sickness did I loath, &c. This will preserve the allusion, which is otherwise destroyed. Indeed it is little better than nonsense to make Demetrius say, as all the editions have hitherto done, that he loathed the food like as he loathed a sickness; nor can any other construction be put on the passage, as it now stands, but what will be forc'd and unnatural.—*The Student*, 8vo. Oxf. 1750.

[43] *We 'll hold a feast in great solemnity.*

Duke Theseus, with all his cumpany,
Is comin home to Athenes the cité,
With alle bliss, and grete solempnité.—*The Knightes Tale.*

[44] *Come, Hippolyta.*

This is no part of a verse; I suppose the author gave, "Come, my Hipolita," as alter'd by Sir Thomas Hanmer. We have the same beginning of a verse in the first act, scene i.—*Dr. Grey.*

[45] *Mine own, and not mine own.*

Two interpretations may be given to this passage; one, that she has found Demetrius as she would have found a lost jewel, so unexpectedly that she almost doubts whether he is her own; the other, that she has found him as she would have found a jewel, only hers till the owner claims it. The latter explanation is perhaps the most likely to be correct, and it is certainly the more obvious one, but the former solution is supported by Heath, who gives the following paraphrase of the sentence,—"I have found Demetrius, but I feel myself in the same situation as one who, after having long lost a most valuable jewel, recovers it at last, when he least hoped to do so. The joy of this recovery succeeding the despair of ever finding it, together with the strange circumstances which restored it to his hands, make him even doubt whether it be his own or not. He can scarcely be persuaded to believe his good fortune."

It came to me by chance as a jewell that is found, whereof notwithstanding I am not covetous, but part the treasure among my countrymen.—*The Englishman's Doctor*, 1608.

It may be worth observing that the term *jewel* was often used by early writers not merely for a gem or precious stone, but for any piece of jewel-work, or a trinket or ornament worn about the person; sometimes, even, a ring, and constantly a brooch. "A collar, or *jewell*, that women used about their neckes," Baret, 1580, I. 38.

Warburton alters *jewel* to *gemell*, accompanying the new reading with the following remarks,—"Hermia had observed that things appeared *double* to her. Helena replies, *so, methinks;* and then subjoins, that Demetrius was like a *jewel*, her own and not her own. He is here, then, compared to something which had the property of appearing to be one thing when it was another. Not the property, sure, of a jewel; or, if you will, of none but a false one. We should read:—"And I have found Demetrius like a *gemell*, mine own, and not mine own." From *Gemellus*, a *twin*. For Demetrius had that night acted two such different parts, that she could hardly think them both played by one and the same Demetrius; but that there were twin Demetriuses like the two Sosias in the farce. From *Gemellus* comes the French *Gemeau* or *Jumeau*, and in the feminine, *Gemelle* or *Jumelle:* So, in Maçon's translation of the Decameron of Boccace: "Il avoit trois filles plus âgées que les masles, des quelles les deux qui estoient *jumelles* avoient quinze ans," Quatrieme Jour., Nov. 3.—*Warburton.*

The term *gemel* seems occasionally to have been applied generally to a twin, or pair of anything, but Warburton's reasons for admitting it are not conclusive. Drayton speaks of "gemels or couplets." Even if the use of the word in this sense be recognised, observes Heath, "it hath nothing to do in this place. Helena is speaking of the Demetrius she had just now found, not of what had past in the wood, where she had good ground from the preceding circumstances to doubt whether any credit could be given to his professions. But now, at last, when she utters these words, she hath most certainly found him to be her own Demetrius, not a twin-brother of his, whom she might possibly mistake for him by an imposition arising from too perfect a resemblance. Her present hesitation therefore could not with any propriety be compared to that which arises from the near resemblance of twins, but proceeded from a very different sentiment.

Another critic suggests *gimmal*, on the supposition that the author is referring

to the gimmal-ring. "This, it seems, is constructed of double hoops, playing one within another, so that it may either remain like the two links of a chain, or be formed into one ring, with two ornamental hands clasping each other, as a crown to the whole. Such a ring, from a simple *love token*, was at length converted into the more serious *sponsaliorum annulus*, or ring of affiance. The lover putting his finger through one of the hoops, and his mistress her's through the other, were thus symbolically yoked together; a yoke which neither could be said wholly to wear, one half being allotted to the other."

Mine own, and not mine own. Shakespeare is fond of using paradoxical sentences of this description. "A natural perspective, that is and is not," Twelfth Night. "His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear of what he has, and has not," Antony and Cleopatra. "Save of joy, exprest, and not exprest," Merchant of Venice. "And so, though yours, not yours," ibid.

[46] *Are you sure that we are awake?*

These words are found only in eds. 1600. Capell prefixed the word *but*, and Steevens proposed to read—"*But* are you sure that we are *now* awake?"

Quære, if this speech is not the first that Demetrius makes upon the occasion; and whether that which is given to him three speeches before, does not belong to Lysander?—*Capell.*

[47] *The eye of man hath not heard, &c.*

Mistaking words was a source of merriment before Shakespeare's time. Nash, in his Anatomie of Absurditie, 1589, speaks of a "*misterming* clowne in a comedie;" and in Selimus, Emperor of the Turks, 1594, we have this speech put into the mouth of Bullithrumble, a shepherd: "A good nutrimented lad: well, if you will keepe my sheepe truly and honestly, keeping your *hands from lying and slandering*, and your *tongues from picking and stealing*, you shall be maister Bullithrumble's servitures."—*Boswell.*

Compare also the following in the old comedy of Wily Beguiled,—

> I Pegg Pudding, promise thee William Cricket,
> That I'le hold thee for mine own dear lilly,
> While I have a head in mine eye, and a face on my nose,
> A mouth in my tongue, and all that a woman should have,
> From the crown of my foot, to the soal of my head.

So also in Twelfth Night,—"to hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion." This kind of humour was so very common, it is by no means necessary to consider, with some, that Shakespeare intended Bottom to parody Scripture.

[48] *A ballad of this dream.*

The early editions, previously to ed. 1685, have *ballet*, the usual ancient orthography of *ballad*. Cotgrave translates the Fr. *balade*, "a ballet." Both forms were in use in Shakespeare's time, the French spelling being given in Baret's Alvearie, 1580.

[49] *It shall be called Bottom's dream, because it hath no bottom.*

Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher have frequent girds at passages in our author; and I am in doubt whether Beaumont, towards the conclusion of the Beggar's Bush, is not flurting at this place in our poet:—"We have a course;—The Spirit of Bottom is grown bottomless." There is no such character as Bottom in the Beggar's Bush; so that, unless some mystery in cant-language lie hid under the expression, I cannot imagine what it can allude to, if not a raillery on the passage before us.—*Theobald's Letters.*

There may possibly be an allusion to some contemporary ballad. In the Roxburghe collection is one entitled, the Poet's Dream; another, Poor Robin's Dream, &c.

[50] *I will sing it in the latter end of the play.*

A play, old eds. This correction, which was suggested in Ritson's Remarks, 1783, p. 47, seems worthy of adoption.

[51] *I shall sing it at her death.*

Bottom, who commences this speech with his "cue," which is an affectionate address from Thisbe, unquestionably here refers to the death of that character. The comprehensive character, however, of the present work admits the insertion of the following notes:

At *whose* death? In Bottom's speech there is no mention of any she-creature, to whom this relative can be coupled. I make not the least scruple but Bottom, for the sake of a jest, and to render his *voluntary*, as we may call it, the more gracious and extraordinary, said:—I shall sing it *after* death. He, as Pyramus, is kill'd upon the scene; and so might promise to rise again at the conclusion of the interlude, and give the Duke his dream by way of song. The source of the corruption of the text is very obvious. The *f* in *after* being sunk by the vulgar pronunciation, the copyist might write it from the sound,—*a'ter;* which the wise editors not understanding, concluded, two words were erroneously got together; so, splitting them, and clapping in an *h*, produced the present reading—*at her.—Theobald.*

Theobald might have quoted the following passage in the Tempest in support of his emendation,—"This is a very scurvy tune," (says Trinculo,) "for a man to *sing at his funeral.*"—Yet I believe the text is right.—*Malone.*

[52] *Yea, and the best person too.*

We here again differ from all previous editions in giving this speech to Snout, who has otherwise nothing to say, and to whom it is much more appropriate than to Quince, who has been hitherto considered the speaker. Quince, the playwright, manager and ballad-monger, himself corrects the pronunciation of Bottom:—act iii. sc. 1. The next speech by Flute should also, we think, be given to Quince, as the best informed of the party.—*Phelps.*

[53] *A paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.*

Nought, eds. 1600, 1623; *naught*, eds. 1632, 1663, 1685. These words were anciently spelt with license one for the other, but the humour of Flute's speech is lost if the older reading be retained. "She was *nought* of her body," that is, *naught*, More's History of Richard III. "A trifle or *thing of naught*, of none effect, *recilla*," Withals' Dictionarie, 1608, p. 268. "One told me, of thy body thou wert *nought*," Harington's Most Elegant and Wittie Epigrams, 1633. In the work by Mill, below quoted, in one instance it is printed *nought*, "a thing of *nought*." The exclamation, *God bless us*, used by Flute, is sufficient to prove the correctness of the reading here adopted. There is a play upon the words *nought* and *naught* in Richard III.

A bawd may set up with little worth, or a thing of naught, and many times her lucke is so fortunate, that she will extract out of sinne and wickednesse, good money, good cloathes, good meat, and almost good any thing, but good conscience. —*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

He is too cautelous ere to be caught
With an unnaturall, or *thing of naught.*
Lenton's Innes of Court Anagrammatist, 1634.

A crosse-way grave, according to the lawes,
Is made for her; and thither she is brought
And tumbled in, just like *a thing of naught.*
Mill's Night Search, 1640.

[54] *We had all been made men.*

"When men have gotten wealth, they are said to be *made*," marg. note, p. 209, Humours Heav'n on Earth, 1605. "She 's a wench was born to *make* us all," Ram Alley, or Merrie Tricks, 1611. "I am well, safe, in good case, a *made* man for ever, if this be true," Terence in English, 1614. "Some of his trade wee have already, and if we had him also, wee were made," Newes out of Islington. "When it was divulged, and some people blamed her for it, she constantly replied, that she had no kindred; if I proved kind, and a good husband, she would *make me a man;* if I proved otherwise, she only undid herself," Lilly's Life and Times, p. 29. "I'm a made man for ever; teach me to contain my joy," Estcourt's Fair Example, 1706, p. 37. The phrase continued very long in use, an instance of it occurring in the modern chap-book history of Ally Croker.

Your godly herte wolde not have wilde beastes increase, and menne decaie: grounde so enclosed up, that your people shoulde lacke foode and sustinaunce: one man, by shuttyng in of fieldes and pastures, to be made, and an hundred therby to be destroyed.—*Eliotes Dictionarie*, 1559.

What a wretchednes is it, by such steps to clime to a counterfetted happines? So to be made for ever, is to be utterly undone for ever: So for a man to save himselfe, is to venture his own damnation; like those that laboring by all meanes to escape shipwrack, do afterwards desperatly drown themselves.—*Decker's Seven Deadly Sinnes*, 1606.

We're *made*, my boys, we're *made;* me thinks I am
Growing into a thing that will be worship'd.
Cartwright's Ordinary, 1651.

Fit. No: I mean to give him my maid, and a hundred pounds with her, besides all she has about her.—*How.* I am *made* for ever, I thank your languishing ladyship.—*Brome's Northern Lass.*

I have a warrant from the king,
To take him where I can;
If you can tell me where he is,
I will make you a man.
Ballad of Robin Hood and the Jolly Tinker.

[55] *O sweet bully Bottom!*

Although the application of the words is very different, it seems probable that Heywood had the present comedy in his mind when penning the following passage:—

Nothing, as they say, but a congratulation for our first acquaintance. I have it here, old *bully bottom!* I have it here.—*Heywood's Royall King*, 1637.

[56] *He could not have scaped sixpence a-day.*

Scaped, avoided getting. "I scape or slyppe thorow a narowe place, *je me elapse*," Palsgrave, 1530. It is here merely a slight metaphorical variation of *escape*, and is noticed solely on account of Dr. Grey suggesting to read, *scraped.*

[57] *Sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.*

For Pyramus? Shakespeare has already ridiculed the title-page of Cambyses, by Thomas Preston; and here he seems to allude to him, or some other person who, like him, had been pensioned for his dramatic abilities. Preston acted a part in John Ritwise's play of Dido before Queen Elizabeth at Cambridge, in 1564; and the Queen was so well pleased, that she bestowed on him a pension of *twenty* pounds a year, which is little more than a shilling a day.—*Steevens.*

[58] *Good strings to your beards.*

That is, observes Malone, to prevent the false beards, which they were to wear, from falling off.

[59] *Our play is preferred.*

Preferred, that is, offered for approval. The play has not yet been selected by Theseus for representation, and the term is therefore not used in its present sense. Theobald unnecessarily proposed to read *proffered*, but *preferred* is of frequent occurrence in the sense above given. "In th'end, Dame Fortune, fickle dame, preferres this doting amorous impe unto his ladyes sight," Historie of Violenta and Didaco, 1576. "Let my master have some feeling of yours, and heele preferre your suit," Day's Ile of Gulls, 1633. "The dutchess, to avoid the duke's jealousie, preferr'd him to the Prince," Erminia, 1661.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—Athens. *An Apartment in the Palace of* Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Hip. 'T is strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.
The. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antic fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,[1]
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:[2]
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is the madman:[3] the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:[4]
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,[5]
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown,[6] the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,

It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear![7]

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.[9]

Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment[10] have you for this evening?
What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief,[11] how many sports are rife;[12]
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper, which* THESEUS *hands to* LYSANDER *to read.*

Lys. [*Reads.*] "The battle with the Centaurs,[13] to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."[14]

The. We 'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

Lys. "The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,[15]
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

The. That is an old device, and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

Lys. "The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."

The. That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

Lys. "A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe ;[16] very tragical mirth."
The. Merry and tragical ![17] Tedious and brief !
That is hot ice, and wondrous strange snow.[18]
How shall we find the concord of this discord ?
Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long ;
Which is as brief as I have known a play ;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious : for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is,
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water ; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.
The. What are they that do play it ?
Philost. Hard-handed men,[19] that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now ;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories[20]
With this same play, against your nuptial.
The. And we will hear it.
Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you ; I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,—
Unless you can find sport in their intents,[21]
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,[22]
To do you service.
The. I will hear that play ;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.[23]
Go, bring them in : and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.
Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.
The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.
The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake :[24]
And what poor duty cannot do,[25]
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.[26]
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed[27]
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;

Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the Prologue is addrest.[28]
The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*[29]

Enter PROLOGUE.

Prol. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider, then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,[30]
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed, he hath play'd on his prologue like a child on a recorder;[31] a sound, but not in government.[32]

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?[33]

Enter PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, *and* LION, *as in dumb show.*

Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.[34]
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisbe is, certaine.[35]
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder:
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine: for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb,[36] there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which by name Lion hight,[37]
The trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,[38]
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain:[39]
Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;[40]
And, Thisbe tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt* Prologue, THISBE, LION, *and* MOONSHINE.

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude, it doth befal,
That I, one Snout by name,[41] present a wall:
And such a wall as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is,[42] right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition[43] that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack!
I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall! O sweet, O lovely wall,[44]
That stands between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall! O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.

[WALL *holds up his fingers.*

Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisbe do I see.
O wicked wall,[45] through whom I see no bliss;
Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Bot. No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving me" is Thisbe's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.[46]
Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisbe's face.
Thisbe!
This. My love! thou art my love, I think.
Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And like Limander am I trusty still.
This. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.
Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.[47]
This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.
Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.
This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?
This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay!
Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

[*Exeunt* WALL, PYRAMUS, *and* THISBE.

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.[48]

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.[49]

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.[50]

Enter LION *and* MOONSHINE.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:[51]
For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 't were pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present.

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present;[52]
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.[53]

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest! The man should be put into the lantern: how is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff.[54]

Hip. I am weary of this moon: would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man i' the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern, for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?
Lion. Oh— [*The* LION *roars.* THISBE *runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace. [*The* LION *tears* THISBE'S *mantle, and exit.*

The. Well moused, lion.[55]

Dem. And then came Pyramus.[56]

Lys. And so the lion vanish'd.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,[57]
I trust to taste of truest Thisbe's sight.
But stay;—O spite!
But mark,—poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What! stain'd with blood?
Approach, ye furies fell![58]
O fates! come, come;
Cut thread and thrum;[59]
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell![60]

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,[61] would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vild hath here deflour'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop:—[62]
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus!
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light![63]
Moon, take thy flight!
Now die, die, die, die, die! [*Dies.—Exit* MOONSHINE.

Dem. No die, but an ace,[64] for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.[65]

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance,[66] which Pyramus, which

Thisbe, is the better; he for a man,[67] God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us!

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans,[68] *videlicet.*

This. Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak! Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,[69]
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.[70]
O sisters three,[71]
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,[72]
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
And farewell, friends;
Thus Thisbe ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.[73] [*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask[74] dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead,[75] there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd Pyramus, and hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter,[76] it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Bergomask let your epilogue alone. [*Here a dance of* Clowns.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed: 't is almost fairy time.
I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night.[77]—Sweet friends, to bed.—

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Hall of the Palace.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,[78]
And the wolf behowls the moon;[79]
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.[80]
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:[81]
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,[82]
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,[83]
To sweep the dust behind the door.[84]

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with their Train.*

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,[85]
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;[86]
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.
Tita. First, rehearse this song by rote:
To each word a warbling note;
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.
[*They dance and sing.*

Obe. Now, until the break of day,[87]
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be:[88]
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip,[89] nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious,[90] such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,[91]
Every fairy take his gait:[92]
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace;
Ever shall in safety rest,[93]
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away;
Make no stay:
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, *and Train.*

EPILOGUE.

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this,—and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck[94]
Now to scape the serpent's tongue,[95]
We will make amends ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all!
Give me your hands,[96] if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

Notes to the Fifth Act.

[1] *Lovers and madmen have such seething brains.*

Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, speaking of drunkards, says,—"they drown their wits, and *seeth their brains*, in ale." The expression, *boil'd brains*, occurs in the Tempest and in the Winter's Tale. *Seethe*, to boil, to bubble, is scarcely yet obsolete. "Like to the boiling of a seething pot," old ballad.

> ———Our boyling phantasies
> Like troubled waters falsifie the shapes
> Of things retain'd in them; and make 'em seeme
> Confounded, when they are distinguish'd.—*The Atheist's Tragedie.*

[2] *Are of imagination all compact.*

Compact, made up. "Now art thou Nature's glory and delight, compact of every heavenly excellence," Lilly's Woman in the Moone, 1597.

> Faire Alexandra, if thou love not me,
> Thou art *compact* of adamant and yron.
> *The Warres of Cyrus King of Persia*, 1594.

> And therewithal he call'd false Sinon forth,
> A man *compact* of craft and perjury.
> *Dido Queen of Carthage*, 1594.

> Her warbling notes scarce equall halfe the skill
> That is *compact* within a cuckoe's bill.—*Pasquil's Night Cap*, 1612.

But if bloud be greatly *compact* together in that part which Phlegmone hath caught and taken up, you must not apply any longer re-percussive remedies, as we said before, but then it is convenient to use those which can digest.—*Barrough's Method of Physick*, 1624.

> And like a football cram the vaulty skies,
> Because earth, aire, nor sea cannot suffice

The greatnesse of thy fame, thy booke, and thee,
All three in one, and one *compact* of three.
Taylor's Workes, 1630.

[3] *That is, the madman; the lover, all as frantic.*

Such is the reading of all the old copies; instead of which, the modern editors have given us:—"the madman: *while* the lover," &c.—*Steevens.*

[4] *Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.*

By "a brow of Egypt," Shakespeare means no more than the *brow of a gypsey*. So much for some ingenious modern's ideal Cleopatra.—*Steevens.*

[5] *The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling.*

This seems to have been imitated by Drayton in his Epistle to J. Reynolds on Poets and Poetry: describing Marlowe, he says:

——that *fine madness* still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a *poet's* brain.—*Malone.*

[6] *Bodies forth the forms of things unknown.*

That is, as imagination brings forth from her womb strange and unnatural forms of things, the poet, in his inspiration, turns them to shapes well known, and thus gives to airy nothing a name and a certain acknowledged residence: there is an evident distinction made between the unknown infinite forms of things, *bodied forth* by the imagination, and the forms of things known: *turns* has the force of *alters;* and I think, after the word *shapes, familiar* or *known* is implied. See Hamlet, Act iv, "may fit us to our shape:" shape here is *character.—B. Strutt.*

[7] *How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?*

Is the road fair? we loyter; clogg'd with mire?
We stick or else retire:
A lamb appears a lion; and we fear,
Each *bush we see's a bear.—Quarles.*

[8] *And grows to something of great constancy.*

That is, grows to something consistent and real, but (yet, nevertheless) strange and wonderful.—*B. Strutt.*

[9] *Call Philostrate.*

In the folio, 1623, it is, "Call *Egeus*," and nearly all the speeches afterwards spoken by Philostrate, except that beginning, "No, my noble lord," &c., are there given to that character. But the modern editions, from the quarto 1600, have rightly given them to Philostrate, who appears in the first scene as master of the revels to Theseus, and is there sent out on a similar kind of errand. In the Knightes Tale of Chaucer, Arcite, under the name of *Philostrate*, is squire of the chamber to Theseus.—*Steevens.*

[10] *What abridgment have you for this evening?*

Mr. Knight explains this,—"what *short thing* have you, of play, or mask, or music?"

[11] *There is a brief.*

For *there* it has been suggested we should read *here.* A brief, that is, an abstract, a short account or enumeration. "Give me the brief of your subject," Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub.

[12] *How many sports are rife.*

Ripe, Fisher's ed. 1600; *rife*, other eds. *Rife*, in the sense of, common, abounding, prevalent, is of continual occurrence. Theobald, however, prefers the first reading, observing,—"one of the old quartos which I have, printed in 1600, reads, "how many sports are *ripe;*" and so I think we ought to correct it; i. e. here is the list of all the entertainments that are (*ripe* or) *ready* to be performed before your grace." The term *rife* is still preserved in use in the provinces, Grose explaining *rife of tongue*, quick and nimble of tongue. "Agues grow wonderfull rife both here and everywhere," letter dated 1625 in MS. Harl. 389.

> The foole-hardie flies now most redie or *rife*
> To cum with the first, shall feele the taste so tough.
> *Heywood's Spider and Flie*, 1556.

> To the jentil reder harti salutacions,
> Desiring thee to knoe Baldwins straunge faschions;
> And if in aunsering I appere sum what quick,
> Thinke it not without cause: his taunts be *rive* and thick.
> *A short Answere to Beware the Cat*, n. d.

> The Earle did well allow his words, and would have liv'd his life,
> Durst he have stayd, for whom pursute in every place was *rife:*
> He reconventing armes therefore, and taken prisnor so,
> Died to his countries friends a friend, and to her foes a foe.—*Warner.*

Ripe is the reading of Fisher's quarto. *Rife*, however, is a word used both by Sidney and Spenser. It means *abounding*, but is now almost obsolete. Thus, in the Arcadia, lib. ii.:—"A shop of shame, a booke where blots be *rife*." Again, in Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse, 1579: "—you shall find the theatres of the one, and the abuses of the other, to be *rife* among us."—*Steevens.*

> Partie per pale, a papist variant,
> Variant in showe and counterchangde in lyfe,
> One while papist, another protestant,
> Taking the strongest part in every strife:
> I feare such ambodexters are to *rife*,
> Who, for to keepe their estimation,
> Resemble apes in imitation.
> *MS. in Canterbury Cathedral*, A. xiv.

Which shamefull abuses, and others greater than these, neglected by continual dissimuling and connivencie, grew so *rife* and common, without all stint and gage, that even Epimenides himselfe of Crete, if, after the fashion of fables acted on the stage, he should be raised from the dead againe, and returne into our world, would not be sufficient alone to clense Rome.—*Ammianus Marcellinus*, 1609.

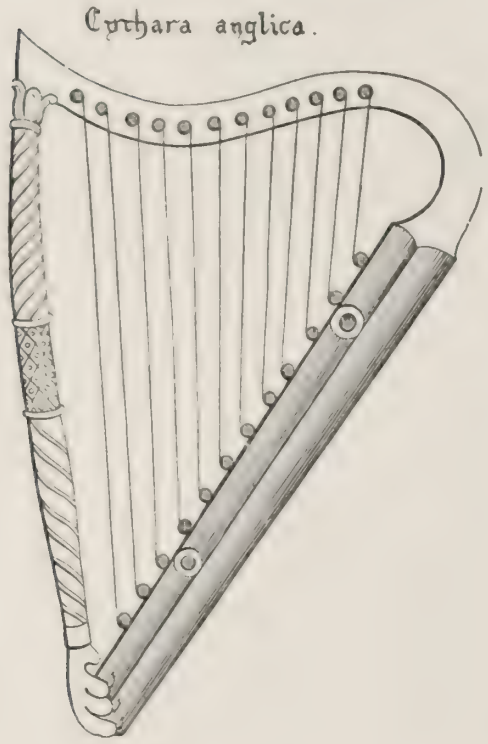
He could not choose but greatly wonder and marvel how and by what evil luck it should so come to pass, that thieves nevertheless were in every place so *rife* and so rank.—*More's Utopia.*

[13] *The battle with the Centaurs.*

"In the quartos, *Theseus* reads the brief, and makes the remarks upon each item;—in the folio, *Lysander* reads the list: the lines are generally printed as in the quartos: but the division of so long a passage is clearly better, and is perfectly natural and proper," C. Knight. It may also be observed, that the dignity of the monarch is better sustained by this arrangement.

[14] *By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.*

The accompanying representation of an ancient harp is taken from the manuscript of St. Blaise of the ninth century, and is believed to be the most ancient figure of this instrument known to exist, with the exception of course of the sculptured representations of it discovered on some of the Egyptian monuments. It is, however, a singular circumstance that it is not found in any of the known relics of the ancient Greeks, so that the poet has probably unwittingly fallen into an anachronism. The instrument here engraved, mounted with twelve strings, and pierced with two sounding holes, is remarkable, as M. Didron observes, for the simplicity and elegance of its form. The superscription, *cythara Anglica*, would appear to show that it was a specimen of the harp anciently in use amongst the Anglo-Saxons, so that, on the whole, it would be difficult to select a specimen more interesting to the student. It may be mentioned that Fortunatus alludes to the harp as peculiarly appertaining to the Germanic tribes, —"Romanusque lyra, plaudat tibi barbarus harpa;" and again,—"Sola sæpe bombicans barbaros leudos harpa relidebat."



[15] *The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals.*

An allusion to the story of Orpheus, who was said to have been torn in pieces by women, at the time of sacrificing to Bacchus, because, out of sorrow for the loss of his wife, he abandoned the company of all other women.—*Grey.*

[16] *Young Pyramus, and his love Thisbe.*

The story of Pyramus and Thisbe was very familiar to an Elizabethan audience, not merely in translations of Ovid, but as having been told in prose and verse by numerous English writers of the sixteenth century. It is related in the Boke of the Cyté of Ladies, 4to. 1521; and in a very rare poetical work, La Conusaunce d'Amours, printed by Pynson. William Griffith, in 1562-3, obtained a "lycense for pryntinge of a boke intituled Perymus and Thesbye," published in quarto for T. Hackett. The history of Pyramus and Thisby, "truly translated," is given in the Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions, 1578, and in A Handefull of Pleasant Delites by Clement Robinson, 1584, there is "a new sonet of Pyramus and Thisbie." Dunston Gale, in 1596, wrote a poem called Pyramus and Thisbe, the earliest known printed edition of which appeared in 1617. There is no allusion whatever to A Midsummer Night's Dream. A copy of a later edition (viz. 1626, sometimes found with Greene's Arbasto) is in Malone's Collection. The story is also told in the Silkewormes and their Flies, by T. M., 4to. Lond. 1599, in verse; and in Topsell's Historie of Foure-Footed Beasts, 1607, p. 472.

See also an allusion in Westward Hoe, 1607. One of Cowley's earliest efforts was a poem on this subject.

It would appear from a passage in Gayton's Notes upon Don Quixote, 1654, p. 16, that there was an old popular chap-book history of Pyramus and Thisbe, it being mentioned in company with the Unfortunate Lover, and Argalus and Parthenia. Compare also the following extract from Dame Dobson or the Cunning Woman, 1684,—"You are in the right, I have read some such thing in Pyramus, and the Seven Champions, and Valentine and Orson."

The versions of the story used by Shakespeare, as far as can be gathered from a few coincidences of expression, were probably Chaucer's Legende of Thisbe of Babilon and the tale as related in Golding's translation of Ovid, 1567. The latter is here annexed:

Within the towne (of whose huge walles so monstrous high and thicke,
The fame is given Semiramis for making them of bricke.)
Dwelt hard together two young folke in houses joynde so nere,
That under all one roofe well nie both twaine convayed were.
The name of him was Pyramus, and Thisbe called was she;
So faire a man in all the East was none alive as he,
Nor nere a woman, mayde, nor wife, in beautie like to her.
This neigh-brod bred acquaintance first, this neigh-brod first did ster
The secret sparkes: this neigh-brod first an entrance in did show
For love, to come to that to which it afterward did grow.
And if that right had taken place, they had beene man and wife;
But still their parents went about to let which (for their life)
They could not let. For both their hearts with equal flame did burne;
No man was privie to their thoughts. And for to serve their turne,
Instead of talke they used signes: the closlier they suppresst
The fire of love, the fiercer still it raged in their brest.
The wall that parted house from house had riven therein a cranie,
Which shroonke at making of the wall: this fault not markt of anie
Of many hundred yeeres before (what doth not love espie?)
These lovers first of all found out, and made a way whereby
To talke together secretly, and through the same did go
Their loving whisprings very light and safely to and fro.
Now, as at one side Pyramus, and Thisbe on the tother,
Stood often drawing one of them the pleasant breath from other:
O thou envious wall (they sayed), why letst thou lovers thus;
What matter were it if that thou permitted both of us
In armes each other to embrace: or if thou think that this
Were over-much, yet mightest thou at least make roome to kisse.
And yet thou shalt not finde us churles: we thinke our selves in det,
For the same piece of curtesie, in vouching safe to let
Our sayings to our friendly eares thus freely come and go.
Thus having where they stood in vaine complained of their wo,
When night drew neare they bad adue, and ech gave kisses sweete,
Unto the parget on their side the which did never meete.
Next morning with her cheerefull light had driven the starres aside,
And Phœbus with his burning beames the dewie grasse had dride,
These lovers at their wonted place by fore-appointment met,
Where, after much complaint and mone they covenanted to get
Away from such as watched them, and in the evening late
To steale out of their father's house, and eke the citie gate.

And to th'intent that in the fields they strayd not up and downe,
They did agree at Ninus Tombe to meet without the towne,
And tary underneath a tree that by the same did grow:
Which was a faire high mulberie with fruite as white as snow,
Hard by a coole and trickling spring. This bargaine pleased them both.
And so day-light (which to their thought away but slowly goth)
Did in the ocian fall to rest, and night from thence did rise.
As soone as darkenesse once was come, straight Thisbe did devise
A shift to winde her out of doores, that none that were within
Perceived her: and muffling her with clothes about her chin,
That no man might discerne her face, to Ninus Tombe she came
Unto the tree: and set her downe there underneath the same.
Love made her bold. But see the chance; there comes besmerde with blood,
About the chappes, a lyonesse all foming from the wood,
From slaughter lately made of kine, to staunch her bloody thirst
With water of the foresaid spring. Whom Thisbe spying first,
Afarre by moone-light, thereupon with fearfull steps gan flie,
And in a darke and yrkesome cave did hide herselfe thereby.
And as she fled away for haste she let her mantle fall,
The which for feare she left behinde not looking backe at all.
Now when the cruell lyonesse her thirst had staunched well,
In going to the wood she found the slender weede that fell
From Thisbe, which with bloodie teeth in peeces she did teare:
The night was somewhat further spent ere Pyramus came there,
Who seeing in the suttle sand the print of lyon's paw,
Waxt pale for feare. But when also the bloodie cloke he saw
All rent and torne: one night (he sayed) shall lovers two confound,
Of which long life deserved she of all that live on ground;
My soule deserves of this mischaunce the perill for to beare.
I, wretch, have been the death of thee, which to this place of feare
Did cause thee in the night to come, and came not there before.
My wicked lims and wretched guts, with cruell teeth therefore,
Devoure ye, O ye lyons all, that in this rocke doe dwell.
But cowards use to wish for death. The slender weede that fell
From Thisbe up he takes, and straight doth beare it to the tree,
Which was appointed erst the place of meeting for to bee.
And when he had bewept, and kist the garment which he knew,
Receive thou my blood too (quoth he); and therewithall he drew
His sword, the which among his guts he thrust, and by and bie
Did draw it from the bleeding wound, beginning for to die,
And cast himselfe upon his backe; the blood did spinne on hie,
As when a conduite pipe is crackt, the water bursting out
Doth shote it selfe a great way off, and pierse the ayre about,
The leaves that were upon the tree besprinkled with his blood,
Were died black. The roote also bestained as it stood,
A deepe dark purple colour straight upon the berries cast.
Anon scarce ridded of her feare with which she was agast,
For doubt of disapoynting him comes Thisbe forth in hast,
And for her lover lookes about, rejoycing for to tell
How hardly she had scapt that night the danger that befell.
And as she knew right well the place and facion of the tree,
(As which she saw so late before:) even so when she did see

The colour of the berries turn'd, she was uncertaine whither
It were the tree at which they both agreed to meet togither.
While in this doubtfull stound she stood, she cast her eye aside,
And there beweltred in his blood hir lover she espide,
Lie sprawling with his dying lims: at which she started backe,
And looked pale as any box, a shuddring through her stracke,
Even like the sea which suddenly with whissing noyse doth move,
When with a little blast of wind it is but toucht above.
But when approching nearer him she knew it was her love,
She beate her brest, she shriked out, she tare her golden heares,
And taking him betweene her armes did wash his woundes with teares.
She meynd her weeping with his blood, and kissing all his face,
(Which now became as cold as yse) she cryde in wofull case,
Alas, what chaunce my Pyramus hath parted thee and mee!
Make answere, O my Pyramus; it is thy Thisb. even shee
Whom thou doost love most hartily, that speaketh unto thee,
Give eare and raise thy heavie head. He hearing Thisbes name,
Lift up his dying eyes, and having seene her, closd the same.
But when she knew her mantle there, and saw his scaberd lie
Without the sworde: Unhappy man, thy love hath made thee die:
Thy love (she said) hath made thee slea thyselfe. This hand of mine
Is strong inough to doe the like. My love no lesse than thine
Shall give me force to worke my wound, I will pursue thee dead,
And wretched woman as I am, it shall of me be sed
That like as of thy death I was the onely cause and blame,
So am I thy companion eke and partner in the same.
For death which onely could alas! asunder part us twaine,
Shall never so dissever us but we will meete againe.
And you the parents of us both, most wretched folke alive,
Let this request that I shall make in both our names belive,
Intreate you to permit, that we whom chaste and stedfast love,
And whom even death hath joyned in one, may as it doth behove
In one grave be together layd. And thou, unhappie tree,
Which shouldest now the corse of one, and shalt anon through mee
Shroude two, of this same slaughter hold the sicker sinnes for ay,
Blacke be the colour of thy fruite and mourning like alway,
Such as the murder of us twaine may evermore bewray.
This said, she tooke the sword yet warme with slaughter of her love,
And setting it beneath her brest did to the heart it shove.
Her prayer with the Gods and with their parents tooke effect,
For when the fruite is thoroughly ripe, the berrie is bespect
With colour tending to a blacke. And that which after fire
Remained, rested in one tombe, as Thisbe did desire.

[17] *Merry and tragical?*

In ridicule of the absurd titles of some of our ancient dramas, such as the "lamentable Tragedy, mixed ful of pleasant mirth, conteyning the Life of Cambises, king of Persia." Ben Jonson notices something of the same kind in his Bartholomew Fair,—"the ancient modern History of Hero and Leander," of course satirically. Lupton's All for Money, 1578, is called a "pitiful comedy" on the title-page, and a "pleasant tragedy" in the prologue.

A *tragicall comedie*, that is a comedie in part, a tragedie in part, mixed with mirth and mourning.—*Withals' Dictionarie*, ed. 1608, p. 223.

Fer. Ciphers make numbers; what playes have you?—*Al.* Five or six, my Lord.—*Fer.* It's well, so many already.—*Soto.* We are promist a very merry tragedy, if all hit right, of Cobby Nobby.—*Fer.* So, so, a merry tragedy, there is a way which the Italians, and the Frenchmen use; that is, on a word given, or some slight plot, the actors will extempore fashion out sceans neat and witty.—*The Spanish Gipsie.*

[18] *That is hot ice, and wondrous strange snow.*

In other words, ice and snow, wonderous hot and wonderous strange; or hot ice, and strange snow as wonderful. This kind of metaphor was common, and was probably derived from Proverbs, xxvi. 1, "as snow in summer, &c." "Like winter rose, and summer ice," Southwell, 1590. "What man would not wonder to see fire struck out of yce?" Old Meg of Herefordshire, 1609. "Henries frosty fire," Drayton's Poems, ed. 1630, p. 348. "There is warme snow, I see," Shirley's Arcadia, 1640, said of an old man's love.

A variety of unnecessary emendations of this line have been offered. Warburton proposes,—"That is, hot ice, a wonderous strange show." Hanmer alters *strange* to, *scorching;* the Perkins MS. to, *seething;* and Monck Mason to, *strong.* Upton is of opinion that, "the verse, as well as the sense, leads us to the true reading,—That is hot ice, and wondrous strange black snow," a reading adopted by Capell. "The truth is, miraculous ice and miraculous snow were to be expressed, the ice was said to be *hot*, and an epithet appropriate and sufficiently forcible not being at hand, the quality of the snow was given under a more general character, it was *wonderous strange* snow," Seymour.

> Johnson hath writ things lasting, and divine,
> Yet his love-scenes, Fletcher, compar'd to thine,
> Are cold and frosty, and exprest love so,
> As heat with ice, or warm fires mix'd with snow.
>
> *Cartwright's Poems*, 1651, p. 272.

[19] *Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here.*

What mechanicall *hard-handed* Vulcanist (seeing the dice of Fortune run so sweetly, and resolving to strike whilst the iron is hote) but perswaded himselfe to be master or head-warden of the company, ere halfe a yeare went about?—*Decker's Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603.

[20] *Their unbreath'd memories.*

> But being trencher-fed, the weather hot,
> Themselvs *unbreath'd*, to hunting used not.
>
> *Scots Philomythie*, 1616.

[21] *Unless you can find sport in their intents.*

By *intents* is plainly meant the design or scheme of the piece intended for representation; the conceit of which being far-fetched or improbable, it might be with propriety enough called *extremely stretched.* As to this scheme or design being *conn'd* (if any objection be made to the supposition of its having been written, *penn'd*) it is no wonder such players as these are represented to be, such a crew of patches, rude mechanicals, should *con* their several parts with cruel pain.—*Kenrick.*

[22] *And conn'd with cruel pain.*

In the Mad Lover, Chilax, a veteran officer, is supposed to carry on an intrigue with a priestess of Venus, in whose temple he received a severe blow from a clap of thunder, which, as he expresses it, "gave him on the buttocks a *cruel*, a huge

bang."—"Had not my intentions been honest," he adds,—"I had paid for't else too. I'm *monstrous* holy now, and *cruel* fearful." This passage is not only remarkable for its vulgarity, but for its containing, in the same line, a peculiar phrase in modern use, both by the great vulgar and the small. *Cruel*, among the Devonshire peasantry, is synonymous with *monstrous* in fashionable circles. The person, whom the latter would denominate monstrous handsome, monstrous kind, or monstrous good tempered; the other will style, with equal propriety, cruel handsome, cruel kind, and cruel good tempered. The word, however, was formerly in more general use to signify any thing in a superlative degree. This meaning is frequently annexed to it in Fletcher's plays; but the most singular circumstance relative to the word is, its having the same signification in a foreign language, that it now bears in a provincial dialect of our own; and its receiving in a translation, not improperly, though it may be presumed undesignedly, the correspondent phrase of genteel vulgarity. In Andrews' Ancient and Modern Anecdotes, a Duchess of Orleans' letter is quoted, p. 391, in which she acknowledges herself to be *cruellement laide*, monstrous ugly.—*Anon.*

It is, however, possible that the word *cruel*, in the text, may merely imply that the pain inflicted by the getting up their parts, was a self-imposed cruelty perpetrated on themselves.

[23] *When simpleness and duty tender it.*

Ben Jonson in Cynthia's Revels has employed this sentiment of humanity on the same occasion, when Cynthia is preparing to see a masque:

> Nothing which duty and desire to please,
> Bears written in the forehead, comes amiss.—*Steevens.*

[24] *To take what they mistake.*

That is, to accept their blunders in good part, and for what they are intended.

[25] *And what poor duty cannot do.*

Theobald, wishing to correct the defective metre, reads, *willing duty;* and Seymour makes rhyme by adding *aright* at the end of the line. These kind of additions cannot be too rigorously rejected. Another editor proposes to read,—"and what poor duty *would, but* cannot do."

[26] *Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.*

This is explained by Heath,—"And whatever failure there may be in the performance attempted by poor willing duty, the regard of a noble mind accepts it in proportion to the ability, not to the real merit;" or, as Kenrick observes,—"not as an act of ability, though not of merit, as Dr. Johnson says; but as an act of merit, though not of ability: thus in consequence of its inability, taking the will for the deed; viz. accepting the best in its *might* to do, for the best that might be done; rating the merit of the deed itself at nothing, agreeable to the first line of Theseus's speech,—The kinder we to give them thanks for *nothing*." Dr. Johnson seems to have refined too much in proposing a new reading. "The sense of this passage," he says, "as it now stands, if it has any sense, is this:—What the inability of duty cannot perform, regardful generosity receives as an act of ability, though not of merit. The contrary is rather true:—What dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardful generosity receives as having the merit, though not the power, of complete performance. We should therefore read:—"And what poor duty cannot do,—Noble respect takes not in might, but merit."

[27] *Where I have come, great clerks have purposed.*

In 1575, when Queen Elizabeth visited Kenilworth, and was entertained with every sport which either the refinement or rusticity of the times could furnish, among those of the latter kind,—" certain good harted men of Coventree understanding how carefull his honour [the Earl of Leicester] waz that by all pleazaunt recreations her Hignes might best fynd her self wellcom—made petition that they mought renue their old storial shew." As the whole country for many miles round no doubt flocked to see the queen and her magnificent entertainment, nothing can, I think, be more probable than that young Shakespeare, then in the twelfth year of his age, was taken there by some of his relations. If this were the case, we may easily suppose how much his native genius for the stage would rivet his attention to the Coventry play, and how soon his quick perception of the ludicrous would enable him to discern the absurdities of these " good harted men," who are probably the " hard handed men that work in Athens here," introduced in the Midsummer-Night's Dream to act before Theseus. This is only conjecture: but it is scarcely so, with regard to the present passage, in which Shakespeare alludes to what happened, I think, at Warwick; where the recorder, being to address the Queen, was so confounded by the dignity of her presence, as to be unable to proceed with his speech. I think it was in Nichols' Progresses of Queen Elizabeth that I read this circumstance, and I have also read that her Majesty was very well pleased when such a thing happened. It was therefore a very delicate way of flattering her, to introduce it as Shakespeare has done here.—*Blakeway.*

[28] *The Prologue is addrest.*

Addrest, that is, ready, Fr. The last trace of the old stage costume was in the person who delivered the prologue being habited in a long black velvet cloak, and who usually entered after the trumpet had sounded thrice. In Reed's Shakspeare, iii. 120, are some notices upon this subject, and in the Four Prentises of London, 1615, the author, Thomas Heywood, introduces a dialogue as a prologue. The stage direction is " enter three in blacke clokes at three doores," and the first gives the following description of his character,—" What meane you, my maisters, to appeare thus before your times? Doe you not know that I am the Prologue? Do you not see this long black velvet cloke upon my backe? Have you not sounded thrice? Do I not looke pale as fearing to bee out in my speech? Nay, have I not all the signes of a Prologue about me? Then to what end come you to interrupt mee?" At what time this practice discontinued is uncertain: I should conjecture it was not followed upon the revival of theatrical exhibitions after the Restoration. In the preface to the Mysteries of Love and Eloquence, or the Arts of Wooing and Complementing, it is said, " When playes were at their height, prologues were so in fashion at the court, and so desired on the stage, that without them the audience could not be pleased, so that the best poets were forced to satisfie the greedy expectation of the multitude that gaped and yawned for such set and starcht speeches to be gravely delivered to their worships by the man in the long cloak with the coloured beard."—*Brit. Bibl.*

The annexed engraving of the interior of a theatre, with an actor delivering the prologue, the spectators in the pit, is taken from a woodcut in the Antigone of G. P. Trapolini, printed at Padua, 1581. This print may be either supposed to exhibit a view of the interior of a particular theatre, or of the Italian theatre in general in the sixteenth century.

[29] *Flourish of trumpets.*

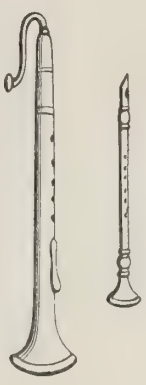
It appears from the Guls Hornbook, by Decker, 1609, that the prologue was anciently ushered in by trumpets,—"Present not yourselfe on the stage (especially at a new play) until the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cullor in his cheekes, and is ready to give the *trumpets* their cue that hee's upon point to enter."—*Steevens.* The speaker of the prologue immediately entered after the third sounding of the trumpet, or as we should now say, after the third musick, and, in this sense only, was ushered in by trumpets.—*Malone.*

[30] *As minding to content you.*

Written after the killing of a hart, at eleven of the clock, *minding*, with God's grace, to-morrow, mighty timely, to kill an other, by the hand which, I trust, shortly shall be yours.—*Letter of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn.*

[31] *Like a child on a recorder.*

There is required some sensible difference in the proportion of creating a note, towards the sound itselfe, which is the passive: and that it bee not too neare, but at a distance. For in a recorder, the three uppermost holes yeeld one tone; which is a note lower than the tone of the first three: and the like (no doubt) is required in the winding or stopping of strings.—*Bacon's Naturall Historie*, ed. 1631.



The figures of recorders, and flutes, and pipes, are straight; but the recorder hath a lesse bore, and a greater, above, and below.—*Ibid.*

Recorders were wind-instruments of different sizes and tones, usually played in sets of six. The engraving (selected by Mr. Fairholt) represents the base and treble instruments, and is copied from a copper-plate inserted in the title-page of Thesaurus Musica, 1693, which represents a group of Cupids playing and singing. See further observations on recorders in the notes to Hamlet. *A recorder*, eds. 1600, 1623; *the recorder*, ed. 1632.

[32] *A sound, but not in government.*

That is, not regularly, according to the tune.—*Steevens.* Hamlet, speaking of a *recorder*, says:—"*Govern* these ventages with your fingers and thumb; give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music."—This explains the meaning of *government* in this passage.—*M. Mason.*

[33] *Who is next?*

So in eds. 1600, 1623; *the next*, ed. 1632. In the folio of 1623 is the following stage-direction,—"Tawyer with a Trumpet before them," taken no doubt from the prompter's book, Tawyer being apparently a proper name.

[34] *But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.*

This line is quoted, with a slight variation, in Beaumont and Fletcher, ed. Dyce, iii. 494,—"And wonder on, till time make all things plain."

[35] *This beauteous lady Thisbe is, certaine.*

A burlesque was here intended on the frequent recurrence of *certain* as a bungling rhyme in poetry more ancient than the age of Shakespeare. Thus in a

short poem entitled, A lytell Treatise called the Dysputacyon or the Complaynte of the Herte through perced with the Lokynge of the Eye, Imprynted at London in Flete-strete at the Sygne of the Sonne by Wynkyn de Worde:—

And houndes syxescore and mo *certayne*—
To whome my thought gan to strayne *certayne*—
Whan I had fyrst syght of her *certayne*—
In all honoure she hath no pere *certayne*—
To loke upon a fayre Lady *certayne*—
As moch as is in me I am contente *certayne*—
They made there both two theyr promysse *certayne*—
All armed with margaretes *certayne*—
Towardes Venus when they sholde go *certayne*, &c.

Again, in the MS. romance of the Sowdon of Babyloyne:

He saide the xij. peres bene alle dede,
And ye spende your good in vayne,
And therefore doth nowe by my rede,
Ye shall see them no more *certeyn*. . . .
The kinge turned him ageyn,
And alle his ooste him with,
Towarde Mountribble *certeyne*, &c.—*Steevens.*

[36] *To meet at Ninus' tomb.*

So, in Chaucer's Legend of Thisbe of Babylon, ap. Steevens,—

Thei settin markes ther metingis should be,
There king Ninus was graven undir a tre.

[37] *This grisly beast, which by name lion hight.*

"This grizy beast, which Lyon hight by name," ed. 1623. As all the other parts of this speech are in *alternate* rhyme, excepting that it closes with a *couplet;* and as no rhyme is left to *name*, we must conclude, either a verse is slipt out, which cannot now be retrieved; or, by a transposition of the words, as I have placed them, the poet intended a *triplet.—Theobald.*

Hight, in the English, signifies—*is called.*—I think it more probable that a line, following the words—*by night*, has been lost; that however being now irrecoverable, Theobald's conjecture has been accepted.—*Malone.*

[38] *And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall.*

Thus all the old copies. The modern editors read—"she *let* fall," unnecessarily. *To fall* in this instance is a verb active. So, in the Tempest,—"And when I rear my hand, do you the like, to *fall* it on Gonzalo."—*Steevens.*

Compare Chaucer's Thisbe of Babylon,—"And, *as she ran*, her *wimple* she let fall," &c. Again, Golding, in his version of Ovid's Metamorphosis, has a similar line:—"And *as she fled* away for haste, she let her *mantle* fall."—*Ibid.*

Thus, while she staies for Pyramus,
There did proceed
Out of the wood a lion fierce,
Made Thisbie dreed:
And, as in haste she fled awaie,
Her mantle fine
The lion tare, in stead of praie;
Till that the time
That Pyramus proceeded thus,
And see how lion tare
The mantle this, of Thisbie his,
He desperately doth fare.

Robinson's Handefull of Pleasant Delites, 1584.

[39] *And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain.*

The epithet *trusty*, which occurs in eds. 1600, is accidentally omitted in ed. 1623, and the editor of the second folio, observing that a dissyllable had been left out, arbitrarily supplies it with the word *gentle.*

[40] *He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.*

Ye have another manner of composing your metre nothing commendable, specially if it be too much used, and is when our maker takes too much delight to fill his verse with wordes beginning all with a letter, as an English rimer that said: —"The deadly droppes of darke disdaine, do daily drench my due desartes." And as the monke we spake of before wrote a whole poeme to the honor of Carolus Calvus, every word in his verse beginning with C.—*Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie*, 1589. The following is taken from Steevens:—

Alliteration is thus ridiculed by Sidney, in his Astrophel and Stella, 15:

> You that do Dictionaries' method bring
> Into your *r*imes, *r*unning in *r*attling *r*owes.

But it seems to have reached the height of its fashion in the reign of Henry VIII. The following stanza is quoted from a poem on the Fall and evil Success of Rebellion, written in 1537, by Wilfride Holme:

> Loe, leprous lurdeins, lubricke in loquacitie,
> Vah, vaporous villeins, with venim vulnerate,
> Proh, prating parenticides, plexious to pinnositie,
> Fie, frantike fabulators, furibund, and fatuate,
> Out, oblatrant, oblict, obstacle, and obsecate.
> Ah addict algoes, in acerbitie acclamant,
> Magnall in mischief, malicious to mugilate,
> Repriving your Roy so renowned and radiant.

In Tusser's Husbandry, p. 104, there is a poem of which every word begins with a T; and in the old play entitled, the Historie of the Two valiant Knights, Syr Clyomon Knight of the Golden Sheeld, Sonne to the King of Denmark, and Clamydes the White Knight, Son to the King of Suavia, 1599, is another remarkable instance of alliteration:

> Bringing my bark to Denmark here, to bide the bitter broyle
> And beating blowes of billows high, &c.

[41] *One Snout by name.*

Snout is the reading of the folio editions. The quartos, by an evident error, have *Flute*.

[42] *And this the cranny is.*

The "cranny" is mentioned in Golding's translation of Ovid, previously quoted; it is a "clifte" in the Legende of Thisbe of Babylone. The annexed representation of Pyramus and Thisbe making use of these means of communication is curious as being copied from a Dutch drama on the subject, in my possession, printed at Amsterdam in 1640,—Trevr- Spel van Piramus en Thisbe, 4to. The names of the characters are,—Piramus; Thisbe; Thisbes vader; Philido, vrient Piramy; Juliana, Thisbes ghespeel; Nescio; Echo, niet verthoonende. The author, in his preface, refers to Ovid, but the mere existence of an early foreign play on the subject is a singular fact, well worthy of being recorded in these annotations. It had appeared at least as early as 1635.

[43] *The wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse.*

Demetrius is represented as a punster: I believe the passage should be read: This is the wittiest *partition*, that ever I heard *in discourse*,—alluding to the many stupid *partitions* in the argumentative writings of the time. Shakespeare himself, as well as his contemporaries, uses *discourse* for *reasoning;* and he here avails himself of the double sense; as he had done before in the word *partition.*—*Dr. Farmer.*

[44] *And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall.*

So in eds. 1600; "thou sweet and lovely wall," ed. 1623. The repetition of the vocative case is of frequent occurrence in Elizabethan writers. Thus Gascoigne, in his translation of the Jocasta of Euripides, 1566, paraphrases this brief sentence of the original,—"O mother, O wife most wretched," into,—

> O wife, O mother, O both wofull names,
> O wofull mother, and O wofull wyfe!
> O woulde to God, alas! O woulde to God,
> Thou nere had bene my mother, nor my wyfe!

Compare, also, the following:—

> Oh! Love, sweet Love, oh! high and heavenly Love,
> The only line that leades to happy life.
>
> *Breton's Pilgrimage to Paradise*, 1592.

[45] *O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss.*

> Thus would thei saine, alas! thou wicked wal,
> Thorough thine envie thou us lettist al.
>
> *Chaucer's Legende of Thisbe of Babylon.*

[46] *Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.*

So in the folios, the quartos reading, *knit now again.* Mortar made of lime mixed with hair was formerly in much more common use than it is at the present day. It is now used only in coarse plastering.

These things thus placed all about your vessel and elsewhere must be passing close plastered with good *lime and hair*, that no air come up from the vault.—*An Anatomy of the Metamorphosed Ajax*, 1596.

[47] *Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.*

Limander and Helen are spoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris.—*Johnson.* Procris and Cephalus, written by Henry Chute, was entered on the Stationers' books by John Wolf, in 1593, and probably published in the same year. It was a poem, but not dramatick, as has been suggested.—*Malone.* Chute's poem is alluded to in Nash's Have with You to Saffron Walden, 1596.

Limander stands evidently for Leander, but how came *Helen* to be coupled with him? Might it not have originally been wrote *Heren*, which is as ridiculous a corruption of Hero, as the other is of her lover.—*Blackstone.*

[48] *Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.*

"Now is the moon used," eds. 1600; "now is the morall downe," ed. 1623. Theobald suggested *mure all*, and afterwards printed *mural.* Shakespeare uses *mure*, for *wall*, in Henry IV., so that it may be,—"now is the *mure all* down between the two neighbours." *Mural* is properly an adjective.

> Theare Geron with his brothers twaine the citie did beset,
> And scornefully advance themselves as men not to be met.

Providing therefore *murall* workes, they threaten hot assault:
Whilest Hercules contrarie warres unto his souldiers taught.
Warner's Albions England, book ii. chap. 8.

[49] *When walls are so wilful to hear without warning.*

Warburton incorrectly alters *hear* to *rear;* and Heath thinks it possible the right word may be *disappear.* Pyramus and Thisbe having met and spied each other through the crevice, for which purpose only the wall was introduced, their interview is no sooner over than the actor who played the *wall*, apparently without waiting for his cue, as nobody speaks to him, and he speaks to no person in the drama, says,—"Thus have I, *wall*, my part discharged so; and, being done, thus *wall* away doth go." On which Theseus observes again,—"Now is the mural down between the two neighbours." To which Demetrius answers,—"No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful, to hear without warning," that is, so wilful as to take their cue before it be given them.—*Kenrick.*

This alludes to the proverb, *walls* have *ears.* A *wall* between almost any *two neighbours* would soon be *down*, were it to exercise this faculty without previous *warning.—Farmer.*

[50] *Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.*

Theobald reads—a *moon* and a lion, and the emendation was adopted by the subsequent editors; but, I think, without necessity. The conceit is furnished by the person who represents the lion, and enters covered with the hide of that beast; and Theseus only means to say that the *man* who represented the moon, and came in at the same time, with a lantern in his hand, and a bush of thorns at his back, was as much a beast as he who performed the part of the lion.—*Malone.*

Dr. Farmer suggests that *man* may be an error for *mooncalf*, but there does not appear to be any reason or necessity for such an alteration.

[51] *A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam.*

The construction of this line is somewhat peculiar, but Snug means to say,—"I am neither a lion fell, nor in any respect a lion's dam," that is, I am neither a lion nor a lioness. The conjunction *nor* frequently admitted of *neither* being previously understood, and two negatives often merely strengthened the negation. Mason unnecessarily suggested to read, "*no* lion fell, nor else *a* lion's dam;" and Barron Field very ingeniously avoided the grammatical difficulty by the addition of a single letter, *a lion's fell*, that is, a lion's skin. The present speech in all probability suggested the following address to King James at Linlithgow in 1617, the original MS. of which was discovered by Mr. Lemon in the State-Paper Office:—

A moveing engine, representing a fountaine, and running wine, came to the gate of the towne, in the midst of which was a lyon, and in the lyon a man, who delivered this learned speech to his majestie,—

Most royall sir, heere I doe you beseech,
Who are a lyon, to hear a lyon's speech:
A miracle; for since the dayes of Æsop,
Till ours, noe lyon yet his voice did hois-up
To such a Majestie. Then, King of Men,
The king of beasts speaks to thee from his denn,
A fountaine nowe. That lyon, which was ledd
By Androdus through Roome, had not a head
More rationall then this, bredd in this nation,
Whoe in thy presence warbleth this oration.

For though he heer inclosed bee in plaister,
When he was free he was this townes school-master.
This well you see, is not that Arethusa,
The Nymph of Sicile: Noe, men may carous a
Health of the plump Lyæus, noblest grapes,
From these faire conduits, and turne drunk like apes.
This second spring I keep, as did that dragon
Hesperian apples. And nowe, sir, a plague on
This your poore towne, if to't you bee not welcome!
But whoe can doubt of this, when, loe! a well come
Is nowe unto the gate? I would say more,
But words now failing, dare not, least I roare.

[52] *This lantern doth the horned moon present.*

The speaker, in the height of burlesque, is made to misapprehend the exact meaning of a "horned moon," and is here referring to the materials of the lantern, the sides of that article being formerly almost always made of horn. Horn lanterns are still in use, especially by grooms, but the general employment of horn as a material for them has gone out of fashion. "Sir, you see your wrongs shine through the horne, as candles in the eve, to light out others," History of the two Maids of Moreclacke, 1609. The accompanying engraving of a watchman's lantern of the time of Shakespeare, is copied from an early woodcut in the editor's possession.

[53] *Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be.*

Although the legend of the Man in the Moon is perhaps one of the most singular and popular superstitions known, yet it is almost impossible to discover early materials for a connected account of its progress, nor have the researches of former writers been extended to this curious subject. It is very probable that the natural appearance of the moon, and those delineations on its disc which modern philosophers have considered to belong to the geographical divisions of that body, may originally have suggested the similarity vulgarly supposed to exist between these outlines and a man "pycchynde stake." In fact, it is hardly possible to account for the universality of the legend by any other conjecture; and it may perhaps be considered a general rule, when a fable of this nature is found to be popular both at the same time and under similar forms, in countries widely separated from each other, that some natural phenomenon common to all places was the true origin of the myth. With regard to the legend now under consideration, little more can be done beyond furnishing the reader with proofs of its existence at various periods.

Alexander Necham, a writer of the twelfth century, in commenting upon the appearances in the moon, thus alludes to the vulgar belief, in a passage indicated by Hudson Turner,—"Nonne novisti quid vulgus vocat rusticum in luna portantem spinas, unde quidam vulgariter loquens ait:

"Rusticus in luna quem sarcina deprimet una
Monstrat per spinas nulli prodesse rapinas."

The curious domestic seal above engraved, discovered by Mr. Turner, is affixed

to a deed dated 1335, and represents a man standing in a half-moon, accompanied by his dog, and bearing a bundle of sticks, the legend being,—*Te Waltere docebo cur spinas Phœbo gero.* A manuscript of about the same period, preserved in the British Museum (MS. Harl. 2253), contains thefollowing exceedingly curious early English poem on the Man in the Moon,—

Mon in the mone stond and strit,
  On his bot forke is burthen he bereth,
Hit is muche wonder that he na doun slyt,
  For doute leste he valle he shoddreth ant shereth.
When the forst freseth muche chele he byd,
  The thornes beth kene, is hattren to-tereth;
Nis no wytht in the world that wot wen he syt,
  Ne, bote hit bue the hegge, whet wedes he wereth.
Whider trowe this mon ha the wey take,
  He hath set is o fot is other to-foren,
For non hithte that he hath ne sytht me hym ner shake,
  He is the sloweste mon that ever wes y-boren.
Wher he were o the feld pycchynde stake,
  For hope of ys thornes to dutten is doren,
He mot myd is twybyl other trous make,
  Other al is dayes werk ther were y-loren.
This ilke mon upon heh when er he were,
  Wher he were y the mone boren ant y-fed,
He leneth on is forke ase a grey frere,
  This crokede caynard sore he is adred.
Hit is mony day go that he was here,
  Ichot of is ernde he nath nout y-sped,
He hath hewe sumwher a burthen of brere,
  Tharefore sum hayward hath taken ys wed.
ȝef thy wed ys y-take bring hom the trous,
  Sete forth thyn other fot, stryd over sty,
We shule preye the haywart hom to ur hous,
  Ant maken hym at heyse for the maystry;
Drynke to hym deorly of fol god bous,
  Ant oure dame douse shall sitten hym by;
When that he is dronke ase a dreynt mous,
  Thenne we shule borewe the wed ate bayly.
This mon hereth me nout, thah ich to hym crye,
  Ichot the cherl is def, the del hym to-drawe,
Thah ich ȝeȝe upon heth nulle nout hye,
  The lostlase ladde con nout o lawe.
Hupe forth, Hubert, hosede pye,
  Ichot thart a-marstled into the mawe;
Thah me teone with hym that myn teh mye,
  The cherld nul nout adoun er the day dawe.

Grimm, Deutsche Mythologie, p. 412, asserts that there are three legends connected with the Man in the Moon; the first, that this personage was Isaac carrying a bundle of sticks for his own sacrifice; the second, that he was Cain; and the other, which is taken from the history of the sabbath-breaker, as related in the Book of Numbers. Chaucer, in Troilus and Creseide, i. 147, refers to "the chorle" in the moon, and in the poem, entitled the Testament of Creseide, printed in Chaucer's works, there is an allusion to the same legend:—

Next after him come lady Cynthia,
The laste of al, and swiftest in her sphere,
Of colour blake, buskid with hornis twa,
And in the night she listith best t' apere,
Hawe as the leed, of colour nothing clere,
For al the light she borowed at her brother
Titan, for of herselfe she hath non other.
Her gite was gray and ful of spottis blake,
And on her brest a chorle painted ful even,
Bering a bushe of thornis on his bake,
Whiche for his theft might clime no ner the heven.

The Italians of the thirteenth century imagined the Man in the Moon to be Cain, who is going to sacrifice to the Lord, thorns—the most wretched production of the ground. Dante refers to this in the twentieth canto of the Inferno :—

——chè già tiene 'l confine
D'amenduo gli emisperi, e tocca l'onda
Sotto Sibilia, Caino e le spine.

and in the Paradiso, ii. 49. On the former passage, observes F. C. B., there is the following gloss in the commentary of Jacopo dalla Lana, published at Venice in 1476, under the pseudonyme of Benvenuto da Imola :—"Dice che Chayno elle spine cio e la luna ; perche fabulose si dice che Chayno figliuo Dadam e nella luna con uno fascio di spine in spalla Simile a quello chel portava nel mondo a fare sul monte sacrificio a dio." And Costa's note on the latter is as follows,—"Cioè, danno occasione al volgo di favoleggiare che nella luna sia Caino con una forcate di spine."

From Manningham's Diary (MS. Harl. 5353) we learn that among the devises at Whitehall, in 1601, was "the man in the moone with thornes on his backe, looking downeward." Ben Jonson, in one of his Masques, fol. ed. p. 41, expressly alludes to the man in the moon having been introduced upon the English stage,—"*Fac.* Where? which is he? I must see his dog at his girdle, and the bush of thornes at his backe, ere I beleeve it.—1 *Her.* Doe not trouble your faith then, for if that bush of thornes should prove a goodly grove of okes, in what case were you, and your expectation.—2 *Her.* Those are stale ensignes o' the stages, man i'th moone, deliverd downe to you by musty antiquitie, and are of as doubtfull credit as the makers." Middleton also refers to this mythological personage,—"as soon as he comes down, and the bush left at his back, Ralph is the dog behind him."

No, indeed, sir, I'le hazard no more upon your next yeares Almanack. You say there's a man in the moone drinkes claret; keepe him company. The woman at the moone will keepe her ale for better customers.—*A Presentation intended for the Prince his Highnesse*, &c.

The goose that guarded Rome with sensles gagling,
Is here implor'd t'assist the ganders stragling:
A pen made of her quill would lift thee soone,
As high as is the *thorn-bush in the moone*. . . .
To thee alone in tropes sophisticall,
These lines are writ in speeches mysticall.
The *moones own man* that bears the bush of thorn,
May rue the time that e'r thy selfe wast borne.

Taylor's Workes, 1630.

The bearer hereof hath no other errand, but to know how you do in the

countrey, and this paper is his credentiall letter; therfore I pray hasten his dispatch, and if you please send him back like the *man in the moon*, with a basket of your fruit on his back.—*Howell's Familiar Letters*, 1650.

Look where he sits, like the man in the moon with his bundle of sticks at his back, peeping into the heavens as if he were acquainted there; when, in my conscience, he is as great a stranger there as I am.—*The French Conjurer*, 1678.

Gryph, in his *Absurda Comica*, entitled *Herr Peter Squentz*, has copied Shakespeare's idea of introducing a person to represent Moonshine. Bully Bottom is transformed to "Meister Bulla Butäin," and he plays "die wand." Peter Squentz, or Peter Quince, refers at once to Ovid's Metamorphoses:—

Kr. Was wollen wir aber vor eine tröstliche Comœdi tragiren?

Sq. Von Piramus und Thisbe.

Kl. Das ist übermassen trefflich, man Kan allerhand schöne Lehre Trost und Vermahnung drausz nehmen, aber das ärgeste ist, ich weisz die Historie noch nicht, geliebt es nicht E. Herrligkeit dieselbte zu erzehlen.

Sq. Gar gerne. Der heil. alte Kirchen-Lehrer Ovidius schreibet in seinem schönen buch *Memorium phosis*, das Piramus die Thisbe zu einem Brunnen bestellet habe, inmittelst sey ein abscheulicher heszlicher Löwe Kommen, vor welchem sie aus Furcht entlauffen, und ihren Mantel hinterlassen, darauff der Löwe Jungen auszgehecket; als er aber weggegangen, findet Piramus die bluttige Schaube, und meinet der Löwe habe Thisben gefressen, darumb ersticht er sich aus Verzweiffelung, Thisbe Kommet wieder und findet Piramum todt, derowegen ersticht sie sich ihm zu Trotz.

Pick. Und stirbet?

Sq. Und stirbet.

Pick. Das ist tröstlich, es wird übermassen schön zu sehen seyn: aber saget Herr Peter Squentz? Hat der Löwe auch viel zu reden?

Sq. Nein, der Löwe musz nur brüllen.

Pick. Ey so wil ich der Löwe seyn, denn ich lerne nicht gerne viel auszwendig.

Sq. Ey nein! Monsieur Pickelhering musz ein Hauptperson *agiren*.

Pick. Habe ich denn Kopff genug zu einer Hauptperson.

Sq. Ja freylich. Weil aber vornemlich ein tapfferer ernsthaffter nud ansehnlicher Mann erfordert wird zum *Prologo* und *Epilogo*, so wil ich dieselbe auff mich nehmen, und der Vorreder und Nachreder des Spiles, das ist, Anfang und das Ende seyn.

Quince remarks that Pyramus and Thisbe, "as the story goes, did meet by moonlight." Gryph puts the same into the mouth of Herr Peter Squentz, with another allusion to Ovid's Metamorphoses, or, as Squenk miscalls it, *Memorium phosis*. A calendar is then referred to, and the same ingenious methods of solving the difficulty proposed, as in the Midsummer Night's Dream.

[54] *You see, it is already in snuff.*

A play upon words, to be "in snuff" being a very common old phrase signifying, to be angry.

> What, master Hypocrisie, will you take snuffe so soone?
> Marry, then you had neede to be kept very warme.
> *The Conflict of Conscience, by N. Woodes*, 1581.

I spake it but in myrth, but since your snuffe is so soon lighted, let it quench againe.—*The Famous Historye of Captaine Thomas Stukeley*, 1605.

Sir, said Fido, if I should extract the best counsell I coulde, being disswasive from your tobacko-taking, you would take it *in snuffe*, custome hath so strongly

combined you thereunto, that it were too indissoluble a knot for me to untye.—*The Man in the Moone*, 1609.

> In sport they give you many a pleasant cuffe,
> Yet no mans lines but mine you take *in snuffe*.
> *Taylor's Workes*, 1630.
>
> If any nose take this *in snuffe*,
> And think it more then is enough;
> We answer them, we did not fear,
> Nor think such noses had been here.—*Wit Restor'd*, 1658.

[55] *Well moused, lion.*

"If foxes *mouse* them," Tusser's Husbandry, p. 114, the writer speaking of sheep and lambs. This verb is used again by Shakespeare in two instances, and there is no necessity for Mason's proposed alteration to *mouthed*. "But let's alone; I warrant you I'le towze and *mowze* them too," Marriage Broker, 1662.

[56] *And then came Pyramus.*

This passage, according to an emendation of the old copies by Dr. Farmer, is always printed—"And *so comes* Pyramus,—and *then the moon vanishes*." Farmer makes the correction, because, in this mock-play, the moon vanishes after Pyramus dies. But Demetrius and Lysander do not profess to have any knowledge of the play; it is Philostrate who has heard it over. They are thinking of the classical story; and, like Hamlet, they are each a good chorus.—*C. Knight.*

I have here restored the text of the folio; Dr. Farmer's alteration of the last line, *and so the moon vanishes*, cannot be right, for the very first lines of Pyramus on entering eulogise its beams, and his last words are addressed to it as present. —*Rev. W. Harness.*

[57] *For by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams.*

Beams, eds. 1600, 1623; *streams*, ed. 1632. The alliteration supports an ingenious conjecture of Mr. Knight, who suggests we may read *gleams*. The term *stream* is continually used in the sense of a ray of light, as in the examples below given, which are taken from Mr. Dyce. The two preceding epithets are used together by other writers. "The garments gay, the glittring golden gite," Devises of Sundrie Gentlemen, p. 306. "To show her glittering golden haire," Fulwood's Enemie of Idleness.

> And with his *stremes* drieth in the greves
> The silver dropes, hanging on the leves.
> *Chaucer's Knightes Tale*, v. 1495, ed. Tyrwhitt.
>
> For with the *stremes* of her eyen clere
> I am wounded even to the hert.
> *Lydgate's Temple of Glas*, sig. b. iii. ed. 4to., n. d.
>
> Awake anone and loke upon the light
> Of thylke sterre, that with her lemys bryght,
> And wyth the shynyng of his *stremes* merye
> Is wont to glade al our emysperye.
> *Lydgate's Lyfe of our Lady*, st. 1. Caxton's ed. n. d.
>
> Which erst so glistned with the *golden streames*,
> That chearfull Phœbus spred downe from his sphere.
> *The Mirour for Magistrates*, ed. 1587, fol. 206.

So by her faire and bright resplendant beames,
She cheeres the world by her most radiant gleames.
The Newe Metamorphosis, MS. temp. Jac. I.

[58] *Approach, ye furies fell!*

Somewhat like this our poet might possibly have recollected in, A lytell Treatyse cleped La Conusaunce d'Amours, printed by Richard Pynson, no date:

O ye moost cruell and rabbyshe lions fell,
Come nowe and teare the corps of Pyramus!
Ye savage beestes that in these rockes dwell,
If blode to you be so delicious,
Come and gnawe my wretched body dolorous!
And on the kerchef with face pale and tryst,
He loked ofte, and it right swetely kist.—*Steevens.*

[59] *Cut thread and thrum.*

Thread and thrum, an expression borrowed from weaving, the *thread* being the substance of the warp; the *thrum*, the small tuft beyond, where it is tied. Hence, metaphorically, the good and bad together.—*Nares.*

So, in Hannibal and Scipio, 1637:—"—no rough pelt of *thrums*, to fight with weather." Again, in Chapman's translation of the 16th Iliad:—"And tapestries all golden fring'd, and curl'd with *thrums* behind."—*Steevens.*

Thou who wilt not love, doe this,
Learne of me what woman is,
Something made of *thred and thrumme*,
A meere botch of all and some.—*Herrick's Poems*, p. 84.

Translations are like the wrong side of a Turkey carpet, which useth to be full of *thrums* and knots, and nothing so even as the right side.—*Howell's Letters.*

Life is compared to a thrum in some verses in an early MS. miscellany, and in a line in Freeman's Rubbe and a Great Cast, 4to. 1614.

[60] *Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!*

Quell, to murder, to destroy, to kill. "With stonys her to quell," Coventry Mysteries.

[61] *This passion, and the death of a dear friend.*

The humor of this consists in coupling the ridiculous fustian of the clown's assumed passion, with an event which would, in itself, make a man look sad. The corrector extinguishes the fun at once, by reading,—"This passion *on* the death of a dear friend," &c. And, incomprehensible as it is, Mr. Collier sustains him by saying that the observation of Theseus "has particular reference to the 'passion' of Pyramus on the fate of Thisbe."—*R. G. White.*

[62] *Where heart doth hop.*

Lest our author should seem chargeable with an inefficient rhyme, it ought to be remembered that the broad pronunciation, now almost peculiar to the Scotch, was anciently current in England. Throughout the old copies of Shakespeare's plays, *tattered* is always spelt *tottered; pap* therefore was sounded, *pop*. The context reminds us of a passage in the seventh Satire of Juvenal:—"—*læva* in parte *mamillæ* nil *salit*—."—*Steevens.*

[63] *Tongue, lose thy light!*

Although Bottom is a great blunderer, the present error of *tongue* for *sun*

appears too absurd to be humorous, and it may well be questioned whether it be not a misprint.

[64] *No die, but an ace, for him.*

The wit of these gentlemen halts now and then; as other good wits may do, at times: to make even a lame conundrum of this, you are to suppose that die implies, two; as if it came from *duo.*—*Capell.*

[65] *He might yet recover, and prove an ass.*

In a poem by W. Browne, the author of Britannia's Pastorals, preserved in MS. Lansd. 777, is an account of a person whose skull was broken in the attempt to part a fray,—

> People came in and raised him from his swound;
> A chirurgion then was call'd to search the wound,
> Who op'ning it, more to endeare his paynes,
> Cryde, out, alas! looke, you may see his braynes:
> Nay, quoth the wounded man, I tell you free,
> Good Mr. Surgeon, that can never bee,
> For I should nere have medled with this brall,
> If I had had but any braynes at all.

[66] *A mote will turn the balance.*

The old editions have *moth*, the ancient orthography of *mote.*

[67] *He for a man, &c.*

This passage is taken from the quartos. It was omitted in the folio, 1623, possibly on account of the statute against using the name of the Creator on the stage, 1 Jac. I. ch. 21, which had not passed when the original editions were printed.—*J. P. Collier.*

[68] *And thus she moans.*

The old copies concur in reading—*means;* which Theobald changed into—*moans;* and the next speech of Thisbe appears to countenance his alteration:—"Lovers, make *moan.*"—*Steevens.* See also what Theseus says previously,—"and her *passion* ends the play."

Theobald alters *means* to *moans:* but *means* had anciently the same signification. Pinkerton observes that it is a common term in the Scotch law, signifying to *tell*, to *relate*, to *declare;* and the petitions to the lords of session in Scotland, run: "To the lords of council and session humbly *means* and shows your petitioner." Here, however, it evidently signifies *complains.* Bills in Chancery begin in a similar manner; "Humbly *complaining* sheweth unto your lordship," &c. The word occurs in an ancient manuscript in my own possession:

> This ender day wen me was wo,
> Under a bugh ther I lay,
> Naght gale to *mene* me to.

So again, in a very ancient Scottish song:—"I hard ane may sair mwrne and *meyne.*"—*Ritson.*

Thus also, in the Cronykil of A. Wyntown, b. viii. ch. xxxvi. v. 87:—"Bot playnt; na duie, na yhit *mening* mycht helpe noucht—;" See also v. 110.—*Steevens.*

"I mone, I take thought or complayne, as a chylde dothe for the wantyng of his nourse or mother, or as a lover dothe that is absent, *je regrete,*" Palsgrave, 1530.

[69] *These lily lips.*

This versification is, in the single instance here quoted, transgressed. There must be therefore, I imagine, a small innovation, by some accident or other, upon the text. I would restore it thus:—"These lily *brows*, this cherry nose, &c." Now black brows being a beauty, lily brows are as ridiculous as a cherry nose, green eyes, or cowslip cheeks.—*Theobald's Letters.*

Theobald's emendation is supported by the following passage in As You Like It:—"'Tis not your *inky brows*, your black silk hair—." And by another, in the Winter's Tale: "—— not for because your brows are blacker, yet *black brows* they say become some women best."—*Ritson.*

There is somewhat like this passage in George Peele's Old Wives Tale, 1595: —"Her corall lippes, her *crimson chinne.*—Thou art a flouting knave. Her corall lippes, her *crimson chinne!*"—*Steevens.*

Lily lips are changed to *lily brows* for the sake of the rhyme, but this cannot be right: Thisbe has before celebrated her Pyramus, as—"Lilly-white of hue." It should be:—"These lips lilly,—This nose cherry." This mode of position adds not a little to the burlesque of the passage.—*Farmer.*

[70] *His eyes were green as leeks.*

Green eyes are again mentioned in Romeo and Juliet. The phrase, "as green as a leek," is not peculiar to Shakespeare. "*Prasinus*, a colour as greene as a leeke," Nomenclator, 1585.

> A maiden sitting all alone, Unto herselfe she made great mone;
> Sorrow set upon her cheeke, And she lookt greene as any leeke.
> *History of the Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609.

> As green as a leek,
> With a smile in the cheek.—*Ale Ale-vated*, 1651.

L. Bum. Come, prithee, let's leave her to her chalk and oatmeal, for that all these skittish things come to, with lips *as green as a leek*, and a face as if it were cut out of a turnip; and let's talk of things more solid: Prithee, widow, what hast got for dinner? hah.—*The Marriage Hater Match'd*, 1692.

[71] *O sisters three,—come, come, to me.*

This is probably intended, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, to ridicule a passage in Damon and Pythias, by Richard Edwards, 1582:

> Ye *furies*, all at once
> On me your torments trie:—
> Gripe me, you greedy greefs,
> And present pangues of death;
> *You sisters three, with cruel handes*
> *With speed come stop my breath!—Malone.*

[72] *Lay them in gore.*

Theobald, in a letter to Warburton, proposes to read, *lave them.*

[73] *Adieu, adieu, adieu.*

"Altho' this piece, as it stands before us, cannot easily be contrived for representation, yet this part of it which was performed by the Athenian handicrafts was some years ago produced at Covent Garden Theatre as a burlesque opera, and repeatedly exhibited with great success. I have been present at it myself. The music, which was in great estimation, was composed by Mr. J. F. Lampe, and the character of Pyramus was presented by that celebrated singer, Mr. John Beard," MS. note of Thomas Hull.

[74] *A Bergomask dance.*

Sir Thomas Hanmer observes in his Glossary, that this is a dance after the manner of the peasants of Bergomasco, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people; and from thence it became also a custom to imitate their manner of dancing.—*Steevens.*

Of the Bergomask dances something may be seen in Riccoboni's work; Harlequin, I believe, was a native of the whimsical country about Bergamo, a city of Lombardy.—*Pinkerton.*

[75] *When the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed.*

A satirical allusion, perhaps, to the ending of some of the dramas of the time, such as Locrine. The following is the dead list of this *lamentable* tragedy, as it is very properly entitled in the first edition: Brutus, Debon, Corineus, Humber, Albanact, Hubba, Locrine, Estrild, Segar and Sabren.—*Malone.*

[76] *And hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter.*

Hang'd, eds. 1600; hung, ed. 1623. So, for want of a cord, hee tooke his owne garters off; and as he was going to make a nooze, I watch'd my time and ranne away. And as I ranne, indeede, I bid him hang himselfe in his owne garters. So hee, in choler, pursued mee hither as you see.—*The Atheist's Tragedie.*

> Your letters I receaved,
> Bedeckt with flourishinge quarters,
> But yet I am deceaved;
> Goe hange yourself in your garters!—*MS. Poems*, temp. Car. I.

> I send thee here a ribbon, a whole yard,
> I had sent thee garters, but the world's so hard;
> If ribbon will not please thee, then let she
> Hang in her old garters, shall have no new for me.
> *Academy of Compliments*, 1654.

The next that was ready to hang her self in her own garters, was the sister of the mighty Aurang Zeeb; and she lay night and day at her brother, that she might be chain'd to a rock like Andromeda, and expos'd to the fury of some sea-monster.—*The Pagan Prince*, 1690.

[77] *The heavy gait of night.*

That is, slow passage, progress. So, in Love's Labour's Lost: "You must send the ass upon the horse, for he is slow-*gaited.*" In another play we have—"*heavy-gaited* toads."—*Steevens.* Compare Henry IV.,—"the cripple tardy-gaited night."

[78] *Now the hungry lion roars.*

Shakespeare might have found the *midnight roar of the Lion* associated with the *howl of the Wolf*, in Phaer's translation of the following lines in the seventh Æneid:

> Hinc exaudiri gemitus iræque *leonum*
> Vincla recusantum, et *sera sub nocte rudentum;*
> —— ac formæ magnorum *ululare luporum.*

I do not, however, perceive the justness of the anonymous writer's observation. Puck, who could "encircle the earth in forty minutes," like his fairy mistress, might have snuffed "the spiced Indian air;" and consequently an image, foreign

to Europeans, might have been obvious to him. Our poet, however, inattentive to little proprieties, has sometimes introduced his wild beasts in regions where they are never found. Thus in Arden, a forest in French Flanders, we hear of a *lioness*, and a *bear* destroys Antigonus in Bohemia.—*Steevens.*

The observations of Steevens refer to the following remarks by an anonymous critic,—"But can we think, that, among this assemblage of familiar circumstances attending midnight, either in England or in its neighbouring kingdoms, Shakespear would have ever thought of intermixing that exotic idea of the *hungry lion roaring*, which can be heard no nearer than in the deserts of Africa, unless he had read in the 104th Psalm,—'Thou makest darkness, that it may be night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do move; the lions, roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God.'"

The song in the text probably suggested the following lines in the Merry Prankes of Robin Goodfellow, 1628,—

The moone shines faire and bright,
And the owle hollows,
Mortals now take their rests
Upon their pillows:
The bats abroad likewise,
And the night raven,
Which doth use for to call
Men to Deaths haven.
Now the mice peepe abroad,
And the cats take them;
Now doe young wenches sleepe,
Till their dreames wake them.

and it is just possible that Shakespeare himself had been familiar with some verses in the popular chap-book history of Fryar Bacon,—

Now the owle is flowne abroad,
For I heare the croaking toade,
And the bat that shuns the day,
Through the darke doth make her way.
Now the ghosts of men doe rise,
And with fearful hideous cryes,
Seek revengement from the good
On their heads that spilt their blood.

[79] *And the wolf behowls the moon.*

Beholds, old eds. I remember no image whatever of the wolf *simply* gazing on the moon; but of the *night-howling* of that beast we have authority from the poets. Virgil, Georg., i. 486:—"et alte, *per noctem* resonare, *lupis ululantibus*, urbes." And again, Æneid., vii. 16:—"*sera sub nocte* rudentum: Setigerique sues, atque in præsepibus ursi Sævire, ac formæ magnorum *ululare luporum*."—*Letter of Theobald to Warburton*, 1730.

The allusion is frequently met with in the works of our author and his contemporaries. "'Tis like the *howling* of Irish wolves against the *moon*," says he, in his As You Like It; and Massinger, in his New Way to Pay Old Debts, makes an usurer feel only—"——as the *moon* is mov'd when wolves, with hunger pin'd, *howl* at her brightness."—*Farmer.*

The word *beholds* was in the time of Shakespeare frequently written *behoulds*, which probably occasioned the mistake. Thus in our author's Rape of Lucrece, 1594:—"That from the *could* stone sparkes of flint doe flie." These lines also in Spenser's Fairy Queene, b. i. c. v. st. 30, which Shakespeare might have remembered, add support to the emendation now made:

And all the while she [*Night*] stood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay;—
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With drery shrieks did also her bewray;

And hungry *wolves* continually did *howle*
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.—*Malone.*

He that clotheth religion with simplicity and truth, climbeth highest by his humility, groweth learned in his zeal, and waxeth famous by his diligence, may laugh at you, whilst, like the wolf, you bark against the moon, but you cannot bite him.—*Ulysses upon Ajax*, 1596.

Now barkes the wolfe against the fulle cheekt moon;
Now lyons half-clamd entrals roare for food;
Now croakes the toad, and night-crowes screech aloud,
Fluttering 'bout casements of departed soules;
Now gapes the graves, and through their yawnes let loose
Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth;
And now swarte night, to swell thy hower out,
Behold I spurt warme bloode in thy blacke eyes.
Marston's Antonio and Mellida, Second Part.

[80] *All with weary task fordone.*

Fordone, undone, overcome, A. S. So Spenser, Fairy Queen, b. i. c. x. st. 33:—"And many souls in dolour had *foredone*." Again, in Jarvis Markham's English Arcadia, 1607:—"—fore-wearied with striving, and *fore-done* with the tyrannous rage of her enemy."—*Steevens.*

Aboli, abolished, rased, defaced, put out, abrogated, extinguished, annihilated, *foredone*, disanulled.—*Cotgrave.*

Cuttede clothes and pyked schone,
Thy gode fame they wole *for-done.*
MS. Cott. Claud. A. ii. f. 127.

Nor sey thu not that bi this ani law miȝt not stond, nor no domis and polycye were *for-done*, and misdoars schuld not be punisched.—*Wickliffe's Apology*, p. 64.

But by the other day at none,
These two dragons were *foredone.*—*Bevis of Hampton.*

The flatterers in Court goe about to deprave and *fore-doe* the noble deeds and vertues of Julianus with flouts and skoffes before Constantius.—*Ammianus Marcellinus*, 1609.

Quoth Hector, now Achilles armes are won,
These are mine owne, and these wil I maintaine:
He strips the faire Patroclus (new *foredone*,)
And thought at first Achilles he had slaine.
Heywood's Troia Britannica, 1609.

[81] *In the church-way paths to glide.*

Church-way in all the old editions, but in Poole's English Parnassus, 1657, p. 423, where these lines are quoted, it is *church-yard.*

[82] *By the triple Hecat's team.*

By this team is meant the chariot of the moon, said to be drawn by two horses, the one black, the other white. It is probable that Shakespeare might have consulted some translation of Boccaccio's Genealogy of the Gods.—*Douce.*

[83] *I am sent, with broom, before.*

Robin Goodfellow, and the fairies generally, were remarkable for their cleanliness. Reginald Scot thus speaks of Puck,—"Your grand-dames, maids, were

wont to set a *boll of milk* for him, for (his pains in) grinding of malt or mustard, and *sweeping the house* at midnight." Compare also Ben Jonson's masque of Love Restored,—"Robin Goodfellow, *he that sweeps the hearth and the house clean*, riddles for the country-maids, and does all their other drudgery, while they are at hot-cockles; one that has discoursed with your court-spirits ere now." Having recounted several ineffectual attempts he had made to gain admittance, he adds: "In this despair, when all invention and translation too failed me, I e'en went back, and stuck to this shape you see me in of mine own, *with my broom, and my candles*, and came on confidently." The broom and candle were no doubt the principal external characteristics of Robin, and he is represented with them in the annexed engraving, which is a copy of a woodcut that originally appeared, with slight variations, in the Mad Prankes, 1628, which states that,—"*Robin Good-fellow* would many times walke in the night *with a broome on his shoulder*, and cry 'chimney sweepe,' but when any one did call him, then would he runne away laughing, *ho, ho, hoh!*" It appears from the passage in the text, that Shakespeare's Puck also carried a broom, so that the subjoined engraving may fairly be considered as a representation of that character as it was originally placed upon the stage. Gayton also appears to allude to the Puck of the English stage, when he mentions "a Robin Goodfellowes face" in company with Bardolf's, in his Festivous Notes upon Don Quixote, ed. 1654, p. 48.

[84] *To sweep the dust behind the door.*

That is, probably, to sweep away the dust which is behind the door. Dr. Farmer, however, gives a curious and possible explanation,—"This is a common expression, and common practice in large old houses where the doors of halls and galleries are thrown backward, and seldom or ever shut."

The cleanliness of the fairies is mentioned by a variety of early writers. "Knowne by the name of Robin, who came anights, and would make kitchins cleane," Rowlands' More Knaves Yet. "Our radient queen hates sluts, and sluttery," Merry Wives of Windsor. Compare also the fairy poems printed in Percy's Reliques.

> These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,
> By pinching them both black and blue,
> And put a penny in their shoe
> The house for cleanly sweeping.—*Drayton.*

Nobody resembleth Robin-goodfellowe, and the spirits of old time, who like friers and cousining knaves came in the night and swept the house for good cheere; and yet nobody did it, or it was done at least by invisible fairies and divels, and so by no-body.—*Rich Cabinet furnished with Varietie of Excellent Discriptions*, 1616.

[85] *Through this house give glimmering light.*

Milton perhaps had this picture in his thought:

> And glowing embers through the room
> Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.—*Il Penseroso.*

I think it should be read:—"*in* glimmering light."—*Johnson.*

[86] *Hop as light as bird from brier.*

This comparison is a very ancient one, being found in one of the poems of Lawrence Minot, p. 31:—"That are was *blith als brid on brere*."—*Steevens.* So in the Cobler of Canterburie, 1608,—

> This smith was a quaint sire,
> As merrie as bird on brier.

[87] *Now, until the break of day.*

This speech, which both the old quartos give to Oberon, is in the edition of 1623, and in all the following, printed as the song. I have restored it to Oberon, as it apparently contains not the blessing which he intends to bestow on the bed, but his declaration that he will bless it, and his orders to the fairies how to perform the necessary rites. But where then is the song?—I am afraid it is gone after many other things of greater value. The truth is that two songs are lost. The series of the scene is this; after the speech of Puck, Oberon enters, and calls his fairies to a song, which song is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next Titania leads another song, which is indeed lost like the former, though the editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon dismisses his fairies to the despatch of the ceremonies. The songs, I suppose, were lost, because they were not inserted in the players' parts, from which the drama was printed.—*Johnson.*

[88] *Which by us shall blessed be.*

The blessing of the bridal bed had doubtless, during the dark ages that preceded the promulgation of the Gospel in many parts of Europe, been deemed the immediate office of fairies and other supernatural beings. The object of it was to make the issue of the marriage happy, and to avert deformity. In this, as in numerous other instances, the priests felt themselves obliged, in their attempt to do away a Pagan superstition, which, as we see, continued notwithstanding to maintain its influence, to substitute some congenial ceremony that should console the deluded people; but their particular enmity to fairies seems manifest from the Salisbury manual, in the words "ab omnibus fantasmaticis demonum illusionibus." Steevens remarks that the ceremony of blessing the bed was observed at the marriage of a *princess*. It was used at *all* marriages. This was the form, copied from the Manual for the use of Salisbury. "Nocte vero sequente cum sponsus et sponsa *ad lectum pervenerint*, accedat sacerdos et benedicat thalamum, dicens: Benedic, Domine, thalamum istum et omnes habitantes in eo; ut in tua pace consistant, et in tua voluntate permaneant: et in amore tuo vivant et senescant et multiplicentur in longitudine dierum. Per Dominum.—Item *benedictio super lectum*. Benedic, Domine, hoc *cubiculum*, respice, quinon dormis neque dormitas. Qui custodis Israel, custodi famulos tuos in hoc lecto quiescentes *ab omnibus fantasmaticis demonum illusionibus:* custodi eos vigilantes ut in preceptis tuis meditentur dormientes, et te per soporem sentiant: ut hic et ubique defensionis tuæ muniantur auxilio. Per Dominum.—Deinde fiat benedictio *super eos in lecto* tantum cum Oremus. Benedicat Deus corpora vestra et animas vestras; et det super vos benedictionem sicut benedixit Abraham, Isaac, et Jacob, Amen.—His peractis *aspergat eos aqua benedicta*, et sic discedat et dimittat eos in pace."

In the French romance of Melusine, the bishop who marries her to Raymondin blesses the nuptial bed. The ceremony is there represented in a very ancient cut in which the good prelate is exhibited as sprinkling the parties with holy water. Sometimes during the benediction the married couple only *sat* upon the bed; but they generally received a portion of consecrated bread and wine. It is recorded in France, that on frequent occasions the priest was improperly detained till the hour of midnight, whilst the wedding guests rioted in the luxuries of the table, and made use of language that was extremely offensive to the clergy, and injurious to the salvation of the parties. It was therefore, in the year 1577, ordained by Pierre de Gondi, archbishop of Paris, that the ceremony of blessing the nuptial bed should for the future be performed in the day time, or at least *before supper*, and in the presence only of the bride and bridegroom, and of their nearest relations. On the evidence relating to the consummation of the marriage between prince Arthur and the Lady Catharine, Robert Viscount Fitzwater deposed that "the prince was then about fifteen, and queen Katherine elder, and that the next day after being in bed together (*which he remembred after they entered to have been solemnly bless'd*), he waited at breakfast on prince Arthur, &c."—Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry the Eighth*, p. 243. It is said that some vestiges of this custom still remain among the Presbyterians in Scotland.—*Douce.*

> The bride is brought a-bed as stil as ston;
> And whan the bed was with the preest yblessed,
> Out of the chambre hath every wight him dressed.
>
> *Chaucer's Marchantes Tale*, v. 9692.

We learn also from Articles ordained by King Henry VII. for the Regulation of his Household, that this ceremony was observed at the marriage of a Princess. "—All men at her comming in to bee voided, except woemen, till shee bee brought to her *bedd;* and the man both; he sittinge in his bedd in his shirte, with a gowne cast about him. Then the Bishoppe, with the Chaplaines, to come in, and *blesse the bedd:* then everie man to avoide without any drinke, save the twoe estates, if they liste, priviely," p. 129.—*Steevens.*

[89] *Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar.*

The defect of the hare-lip in children seems to have been so much dreaded, that numerous were the charms applied for its prevention. The following might be as efficacious as any of the rest. "If a woman with chylde have her smocke slyt at the neather ende or skyrt thereof, &c., the same chylde that she then goeth withall, shall be safe from having a cloven or *hare lippe.*"—*Thomas Lupton's Fourth Book of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. l.—*Steevens.*

The lippes (of the hare) continually move sleeping and waking, and from the slit which they have in the middle of their nose, commeth the term of *hare-lips*, which are so devided in men, for if a woman with childe see one of them sodainly, it is dangerous, if the child prove not hair-lipt.—*Topsell's Historie of Foure-Footed Beastes*, 1607.

[90] *Nor mark prodigious.*

Prodigious has here its primitive signification of *portentous.* So, in King Richard III.:—"If ever he have child, abortive be it, *prodigious*, and untimely brought to light."—*Steevens.*

[91] *With this field-dew consecrate.*

In this line, there seems to be a covert satire against holy water. Whilst the popular confidence in the power of fairies existed, they had obtained the credit of occasionally performing much good service to mankind; and the great influence

which they possessed gave so much offence to the holy monks and friars, that they determined to exert all their power to expel the above imaginary beings from the minds of the people, by taking the office of the fairies' benedictions entirely into their own hands. Of this we have a curious proof in the beginning of Chaucer's Wife of Bath.—*Douce.*

[92] *Every fairy take his gait.*

Gait, or *gate*, a way, path, street, or road. "Go thi gate," go thy way. The track of an animal was called his gate; Blome, ii. 78.

> He lay at the ryche mannys ȝate,
> Ful of byles yn the *gate.*—*MS. Harl.* 1701, f. 44.
>
> He folowed thame thorowe the wod,
> Alle the *gatis* that thay ȝode.—*MS. Lincoln* A. i. 17, f. 136.

[93] *Ever shall in safety rest.*

Thus all the old copies, from which I have not ventured to deviate, because there are many other instances, in these plays, where the nominative case is not expressed, but understood. Pope and the subsequent editors read: "*E'er* shall *it* in safety rest."—*Malone.*

Warburton thinks it should be,—"ever shall it safely rest." The original is probably correct, the nominative *palace* being understood.

[94] *If we have unearned luck.*

If we have better fortune than we have deserved.—*Steevens.*

[95] *Now to scape the serpent's tongue.*

That is, says Johnson, if we be dismissed without hisses. So, in J. Markham's English Arcadia, 1607:—"But the nymph, after the custom of distrest tragedians whose first act is entertained with a *snaky salutation*," &c.—*Steevens.*

[96] *Give me your hands, if we be friends.*

Thus in the epilogue to Stubbes's play of Senile Odium, ap. Douce,—

> . . . jam vestræ quid valeant manus,
> Nimis velim experiri: ab illis enim vapulare, munus erit.

The Merchant of Venice.

EARLY EDITIONS.

1. In quarto, Printed I. R. for Thomas Heyes, 1600.
2. In quarto, Printed by J. Roberts, 1600.
3. In the first folio Edition, 1623.
4. In the second folio Edition, 1632.
5. In quarto, Printed by M. P. for Laurence Hayes, 1637.
6. In quarto, Printed for William Leake, 1652.
7. In the third folio Edition, 1663.
8. In the fourth folio edition, 1685.

INTRODUCTION.

The Merchant of Venice is founded primarily on two popular medieval tales, both of which are met with in several collections, and under a considerable variety of form. As might, therefore, be anticipated, few plays have been more suggestive to writers on the history of fiction; but a brief notice of these remote originals will satisfy the readers of Shakespeare, the poet having been most probably indebted for his materials to more modern versions of the above-mentioned narratives, which, for the sake of distinctiveness, may be designated the stories of the Bond and the Caskets.

There are reasons for believing that the incident of the bond is originally of oriental extraction, as it occurs in several Persian and Turkish tales, and is also found, under various forms, in several languages of the East. The following version of the story occurs in a Persian manuscript, of uncertain date, formerly in the possession of Thomas Munro, of the East India Service; —"It is related, that, in the town of Syria, a poor Mussulman lived in the neighbourhood of a rich Jew. One day he went to the Jew, and said, Lend me a hundred dinars, that I may trade with it, and I will give thee a share of the gain. This Mussulman had a beautiful wife, and the Jew had seen and fallen in love with her, and thinking this a lucky opportunity, he said, I will not do thus, but I will give thee a hundred dinars, with this condition, that after six months thou shalt restore it to me; but give me a bond in this form, that if the term of the agreement shall be exceeded one day, I shall cut a pound of flesh from thy body, from whatever part I choose. The Jew thought that by this means he might perhaps come to enjoy the Mussulman's wife. The Mussulman was dejected, and said, How can this be? But as his distress was extreme, he took the money on that

condition, and gave the bond, and set on a journey; and in that journey he acquired much gain, and he was every day saying to himself, God forbid that the term of the agreement should pass away, and the Jew bring vexation upon me. He therefore gave a hundred gold dinars into the hand of a trusty person, and sent him home to give it to the Jew; but the people of his own house, being without money, spent it in maintaining themselves. When he returned from his journey, the Jew required payment of the money, and the pound of flesh. The Mussulman said, I sent thy money a long time ago. The Jew said, Thy money came not to me. When this on examination appeared to be true, the Jew carried the Mussulman before the Cazi, and represented the affair. The Cazi said to the Mussulman, Either satisfy the Jew, or give the pound of flesh. The Mussulman not agreeing to this, said, Let us go to another Cazi. When they went, he also spoke in the same manner. The Mussulman asked the advice of an ingenious friend. He said, Say to him, let us go to the Cazi of Hems; go there, for thy business will be well. Then the Mussulman went to the Jew, and said, I shall be satisfied with the decree of the Cazi of Hems; the Jew said, I also shall be satisfied. Then both departed for the city of Hems. When they presented themselves before the judgment-seat, the Jew said,—O my Lord Judge, this man borrowed an hundred dinars of me, and pledged a pound of flesh from his own body; command that he give the money and the flesh. It happened that the Cazi was the friend of the father of the Mussulman, and for this respect, he said to the Jew, Thou sayest true, it is the purport of the bond; and he desired, that they should bring a sharp knife. The Mussulman, on hearing this, became speechless. The knife being brought, the Cazi turned his face to the Jew, and said, Arise, and cut one pound of flesh from the body of him, in such a manner, that there may not be one grain more or less, and if more or less thou shalt cut, I shall order thee to be killed. The Jew said, I cannot; I shall leave this business and depart. The Cazi said, Thou mayest not leave it. He said, O Judge, I have released him. The Judge said, It cannot be; either cut the flesh, or pay the expence of his journey. It was settled at two hundred dinars: the Jew paid another hundred, and departed." There follow, in the original, some unlucky adventures in which the Mussulman is involved, but they bear no relation to the present enquiry. Other tales of a similar character, derived

from oriental sources, are given in Gladwin's Persian Moonshee, story 13 ; and in the British Magazine for 1800, p. 159. The story in the collection of tales in the Persian Moonshee is as follows. A person laid a wager with another, that if he did not win, the other might cut off a seer of flesh from his body. Having lost the wager, the plaintiff wanted to cut off a seer of his flesh ; but he not consenting, they went together before the Cazi. The Cazi recommended to the plaintiff to forgive him ; but he would not agree to it. The Cazi, being enraged at his refusal, said,—"Cut it off ; but if you shall exceed or fall short of the seer in the smallest degree, I will inflict on you a punishment suitable to the offence." The plaintiff, seeing the impossibility of what was required of him, had no remedy, and therefore dropped the prosecution.

A story, somewhat analogous to the incident of the pound of flesh, is related in Syntipas and in the Parables of Sendabar. A man, who has only one eye, accuses a merchant of having robbed him of it ; but the latter defeats him by this argument, which is to be adduced before the judge,—The only means of knowing the truth is to take out an eye from each of our heads, and then weigh them ; if they are of the same weight, the complaint is just, and my opponent will only have to take away the eye which he claims ; but if either of the eyes be in the slightest degree heavier than the other, I demand that my opponent be punished, and be condemned to pay me damages and interest. A tale, similar in character to this, occurs in Munday's Zelauto, 1580, in which the condition of the bond, instead of being the gift of a pound of flesh, is the barbarous penalty of the loss of an eye.

It was to one of these oriental tales that Gracian, the Spanish Jesuit, was probably indebted for the following allusion in the Heroe of Lorenzo, thus rendered in Sir John Skeffington's translation, 1652,—"He that is their sun of justice and sometimes assistant at the tribunal of the Barbarians : The vivacity of that great Turke enters into competition with that of Solomon: A Jew pretended to cut an ounce of the flesh of a Christian upon a penalty of usury ; he urged it to the prince, with as much obstinacy as perfidiousness towards God. The great judge commanded a pair of scales to be brought, threatening the Jew with death if he cut either more or less : and this was to give a sharp decision to a malicious process, and to the world a miracle of subtilty."

The incident of the bond was introduced into this country at a very early period, a version of it having been discovered by Mr. Wright in a manuscript in the British Museum, written about the year 1320, MS. Harl. 7322. This manuscript is a collection of Latin stories for preachers, and the tale of the bond is related of two brothers, one malicious and covetous, the other generous and extravagant. The latter, having expended all his money, was reduced to the necessity of applying to the elder brother, who, insisting upon an equivalent of some kind, the younger one was thoughtlessly induced to sell him a hand's breadth of his flesh, and made the bargain before the necessary witnesses. On the contract being insisted upon, a prince interferes to save the life of the younger brother; and he does so by ingeniously obtaining from him a grant of his blood, and then informs the elder brother that his own life will be forfeited if he spills a drop of his relative's blood. This history is found under a different form in the well-known collection of medieval tales called the Gesta Romanorum, but mixed up with a love story, which concludes by the knight's mistress coming into the court disguised, and saving her lover by the same ingenuity which, in the play, is attributed to Portia. It occurs in the Latin version of the Gesta in MS. Harl. 2270, ch. 48; MS. Harl. 5259; and is printed in Wright's Latin Stories, pp. 114-121. An ancient English translation (here given) is preserved in MS. Harl. 7333, but it is not included in any of the early English printed versions, and Shakespeare, in all probability, was not acquainted with this particular form of the story. The following pieces are, 1. the ancient Latin tale of the bond above alluded to; 2. the early English translation of the version of the tale in the Gesta Romanorum:—

(1). In Dacia erat quidam homo habens duos filios, quorum senior est maliciosus et parcus, junior autem non tantum liberalis sed prodigus. Cum autem junior hospitalitati omnia quæ habuit expendisset, accidit ut duos homines peterent ab eo hospitium. Ille autem, quanquam nihil haberet unde honeste eos reciperet, propter tamen verecundiam eos recepit. Cum autem nihil haberet unde cibaria eis pararet præter unam vaccam, eam occidit. Deficiente igitur pane et potu, fratrem seniorem adivit, subsidium ab eo requirens; qui respondit se sibi nihil penitus daturum, nisi emeret. Contestante autem juniori se nihil habere, respondit senior, "Immo," inquit, "carnem tuam habes, vende mihi ad latitudinem manus meæ de carne tua in quibus et in quadruplum ubicunque voluero recipere." Junior parvipendens pepigit cum eo, testibus adhibitis. Modus autem et istius patriæ est sic vel alibi sub quavis falsitate scripti vel chirographi ita nisi sub teste licet emere vel vendere. Recedentibus igitur hospitibus et consumptis cibariis,

pactum poposcit senior frater. Negat junior, et adductus est coram rege, et sententiatus coram juniore ut ad locum suppliciorum deducatur, et accipiat senior tantum de carne quantum pactum est vel in capite vel circa cor. Misertus autem sui populus eo quod liberalis erat, nunciaverunt filio regis quæ et quare hæc facta fuerant, qui statim misericordia motus, induit se, et palefridum ascendens secutus est miserum illum sic dampnatum: et cum venisset ad locum supplicii, videns eum populus qui ad spectaculum confluxerant, cessit sibi. Et alloquens filius regis fratrem illum seniorem crudelem, et dixit ei: "Quid juris habes in isto?" Respondit: "Sic," inquit, "pacti sumus, ut pro cibariis tantundem de carne sua mihi daret, et condempnatus est ad solutionem per patrem tuum regem." Cui filius regis, "Nihil," inquit, "aliud petis nisi carnem?" Respondit, "Nihil." Cui filius, "Ergo sanguis suus in carne sua est;" et ait filius isti condempnato, "Da mihi sanguinem tuum," et statim pepigerunt, insuper fecit sibi condempnatus homagium. Tunc dixit filius regis fratri seniori, "Modo cape ubicunque volueris carnem tuum; sed si sanguis meus est, si ex eo minimam guttam effunderis, morieris." Quo viso, recessit senior confusus, et liberatus est junior per regem.—*Latin Stories*, MS. Harl. 7322.

(2). Selestinus reignide a wyse emperoure in Rome, ande he hade a faire dowter; ande in his tyme ther was a knyȝte that lovide this dowter, but he thowte in himselfe that he dud al in veyne, fore he thowȝt as forsothe that the emperoure wolde not late him to have hir, for he was unworthi therto; nevertheles he thought, yf he myght he ony wey have love of the damiselle it were inowe to me. He yede ofte tyme to the damiselle, ande aspiede hir wille; and she saide to him ayene, that he travaylide al in veyne; for trowist thow, quod she, with thi deseyvable of (sic in MS. for *and*) faire wordes to begile me? Nay, sir, be my soule, hit shal not be so. Thenne saide the knigte, What shal I yeve to the, and late me lye by the a nyght? Not thowh thou woldest yeve me an c. marke of florens, quod she, thou shalt not lye by me a nyght. Thenne hit shal be as thou wilte, quod he. What dude he but purveyde him of so muche mony, s. an c. marke of floreyns, and yaf hir. Whenne nyght come the knigte enteride into the bed of the mayde, ande anoone he was aslepe; ande she dude of hir harnes, and come and laye downe by him; so the knigte laye slepynge al the nyght. One the morow she ros, and did one hir clothis, and wishe hir hondes. And the knigte awoke of his slepe, and thenne he said, Come hedir to me, that I may do my wille with the. Nay, by the helth of my fadir, that wolle I not, quod she; for, frende, I do the no wronge. Thow accordiste with me that I shulde lye withe the al nyte, ande so it is i-done; for I lay by the al nyght, and thou sleptest, and proferdest me no solace; ande therefore blame thi selfe, and not me. Ande the knigte was hevy, ande seide, What shal I yeve to the, and lete me lygge by the anothere nyght? As muche, quod she, as thou dide afore, and no lasse. I assente, seide he; ande the knigte yede, ande solde alle his movable goodes, ande made redy an c. marke of floreynse. But se now a marvelouse case; for right as hit was the furste nyght, so hit was in the secounde. Thenne the knigte mervaylide more thanne man may suppose, ande hevy he was, ande saide, Allas, fore now have I spende al my godes withoute spede; ande therfore, thow I shulle dye therefore, I wolle make anothere ende; how moche shalle I yeve the, ande late us be togeder the thirde nyghte, quod the knigte to the damiselle. Sothely, she saide, yf thou have me, as thou paide afore, *fiat voluntas tua.* I assent, quod he, thou shalte have thin askynge ande thi wille. The knigte yede into fer contree, til he come to a grete citee, in the whiche were many marchauntes, and many philesophers, amonge the whiche was master Virgile the philesofere. Then the knigte yede to a grete marchant, ande saide, I have (nede) of monye, and yf thow wolt lende me an c. marke unto a certeyne day, I wolle ley to the al my londes,

undir this conducione, that if I holde not my dey, thow shalt have my londes for evere. Thenne seyde the marchaunt; Dere frende, I sette not so muche be thi londes, but yf thow wolt make this covenaunt, that I shalle sey to the, I wolle fulfille thi wille. Yis, saide he, I am redy to do thi wille, yf thow wolt do my petucione. Thenne, seide he, whenne this covenaunt is made, that I shalle sey unto the, thenne I shalle fulfille thyne askynge; ande the covenaunt shalle be this, that thou make to me a charter of thin owne bloode, in conducione that yf thowe kepe not thi day of payment, hit shalle be lefulle to me for to draw awey alle the fleshe of thi body fro the bone with a sharp swerde; ande yf thow wolt assent herto, I shalle fulfille thi wille. The kniȝte lovide the damiselle so moche, that he grauntide al this, ande made a charter of his owne bloode, ande selide it; and after the selying, this marchaunt toke him the mony that he askide. When he hade the moneye, he thoute to him selfe, yf I gete (not) my wylle by this moneye, I am but dede; nay, nay, it may not be so. Whenne he harde tell of the grete name of maister Virgile, he yede to him, ande seide, Gode sir, I have previ counseille to speke a-twene us too, ande I beseche yowe of youre wise counseille in this cas. Sey one, quod Virgile, ande I shalle telle the aftir my discrecione. Sir, I love the dowter of the emperoure more thanne ye wolle trowe, ande I accordide with hir for a certene sum of money. I have be disceyvide two nyghtes ine swiche maner; and tolde alle the cas as welle as he coude; ande, sir, nowe I have borowede of a marchante so moche moneye for the same cas to be fulfillide, ande undir this conducione, that yf I holde not my day of payment, hit shalle thenne be lefulle to him to helde of alle the skynne of my body with his swerde, ande then I am but dede, ande therfor, sir, I am come to yow to have counsaille and wyt how I may bothe have helpe ayenste swiche a parille, ande also to have the love of that lovely lady. Thou hast made a lewde covenaunt, seide Virgile, for as a man bindithe him withe his owne wille, right so he shalle be servide be lawe of the emperoure; and therefore thou shalt do wysely for to kepe the day of thi payment alle thinges lefte. Ande towchinge the dameselle, I shalle yeve the a tale of truthe, Bitwene her shete and her coverlyte of hir bede is a letter of swiche vertu, that whoso ever gothe with hir to bede, he shalle anon falle into a dede slepe; and he shalle not wake til tyme that hit be put awey: ande therefor when thowe comest to hir bede, seche a-twene the shete ande the coverlyte, ande thow shalt fynde the letre; ande whenne thow hast founde hit, caste hit fer frome the bedde, ande then entre into the bede, for thou shalt not slepe til tyme that thow haste doone thi wille with the damiselle, ande that shalle torne to the gret honoure and joye. The kniȝte toke his leve at Virgile, ande thonkide him moche of his hie counseille ande yede to the damyselle, ande yafe hir the monye. When nyȝt come, the kniȝt enteride the chaumbere, ande preveli putte his honde bitwene the coverlite ande the shete, ande there he fonde the letter; and whenne he hadde hit, he caste hit fer fro the bedde, ande lay downe, and feynide as he hadde islepte; and thenne the damiselle, knowing that he hade yslepte as he dude afore, she caste of hir clothis, and went to bedde. Anone the kniȝte sette hande to hir as is the maner of bede; ande she perceyvide that, and prayde him of grace, ande to save hir maydinhode, ande I shalle double al the monye that thow hast yevin to me, ande yeve it to the. Thenne said he, Thow lokist at a wrong hole; thy wordes bethe in wast; I shalle now do in dede that I have longe labouride for; ande occupiide him with hir body, as cours is of kynde. Ande aftir he lovide hir so muche, that he drow so moche to hir compané, that he forȝate the marchaunt; ande the day of payment was passide by the space of xiiij. dayes. Ande as he lay in a certene nyght in his bede, hit come to his mynde the day that he made to the marchaunt, ande alle his bowelles wer storide therewithe, and thenne (he) saide to hir, Alas! womane, that ever I saw the, for I am but dede! I borowede for thi love swiche a some of

mony, for to pay at a certeyne day, bi this conducione, that yf I pay not at my day, he shalle have fulle powere for to hilde of the fleshe of my body, without contradiccione; ande now my day is passide fourtenyte ago, so hili I sette myne hert in the. Then seide she, Sorowithe not so moche; gothe to him, ande debbelithe the mony to him; ande yf he wolle not, aske howe moche he wolle have, ande I shalle paye it. Tho was the kniȝte comfortide. He yede to the citee, ande there he mette with the marchaunt in the stret, ande lowly he saluide him. Tho saide the marchaunt, So sey I not to the. Thenne seyde the kniȝte, Ser, for the trespas that I have made ayenst youre convencione, I wolle dowble the payment. Naye, seide the marchaunt, that spake we not of; I wolle have right as thou dudist bynde the to me. Aske of me, quod the knight, as muche mony as thowe wolte, ande thowe shalte be paide for my trespas. It is veyne that thow spekist, quod the marchaunt, for thowhe thow geve to me al the gode of thi citee, I wolle have the covenaunt i-holde, and none othere wolle I have of the, than as the charter asselide makith mencioune of; ande anone he made the kniȝte to be i-take, ande lade to the castelle, ande sette him in a safe warde, abydinge the justice. When the juge was come, and satte in the dome, the kniȝte come to barre amonge other presoners, ande the marchaunt shewide his letre afore the juge. Anoone as the juge sawe there his owne dede, he saide to alle that stode aboute, Sirs, ye know welle it is the law of the emperour, that yf enye manne bynde him by his owne free wille, he shal resseyve as he servithe; ande therefore this marchaunt shalle have covenaunt, as lawe wolle. Now in al this tyme the damyselle, his love, hade sent kniȝtes for to aspie and enquere how the law was pursuede ayenst him; and whenne she harde telle that the lawe passide ayenst him, she kytte of al the longe here of hir hede, ande cladde hir in precious clothing like to a man, ande yede to the palys there as hir lemone was to be demyde, ande saluyd the justice, ande al they trowide that she hade be a kniȝte; ande the juge enqueride of what contree she was, ande what she hade to do ther. She saide, I am a kniȝte, and come of fer contree, ande here tithinges that there is a kniȝte amonge yowe, that shulde be demide to dethe for ane obligacione that he made to a marchaunt, ande therefore I am come to deliver him. Thenne the juge saide, It is lawe of the emperoure, that who so ever byndethe him with his owne propre wille and consent, withoute enye constraynynge, he shulde be servide so ayene. When the damiselle harde this, she turnide to the marchaunt, ande saide, Dere frende, what profite is it to the that this kniȝte that stondithe here redy to the dome, be slayne? it were (better) to the to have monye, than to have him slayne. Thou spekist al in veyne, quod the merchaunt, for withoute dowte I wolle have the lawe, sithe he bonde him so frely; ande therefore he shalle have noone other grace than lawe wolle, for he come to me, ande I not to him; I desiride him not thereto ayenste his wille. Thenne saide she, I praye the howe moche shalle I yeve to have my petucione? I shalle yeve the thi monye double, ande yf that be not plesynge to the, aske of me what thou wolte, and thou shalt have. Thenne saide he, thow harde me never seye but that I wolde have my covenaunte kepte. Sothely, seyde she, ande thou shalt, trowe me; afore yowe, sir juge, ande afore yowe alle, I sey now, sir juge, yevithe a rightwis dome of that that I shalle sey to yowe; ye have i-harde howe moche I have proferide this marchaunt for the lyf of this kniȝte, ande he forsakithe alle, ande askithe the lawe, ande that likithe me moche; ande therfore, lordinges, that bethe here, herithe me what I shalle seye. Ye knowithe welle that the kniȝte bonde him never by letter, but that the marchaunt shulde have powere to kitte his fleshe fro the boons, but there was no covenaunt made of sheding of blode; thereof was nothing i-spoke; and therefore late him set honde one him anoon, ande yf he shede ony bloode with his shavinge of the fleshe, forsothe then shalle the kynge have goode lawe upone

him. Ande when the marchaunt harde this, he saide, Yef me my monye, ande I forveve my accione. Forsothe, quod she, thowe shalt not have oo penye, fore afore al this companye, I proferide to the al that I myght, ande thou forsoke hit, ande saydist with a lowde voyse, I shalle have my covenaunte; ande therfore do thi beste withe him, but loke that thow shede no blode, I charge the; for it is not thin, ne no covenaunt was thereof. Thenne the marchaunt seynge this, yede away confus: and so was the knizte lyf savide, and no penye i-payde. Ande she yede home ayene, and dude of that clothinge, and clothide hir as she was afore, like to a womane. Ande the knizte yede home ayene, ande the damiselle turnide ande met him, ande askid howe he hade i-spedde, as thowhe she had not knowen therof. A! lady, quod he, this day was I in poynt to be dede for thy love, but as I was in point to be dampnide, there come in sodeynlye a knite, a faire ande wel i-shape, the whiche I sawe never afore, ande he deliviride me by his exellent wisdam bothe from dethe ande eke frome payment of moneye. Thenne were thow, quod she, unkynde, that woldest nat bidde that knizte to mete, that so faire hade savide the. He aunswerde therto, and saide that he come sodenly, ande sodenly yede. Thenne seide she, Knowiste thow him, if thou seye him? Yee, quod he, right wele. She yede up, ande cladde hir as she dide afore, and then she yede forthe. Ande the knizte knewe her thenne wele, and for joye fel doune upon hire, ande said, Blessid be thow, ande the houre in the whiche I fyrste knew the. Ande he wepte, and aftir he weddide hir, and livid and deyde in the service of Gode, and yelde to Gode goode sowlis.

A cognate story is related in Leti's Life of Pope Sixtus V., but, in this case, it is the Christian merchant who, upon gaining a wager from a Jew that had imprudently staked a pound of his flesh, insists upon the literal fulfilment of the bargain. The case was referred to the Pope, who gives his judgment in the following terms,—"When contracts are made, it is just they should be fulfilled, as we intend this shall. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We would advise you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a scruple or grain more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife, and a pair of scales, and let it be done in our presence." The story is, in all probability, a mere fabrication, suggested to Leti by some of the early novels above referred to. Leti refers the narrative to the time of Elizabeth, but it was neither written nor printed till some time after the death of Shakespeare.

"In Tyron, Recueil de Plusieures Plaisantes Nouvelles, Anvers, 1590, 18mo. a Christian borrows five hundred ducats of a Jew at Constantinople, on condition of paying two ounces of flesh for usury. At the expiration of the term the Christian refuses to pay more than the principal. The matter is brought before the Emperor Solyman, who orders a razor to be brought, and admonishes the Jew not to cut off more or less than the two

ounces on pain of death. The Jew gives up the point. The same story occurs in Roger Bontemps en Belle Humeur; in the Tresor des Recreations, Douay, 1625, 18mo. p. 27; in Doctæ Nugæ Gaudensii Jocosi, 1713, 12mo. p. 23; in the Courier Facetieux, Lyon, 1650, 8vo. p. 109; in the Chasse Ennuy, Paris, 1645, 18mo. p. 49; in Corrozet, Divers Propos Memorables, 1557, 12mo. p. 77; in Apophthegmes, ou la Recreation de la Jeunesse, p. 155. Besides the ballad of Gernutus the Jew of Venice, there is another less ancient, under the title of the Cruel Jew's Garland, in which the story is varied, and with some ingenuity," Douce's Illustrations, p. 272. The garland here alluded to is, I believe, merely a copy of the ballad of the Northern Lord, noticed at pp. 288-289. The story as related in the English translation of Corrozet is as follows:—"In the citie of Constantinople, a certaine Christian desired to borrow of a Jew the some of five hundred duckets. The Jew lent them unto him with condition, that for the use of the money lent, he should at the end of (the) tearme, give him two ounces of his flesh, cut off in some one of the members of his bodie. The day of payment being come, the Christian repayed the five hundred duckets to the Jew, but refused to give him any part of his flesh. The Jew, not willing to loose his interest, convented the Christian before the Grand Seigneur: who having heard the demaund of the one, and the answer of the other, and judging of the matter according to equitie, commaunded a razor to be brought, and to be given to the Jew, to whome he said: Because thou shalt know that justice is done thee, take there and cut off the flesh of this Christian, the two ounces which thou demandest: but take heed thou cut neither more nor lesse, for if thou doe, thou shalt surely dye. The Jewe holding that to be a thing impossible, durst not adventure, but acquitted the Christian of his interest," Memorable Conceits of Divers noble and famous Personages of Christendome, 12mo. Lond. 1602. This tale is reprinted, with a few unimportant literal variations, in the Cambridge Jests, 12mo. Lond. 1674.

In the Pecorone of Giovanni Fiorentino, written in the latter part of the fourteenth century, and printed at Milan, in 1558, the story of the bond is joined with other incidents that are adopted by Shakespeare. Giannetto, the hero of the novel referred to in this collection, loses successively two rich vessels by the contrivance of the lady of Belmont, who will only give her hand to that bedfellow who can anticipate the privileges of

matrimony. The penalty of failure is the forfeiture of his goods to the lady, who, on both occasions, allows him to share her bed, previously, however, introducing narcotics into his wine. On the occasion of the third trial, money being wanting for the complete equipment of another vessel, his godfather, who has squandered his wealth for the gratification of Giannetto, borrows ten thousand ducats of a Jew on the condition that if they were not repaid by a certain day, "the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased." Infatuated with the charms of the lady, for a third time he ventures his wealth in the port of Belmont; but, on this occasion, one of the attendants warns him not to taste the wine, he accomplishes the object of his desires, and the lady ratifies the contract by receiving him as her husband, and investing him with the chief authority over her dominions. His dearest wishes thus accomplished, intoxicated with the pleasures of his new position, he forgets, till the very day the bond became due, the engagement his godfather had contracted. The lady of Belmont, on being made acquainted with the circumstances, despatches him to Venice, having provided him with an immense sum of money, and urged him to spare no expense in rescuing his benefactor; she herself following him soon afterwards, disguised as a lawyer. In the mean while, neither entreaty nor bribes could persuade the Jew to relinquish the exaction of the letter of his bond; nor was Giannetto more successful, although he offered him no less than a hundred thousand ducats. The lady lawyer manages the case as in the play. As soon as the Jew was about to commence cutting the flesh, she says,—"take care what you do; if you take more or less than a pound, I will order your head to be struck off; and I tell you besides, that if you shed one drop of blood, you shall be put to death; your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood." The Jew, as in the play, begs hard for a return of his principal moneys without the interest, but unsuccessfully; and the lawyer refuses money in acknowledgement of his services, but will only be contented by receiving the ring which Giannetto wears on his finger, a memento that had been given to him by the lady of Belmont. The novel concludes with an episode arising from the inability of Giannetto to produce the ring, which his wife maliciously declares he had presented to a lady at Venice; and the story concludes with her acknowledgement of the stratagem she had played, the delivery of the ring being of course thus explained and forgiven. The coinci-

dences between the novel and the play are exceedingly striking. In each, the debt to the Jew is incurred to enable a friend of the borrower to secure the hand of the lady of Belmont; the forfeiture in the bond is the same in both narratives; ten times the amount is offered in each case; the incident of the disguised lawyer, and her subsequent adventures, are also identical. The novel must, therefore, either directly or indirectly, have furnished some of the materials for the plot of Shakespeare's comedy; and is obviously a necessary addition to the present collection of the tales upon which it is founded:—

Egli ebbe in Firenze in casa gli Scali un mercatante, il quale ebbe nome Bindo; il quale era stato più volte e alla Tana e in Alessandria, e in tutti que' gran viaggi che si fanno con le mercatanzie. Era questo Bindo assai ricco, e aveva tre figliuoli maschi grandi; e venendo à morte, chiamò il maggior e 'l mezzano, e fece in lor presenza testamento, e lasciò lor due eredi di ciò ch' egli aveva al mondo, e al minore non lasciò niente. Fatto ch' egli ebbe testamento, il figliuol minore, che aveva nome Giannetto, sentendo questo, andò a trovarlo al letto e gli disse: Padre mio, io mi maravigli forte di quello che voi avete fatto, à non esservi ricordato di me in su 'l testamento. Rispose il padre: Giannetto mio, e' non è creatura, a cui voglia meglio che a te, e però io non voglio che dopo la morte mia tu stia qui, anzi voglio, com' io son morto, che tu te ne vada a Vinegia à un tuo santolo, che ha nome messere Ansaldo, il quale non ha figliuolo nessuno, e hammi scritto più volte ch' io te gli mandi. E sotti dire ch' egli è il più ricco mercatante che sia oggi tra' Cristiani. E però voglio che come io son morto, tu te ne vada a lui, e gli porti questa lettera; e se tu saprai fare, tu rimarrai ricco uomo. Disse il figliuolo: Padre mio, io sono apparecchiato, a fare ciò che voi mi comandate; di che il padre gli diè la benedizione, e ivi a pochi dì si morì, e tutti i figliuoli ne fecero grandissimo lamento, e fecero al corpo quello onore che si gli conveniva. E poi ivi a pochi dì, questi due fratelli chiamarono Giannetto, e sì gli dissero: Fratello nostro, egli è vero che nostro padre fece testamento, e lasciò eredi noi, e di te non fe veruna menzione; nondimeno tu se' pure nostro fratello, e per tanto a quell'ora manchi a te, che a noi, quello che c' è. Rispose Giannetto: Fratelli miei, io vi ringrazio della vostra proferta; ma quanto a me, l'animo mio è d'andare a procacciare mia ventura in qualche parte; e così son fermo di fare, e voi v' abbiate l'eredità segnata e benedetta. Onde i fratelli veggendo la volontà sua, diedergli un cavallo e danari per le spese. Giannetto prese commiato da loro, e andossene a Vinegia, e giunse, al fondaco di messere Ansaldo, e diegli la lettera che 'l padre gli aveva dato innanzi che morisse. Per che messere Ansaldo leggendo questa lettera, conobbe che costui era il figliuolo del suo carissimo Bindo; e come l' ebbe letta, di subito l' abbracciò, dicendo: Ben venga il figliuoccio mio, il quale io ho tanto desiderato; e subito lo domandò di Bindo, dove Giannetto gli rispose ch' egli era morto; per ch' egli con molte lagrime l'abbracciò e basciò, e disse: Ben mi duole la morte di Bindo, perch' egli m'aiutò guadagnare gran parte di quel ch' io ho; ma tanta è l' allegrezza ch' io ho ora di te, che mitiga quel dolore. E fecelo menare a casa, e comandò a' fattori suoi, e a' compagni, e a' scudieri e a' fanti, e quanti n' erano in casa, che Giannetto fosse ubidito e servito più che la sua persona. E prima a lui consegnò le chiavi di tutti i suoi contanti, e disse: Figliuolo mio, ciò che c' è, spendi e vesti e calza oggi mai come ti piace, e metti tavola a' cittadini, e fatti conoscere; però ch' io lasciò a te questo pensiero,

e tanto meglio ti vorrò, quanto più ben ti farai volere. Per che Gianetto cominciò a usare co' gentiluomini di Vinegia, a fare corti, desinari, a donare, e vestir famigli e a comperare di buoni corsieri, e a giostrare e bagordare, come quel ch' era esperto e pratico, e magnanimo e cortese in ogni cosa; e ben sapeva fare onore e cortesia dove si conveniva, e sempre rendeva onore a messere Ansaldo, più che se fosse stato cento volte suo padre. E seppesi si saviamente mantenere con ogni maniera di gente, che quasi il comune di Vinegia gli voleva bene, veggendolo tanto savio e con tanta piace volezza, e cortese oltre a misura; di che le donne e gli uomini ne parevano innamorati, e messere Ansaldo non vedeva più oltre che lui, tanto gli piacevano i modi e le maniere sue. Nè si faceva quasi niuna festa in Vinegia, che 'l detto Giannetto non vi fosse invitato, tanto gli era voluto bene da ogni persona. Ora avvenne che due suoi cari compagni volsero andare in Alessandria con loro mercatanzie con due navi, com' erano usati di fare ogni anno; onde eglino il dissero a Giannetto, dicendo: Tu devresti dilettarti del mare con noi, per vedere del mondo, e massimamente quel Damasco e quel paese di là. Rispose Giannetto: In buona fe ch' io verrei molto volentieri, se 'l padre mio messere Ansaldo mi desse la parola. Disser costoro: Noi faremo sì ch' e' te la darà, e sarà contento. E subito se n'andarono a messer Ansaldo, e dissero: Noi vi vogliamo pregare, che vi piaccia di dare parola a Giannetto che ne venga in questa primavera con noi in Alessandria, e che gli forniate qualche legno o nave, acciò ch' egli vegga un poco del mondo. Disse messere Ansaldo: Io son contento, se piace a lui. Risposero costoro: Messere, egli è contento. Per che messer Ansaldo subito gli fe fornire una bellissima nave, e fella caricare di molta mercatanzia, e guernire di bandiere e d' armi quanto fe mestiero. E dipoi ch' ella fu acconcia, messere Ansaldo comandò al padrone et a gli altri che erano al servizio della nave, che facessero ciò che Giannetto comandasse loro, e che fosse loro raccomandato; però ch' io non lo mando, diceva egli, per guadagno che io voglia ch' e' faccia, ma perch' egli vada a suo diletto veggendo il mondo. E quando Giannetto fu per montar, tutta Vinegia trasse a vedere, perchè di gran tempo non era uscita di Vinegia una nave tanto bella e tanto ben fornita, quanto quella. Et a ogni persona incresceva della sua partita; e così prese commiato da messere Ansaldo e tutti i suoi compagni, e entrarono in mare, e alzarono le vele, e presero il camino d' Alessandria nel nome di Dio e di buona ventura. Ora essendo questi tre compagni in tre navi, e navicando più e più dì, avvenne che una mattina innanzi giorno il detto Giannetto vide un golfo di mare con un bellissimo porto, e domandò il padrone come si chiamava quel porto; il quale gli rispose: Messere, quel luogo è d' una gentildonna vedova, la quale ha fatto pericolare molti signori. Disse Giannetto: Come? Rispose costui: Messere, questa è una bella donna e vaga, e tiene questa legge; che chiunque v' arriva, convien che dorma con lei, e s' egli ha a far seco, convien ch' e' la tolga per moglie, et è signora del porto e di tutto 'l paese. E s' egli non ha a fare con lei, perde tutto ciò ch' egli ha. Pensò Giannetto fra se un poco, e poi disse: Trova ogni modo che tu vuoi, e pommi a quel porto. Disse il padrone: Messere, guardate ciò che voi dite, però che molti signori vi sono iti, che ne sono rimasi diserti. Disse Giannetto: Non t' impacciare in altro; fa quel ch' io ti dico; e così fu fatto, che subito volsero la nave, e calaronsi in quel porto, che i compagni dell' altre navi non se ne furono accorti niente. Per che la mattina si sparse la novella, come questa bella nave era giunta in porto; tal che tutta la gente trasse a vedere, e fu subito detto alla donna, sì ch' ella mandò per Giannetto, il quale incontanente fu a lei, e con molta riverenza la salutò, et ella lo prese per mano, e domandollo chi egli era e donde, e se e' sapeva l' usanza del paese. Rispose Giannetto che sì, e che non v' era ito per nessuna altra cosa. Et ella disse: E voi siate il ben venuto per cento volte; e così gli fece tutto quel giorno grandissimo onore, e fece invitare baroni e conti e cavalieri

assai, ch' ella aveva sotto se, perch' e' tenessero compagnia a costui. Piacque molto a tutti i baroni la maniera di Giannetto, e 'l suo essere costumato e piacevole e parlante; sì che quasi ogniuno se ne innamorò, e tutto quel giorno si danzò e si cantò, e fecesi festa nella Corte per amore di Giannetto; e ogniuno sarebbe stato contento d'averlo avuto per signore. Ora venendo la sera, la donna lo prese per mano, e menollo in camera e disse: E' mi pare ora d' andarsi a letto. Rispose Giannetto: Madonna, io sono a voi: e subito vennero due damigelle, l'una con vino, e l' altra con confetti. Disse la donna: Io so che voi avete colto sete, però bevete. Giannetto prese de' confetti, e bevve di questo vino, il quale era lavorato da far dormire, et egli nol sapeva, et ebbene una mezza tazza, perchè gli parve buono, e subitamente si spogliò e andossi a riposare. E come egli giunse nel letto, così fu addormentato. La donna si coricò a lato a costui, che mai non si risentì infino alla mattina, ch' era passata terza. Per che la donna quando fu giorno si levò, e fe cominciare a scaricare la nave, la quale trovò piena di molta ricca e buona mercatanzia. Ora essendo passata la terza, le cameriere della donna andarono al letto a Giannetto, e fecerlo levare e dissergli che s'andasse con Dio; però ch' egli aveva perduto la nave, e cio che v' era; di che' e' si vergognò e parvegli avere mal fatto. La donna gli fece dare un cavallo e danari per le spese, et egli se n' andò tristo e doloroso, e vennesene verso Vinegia; dove, come fu giunto, non volle andare a casa per vergogna, ma di notte se n' ando a casa d' un suo compagno, il qual si maravigliò molto e gli disse: Oimè! Giannetto, ch' è questo? Et egli rispose; La nave mia percosse una notte in uno scoglio, e ruppesi e fracassossi ogni cosa, e chi andò qua, e chi là; io m'attenni a un pezzo di legno, che mi gittò a proda, e così me ne sono venuto per terra, e son qui. Giannetto stette più giorni in casa di questo suo compagno, il quale andò un di a visitare messere Ansaldo, e trovollo molto maninconoso. Disse messere Ansaldo: Io ho sì grande la paura, che questo mio figliuolo non sia morto, o che 'l mare non gli faccia male, ch' io non trovo luogo, e non ho bene; tanto è l'amore ch' io gli porto. Disse questo giovane: Io ve ne so dire novelle, ch' egli ha rotto in mare e perduto ogni cosa, salvo ch' egli è campato. Disse messere Ansaldo: Lodato sia Dio! pur ch' egli sia campato, io son contento; dell' avere ch' è perduto, non mi curo. Ov' è? Questo giovane rispose: Egli è in casa mia; e di subito messere Ansaldo si mosse, e volle andare a vederlo. E com' egli lo vide, subito corse ad abbracciarlo e disse: Figliuol mio, non ti bisogna vergognar di me, ch' egli è usanza che delle navi rompano in mare; e però, figliuol mio, non ti sgomentare; poichè non t' hai fatto male, io son contento, e menosselo a casa sempre confortandolo. La novella si sparse per tutta Vinegia, e a ogniuno increscceva del danno che aveva avuto Giannetto. Ora avvenne ch' indi a poco tempo quei suoi compagni tornarono d' Alessandria, e tutti ricchi; e com' eglino giunsero, domandarono di Giannetto, e fu loro detta ogni cosa; per che subito corsero ad abbracciarlo, dicendo: Come ti partisti tu, o dove andasti? che noi non potemmo mai sapere nulla di te, e tornammo indietro tutto quel giorno, nè mai ti potemmo vedere, nè sapere dove tu fossi ito; e n' abbiamo avuto tanto dolore, che per tutto questo camino non ci siamo potuti rallegrare, credendo che tu fossi morto. Rispose Giannetto: E' si levò un vento in contrario in un gomito di mare, che menò la nave mia a piombo a ferire in uno scoglio ch' era presso a terra, che appena campai, e ogni cosa andò sottosopra. E questa è la scusa che Giannetto diè, per non iscoprire il difetto suo. E sì fecero insieme la festa grande, ringraziando Iddio pur ch' egli era campato, dicendo: A quest' altra primavera, con la grazia di Dio, guadagneremo ciò che tu hai perduto a questa volta, e però attendiamo a darci buon tempo senza maninconia. E così attesero a darci piacere e buon tempo, com' erano usati prima. Ma pure Giannetto non faceva se non pensare, com' egli potesse fornare a quella donna, imaginando e dicendo: Per certo e' conviene ch' io l' abbia per moglie, o io vi

morrò; e quasi non si poteva rallegrare. Per che messere Ansaldo gli disse più volte: Non ti dare maninconia, che noi abbiamo tanta roba, che noi ci possiamo stare molto bene. Rispose Giannetto: Signor mio, io non sarò mai contento, se io non rifò un' altra volta questa andata. Onde veggendo pure messere Ansaldo la volontà sua, quando fu il tempo gli fornì un' altra nave di più mercatanzia che la prima, e di più valuta; tal che in quella mise la maggior parte di ciò ch' egli aveva al mondo. I compagni, quando ebbero fornite le navi loro di ciò che faceva mestiero, entrarono in mare con Giannetto insieme, e fecer vela e presero lor viaggio. E navicando più e più giorni, Giannetto stava sempre attento di rivedere il porto di quella donna, il quale si chiamava il porto della donna del Belmonte. E giugnendo una notte alla foce di questo porto, il quale era in un gomito di mare, Giannetto l' ebbe subito conosciuto, e fe volgere le vele e 'l timone e calovvisi dentro, tal che i compagni, ch' erano nell' altre navi, ancora non se n' accorsero. La donna levandosi la mattina, e guardando giù nel porto, vide sventolare le bandiere di questa nave, e subito l' ebbe conosciute, e chiamò una sua cameriera e disse: Conosci tu quelle bandiere? Disse la cameriera: Madonna, ella pare la nave di quel giovane che ci arrivò, ora fa uno anno, che ci mise cotanta dovizia con quella sua mercatanzia. Disse la donna: Per certo tu dì il vero; e veramente che costui non meno che gran fatto debbe essere innamorato di me; però ch' io non ce ne vidi mai nessuno, che ci tornasse più che una volta. Disse la cameriera: Io non vidi mai il più cortese nè il più grazioso uomo di lui. La donna mandò per lui donzelli e scudieri assai, i quali con molta festa lo visitarono, et egli con tutti fece allegrezza e festa; e così venne su nel castello e nel cospetto della donna. E quando ella lo vide, con grandissima festa e allegrezza l' abbracciò, et egli con molta riverenza abbracciò lei. E così stettero tutto quel giorno in festa e in allegrezza, però che la donna fece invitare baroni e donne assai, i quali vennero alla Corte a far festa per amore di Giannetto; e quasi a tutti i baroni n' increscieva, e volentieri l' averebbono voluto per signore per la sua tanta piacevolezza e cortesia; e quasi tutte le donne n' erano innamorate, veggendo con quanta misura e' guidava una danza, e sempre quel suo viso stava allegro, che ogniuno s'avvisava ch' e' fosse figliuolo di qualche gran signore. E veggendo il tempo d' andare a dormire, questa donna prese per mano Giannetto e disse; Andianci a posare, e andaronsi in camera, e posti a sedere, ecco venire due damigelle con vino e confetti, e quivi beverono e confettaronsi, e poi s' andarono a letto, e com' egli fu nel letto, così fu addormentato. La donna si spogliò e coricossi a lato a costui, e brevemente, e' non si risentì in tutta notte. E quando venne la mattina, la donna si levò, e subito mandò a fare scaricare quella nave. Passato poi terza, e Giannetto si risentì, e cercò per la donna e non la trovò: alzò il capo e vide ch' egli era alta mattina; levossi e cominciossi a vergognare; e così gli fu donato un cavallo e danari per ispendere e dettogli: Tira via, etegli con vergogna subito si partì tristo e maninconoso; e infra molte giornate non ristette mai che giunse a Vinegia, e di notte se ne andò a casa di questo suo compagno, il quale quando lo vide, si diè maggior maraviglia del mondo, dicendo: Oimè! ch' è questo? Rispose Giannetto: È male per me; che maladetta sia la fortuna mia, che mai ci arrivai in questo paese! Disse questo suo compagno; Per certo tu la puoi ben maladire, però che tu hai diserto questo messere Ansaldo, il quale era il maggiore e l' più ricco mercatante che fosse tra' Cristiani; e peggio è la vergogna che 'l danno. Giannetto stette nascoso più dì in casa questo suo compagno, e non sapeva che si fare nè che si dire, e quasi si voleva tornare a Firenze senza far motto a messere Ansaldo; e poi si deliberò pure d' andare a lui, e così fece. Quando messere Ansaldo lo vide, si levò ritto, e corse ad abbracciarlo e disse: Ben venga il figliuol mio, e Giannetto lagrimando abbracciò lui. Disse messere Ansaldo, quando ebbe inteso tutto: Sai com'è, Giannetto? non ti dare punto di maninconia; poi ch' io t' ho riavuto, io son contento. Ancora c'è

rimaso tanto che noi ci potremo stare pianamente. Egli è usanza del mare ad altri dare, ad altri togliere. La novella andò per tutta Vinegia di questo fatto, e ogniuno diceva di messere Ansaldo, e gravemente gl' incresceva del danno ch'egli aveva avuto, e convenne che messere Ansaldo vendesse di molte possessioni per pagare i creditori che gli avevano dato la roba. Avvenna che quei compagni di Giannetto tornarono d'Alessandria molto ricchi; e giunti in Vinegia fu lor detto come Giannetto era tornato, e come egli aveva rotto e perduto ogni cosa; di che essi si maravigliarone dicendo: Questo è il maggior fatto che si vedesse mai, e andarono a messere Ansaldo e a Giannetto, e facendogli gran festa, dissero: Messere, non vi sgomentate, che noi intendiamo d'andare questo altro anno a guadagnare per voi; però che noi siamo stati cagione quasi di questa vostra perdita, da che noi fummo quegli, che inducemmo Giannetto a venire con noi da prima, e però non temete, e mentre che noi abbiamo della roba, fatene come della vostra. Messere Ansaldo gli ringraziò, e disse che bene aveva ancora tanto che ci potevano stare. Ora avvenne che stando sera e mattina Giannetto sopra questi pensieri, e' non si poteva rallegrare, e messere Ansaldo lo domandò quello ch' egli aveva et egli rispose: Io non sarò mai contento, s' io non racquisto quello ch' io ho perduto. Disse messere Ansaldo: Figliuol mio, io non voglio che tu vi vada più; però ch' egli è il meglio che noi ci stiamo pianamente con questo poco che noi abbiamo, che tu lo metta più a partito. Rispose Giannetto: Io son fermo di fare tutto quel ch' io posso, perch' io mi riputerei in grandissima vergogna s' io stessi a questo modo. Per che veggendo messere Ansaldo la volontà sua, si dispose a vendere ciò ch' egli aveva al mondo, e fornire a costui un' altra nave; e così fe che vendè, tal che non gli rimase niente, e fornì una bellissima nave di mercatanzia. E perchè gli mancavano dieci mila ducati, andò a un Giudeo a Mestri, e accattogli con questi patti e condizioni, che s' egli non glie l'avesse renduti dal detto dì a San Giovanni di giugno prossimo a venire, che 'l Giudeo gli potesse levare una libra di carne d'addosso di qualunque luogo e' volesse; e così fu contento messere Ansaldo, e 'l Giudeo di questo fece trarre carta autentica con testimoni, e con quelle cautele e solennità, che intorno a ciò bisognavano, e poi gli annoverò diecimila ducati d' oro, de' quali danari messere Ansaldo fornì ciò che mancava alla nave; e se l' altre due furone belle, la terza fu molto più ricca e me' fornita; e così i compagni fornirono le loro due, con animo che ciò ch' eglino guadagnassero fosse di Giannetto. E quando fu il tempo d'andare, essendo per movere, messere Ansaldo disse a Giannetto: Figliuol mio, tu vai e vedi nell' obligo ch' io rimango; d'una grazia ti prego, che se pure tu arrivassi male, che ti piaccia venire a vedermi, sì ch' io possa vedere te innanzi ch' io moia, e andronne contento. Giannetto gli rispose: Messere Ansaldo, io farò tutte quelle cose ch' io creda piacervi. Messere Ansaldo gli diè la sua benedizione, e così presero commiato e andarono a loro viaggio. Avevano questi due compagni sempre cura alla nave di Giannetto e Giannetto andava sempre avvisato e attento di calarsi in questo porto di Belmonte. Per ch' e' fe tanto con uno de' suoi nocchieri, che una notte e' condusse la nave nel porto di questa gentildonna. La mattina rischiaroto il giorno, i compagni ch' erano nell' altre due navi ponendosi mente intorno, e non veggendo in nessun luogo la nave di Giannetto, dissero fra loro: Per certo questa è la mala ventura per costui, e presero per partito di seguire il camin loro, facendosi gran maraviglia di ciò. Ora essendo questa nave giunta in porto, tutto quel castello trasse a vedere, sentendo che Giannetto era tornato, e maravigliandosi di ciò molto, e dicendo: Costui dee essere figliuolo di qualche grand' uomo, considerando ch' egli ci viene ogni anno con tanta mercanzia e con si be' navigli; che volesse Iddio, ch' egli fosse nostro signore; e così fu visitato da tutti i maggiori e da baroni e cavalieri di quella terra, e fu detto alla donna come Giannetto era tornato in porto. Per che ella si fece alle finestre del palazzo,

e vide questa bellissima nave, e conobbe le bandiere, e di ciò si fece ella il segno della santa croce, dicendo: Per certo che questi è qualche gran fatto, et è quell' uomo che ha messo dovizia in questo paese; e mandò per lui. Giannetto andò a lei con molte abbracciate, e si salutarono e fecersi riverenza, e quivi s' attese tutto quel giorno a fare allegrezza e festa, e fessi per amor di Giannetto una bella giostra, e molti baroni e cavalieri giostrarono quel giorno, e Giannetto volle giostrare anch' egli, e fece il dì miracoli di sua persona, tanto stava bene nell' armi e a cavallo; e tanto piacque la maniera sua a tutti i baroni, che ogniuno lo desiderava per signore. Ora avvenne che la sera, essendo tempo d'andare a posarsi, la donna prese per mano Giannetto e disse: Andiamo a posarci; et essendo sull' uscio della camera, una cameriera della donna, cui incresceva di Giannetto, si gl' inchinò così all' orecchio, e disse pianamente: Fa vista di bere, e non bere stasera. Giannetto, intese le parole, e entrò in camera, e la donna disse: Io so che voi avete colto sete, e però io voglio che voi beate prima che v' andiate a dormire; e subito vennero due donzelle, che parevano due agnioli, con vino e confetti al modo usato, e sì attesero a dar bere. Disse Giannetto: Chi si terrebbe di non bere, veggendo queste due damigelle tanto belle? di che la donna rise. E Giannetto prese la tazza, e fe vista di bere e cacciosselo giù pel seno, e la donna si credette ch' egli avesse bevuto, e disse fra 'l suo cuore: Tu conducerai un' altra nave, che questa hai tu perduta. Giannetto se n' andò nel letto, e sentissi tutto chiaro e di buona volontà, e parevagli mille anni che la donna ne venisse a letto; e diceva fra se medesimo: Per certo io ho giunta costei; sì ch' e' ne pensa una il ghiotto, e un' altra il tavernaio. E perche la donna venisse più tosto nel letto, cominciò a far vista di russare e dormire. Per che la donna disse: Sta bene; e subito si spogliò e andò a lato a Giannetto, il quale non aspettò punto, ma comunque la donna fu entrata sotto, così si volse a lei, e abbracciolla e disse: Ora ho quel ch' io ho tanto desiderato, e con questo le donò la pace del santissimo matrimonio, e in tutta notte non gli uscì di braccio; di che la donna fu più che contenta, e si levò la mattina innanzi giorno, e fece mandare per tutti i baroni e cavalieri, e altri cittadini assai, e disse loro: Giannetto è vostro signore, e però attendete a far festa; di che subito per la terra si levò il romore, gridando: Viva il signore, viva il signore, e dà nelle campane e ne gli stromenti sonando a festa; e mandossi per molti baroni e conti ch' erano fuor del castello, dicendo loro: Venite a vedere il signor vostro; e quivi si cominciò una grande e bellissima festa. E quando Giannetto uscì della camera, fu fatto cavaliere e posto sulla sedia, e dato gli fu la bacchetta in mano, e chiamato signore con molto trionfo e gloria. E poi che tutti i baroni e le donne furono venute a Corte, egli sposò questa gentildonna con tanta festa, e con tanta allegrezza, che non si potrebbe nè dire nè imaginare. Per che tutti i baroni e signori del paese vennero alla festa a fare allegrezza, giostrare, armeggiare, danzare, cantare e sonare, con tutte quelle cose che s'appartengono a far festa. Messer Giannetto, come magnanimo, cominciò a donare drappi di seta e altre ricche cose ch' egli aveva recate, e diventò virile, e fecesi temere a mantenere ragione e giustizia a ogni maniera di gente, e cosi si stava in questa festa e allegrezza, e non si curava nè ricordava di messere Ansaldo cattivello, ch' era rimaso pegno per dieci mila ducati a quel Giudeo. Ora essendo un giorno messer Giannetto alla finestra del palazzo con la donna sua, vide passare per piazza una brigata d' uomini con torchietti in mano accesi, i quali andavano a offerire. Disse messer Giannetto: Che vuol dir quello? Rispose la donna: Quella è una brigata d'artefici che vanno a offerire alla Chiesa di San Giovanni, perch' egli è oggi la festa sua. Messer Giannetto si ricordò allora di messere Ansaldo, e levossi dalla finestra, e trasse un gran sospiro, e tutto si cambiò nel viso, e andava di giù in su per la sala più volte, pensando sopra questo fatto. La donna il domandò quel ch' egli avava. Rispose messer

Giannetto: Io non ho altro. Per che la donna il cominciò a esaminare, dicendo: Per certo voi avete qualche cosa, e non lo volete dire; e tanto gli disse che messer Giannetto le contò come messere Ansaldo era rimaso pegno per dieci mila ducati, e questo dì corre il termine, diceva egli, e però ho gran dolore che mio padre moia per me; perchè se oggi e' non glie li dà, ha a perdere una libra di carne d' addosso. La donna disse: Messere, montate subitamente a cavallo et attraversate per terra, che andrete più tosto che per mare, e menate quella compagnia che vi piace, e portate cento mila ducati, e non restate mai che voi siate a Vinegia; e se non è morto, fate di menarlo qui. Per che egli subito fe dare nella trombetta, e montò a cavallo con venti compagni, e tolse danari assai e prese il camino verso Vinegia. Ora avvenne che compiuto il termine, il Giudeo fe pigliare messere Ansaldo, e volevagli levare una libra di carne d' addosso; onde messere Ansaldo lo pregava, che gli piacesse d' indugiargli quella morte qualche dì, acciocchè, se il suo Giannetto venisse, almeno e' lo potesse vedere. Disse il Giudeo: Io son contento di dare ciò che voi volete quanto all' ondugio, ma s' egli venisse cento volte, io intendo di levarvi una libra di carne d' addosso, come dicono le carte. Rispose messere Ansaldo ch' era contento. Di che tutta Vinegia parlava di questo fatto; ma a ogniuno ne incresceva, e molti mercatanti si raunarono per volere pagar questi danari, e 'l Giudeo non volle mai, anzi voleva fare quello omicidio, per poter dire che avesse morto il maggiore mercatante che fosse tra' Cristiani. Ora avvenne che venendo forte messer Giannetto, la donna sua subito si gli mosse dietro vestita come un giudice con due famigli. Giugnendo in Vinegia messer Giannetto andò a cassa il Giudeo, e con molta allegrezza abbracciò messere Ansaldo, e poi disse al Giudeo che gli voleva dare i danari suoi, e quel più ch' egli stesso voleva. Rispose il Giudeo che non voleva danari, poi che non gli aveva avuti al tempo, ma che gli voleva levare una libra di carne d' addosso, e qui fu la quistion grande, e ogni persona dava il torto al Giudeo; ma pure considerato Vinegia essere terra di ragione, e il Giudeo aveva le sue ragioni piene e in pubblica forma, non si gli osava di dire il contrario per nessuno, se non pregarlo. Talchè tutti i mercatanti di Vinegia vi furono su a pregare questo Giudeo, et egli sempre più duro che mai. Per che messer Giannetto glie ne volle dare venti mila, e non volse, poi venne a trenta mila, e poi a quaranta mila, e poi a cinquanta mila; e così ascese infino a cento mila ducati. Ove il Giudeo disse: Sai com' è? se tu mi desse più ducati che non vale questa città, non gli torrei per esser contento; anzi i' vuo' fare quel che dicon le carte mie. E così stando in questa quistione, ecco giugnere in Vinegia questa donna vestita a modo di giudice, e smontò a uno albergo, e l' albergatore domandò un famiglio: Chi è questo gentil uomo? Il famiglio, già avvisato dalla donna di ciò che 'l doveva dire essendo di lei interrogato, rispose: Questo si è un gentil uomo giudice che vien da Bologna da studio, e tornasi a casa sua. L' albergatore ciò intendendo, gli fece assai onore, et essendo a tavola il giudice disse all' albergatore: Come si regge questa vostra città? Rispose l' oste: Messere, faccisi troppa ragione. Disse il giudice: Come? Soggiunse l' oste: Come, messere, io ve lo dirò. E' ci venne da Firenze un giovane, il quale aveva nome Giannetto, e venne qui a un suo nonno che ha nome messere Ansaldo, et è stato tanto aggraziato e tanto costumato, che gli uomini e le donne di questa terra erano innamorati di lui. E non ci venne mai in questa città nessuno tanto aggraziato quanto era costui. Ora questo suo nonno in tre volte gli fornì tre navi, le quali furono di grandissima valuta, e ogni otta glie ne incontrò sciagura, sì che alla nave da sezzo gli mancò danari; tal che questo messere Ansaldo accattò dieci mila ducati da un Giudeo con questi patti, che s' egli non glie li avesse renduti da ivi a San Giovanni di giugno prossimo che venia, il detto Giudeo gli potesse levare una libra di carne d' addosso dovunque e' volesse. Ora è tornato questo benedetto giovane, e per que' dieci mila ducati glie ne ha

voluto dare cento mila, e 'l falso Giudeo non vuole; e sonnovi stati a pregarlo tuttii buoni uomini di questa terra, e non giova niente. Rispose il giudice: Questa quistione è agevole a diterminare. Disse l' oste: Se voi ci volete durar fatica a terminarla, sì che quel buon uomo non muoia, voi n' acquisterete la grazia e l' amore del più virtuoso giovane che nascesse mai, e poi di tutti gli uomini di questa terra. Onde questo giudice fece andare un bando per la terra, che qualunque avesse a diterminare quistion nessuna, venisse da lui; ove fu detto a messer Giannetto come e' v' era venuto un giudice da Bologna, che determinarebbe ogni quistione. Per che messer Giannetto disse al Giudeo: Andiamo a questo giudice. Disse il Giudeo: Andiamo; ma venga chi vuole, che a ragione io n' ho a fare quanto dice la carta. E giunti nel cospetto del giudice, e fattogli debita riverenza, il giudice conobbe messer Giannetto, ma messer Giannetto non conobbe già lui, perchè con certe erbe s' era trasfigurata la faccia. Messer Giannetto e 'l Giudeo dissero ciascuno la ragion sua, e la quistione ordinatamente innanzi al giudice; il quale prese le carte e lessele, e poi disse al Giudeo: Io voglio che tu ti tolga questi cento mila ducati, e liberi questo buon uomo, il qual anco te ne sarà sempre tenuto. Rispose il Giudeo: Io non ne farò niente. Disse il giudice: Egli è il tuo meglio. E 'l Giudeo, che al tutto non ne voleva far nulla. E d' accordo se n' andarono all' ufficio diterminato sopra tali casi, e l' giudice parlò per messere Ansaldo e disse: Oltre fa venir costui; e fattolo venire, disse il giudice; Orsù lievagli una libra di carne dovunque tu vuoi, e fa i fatti tuoi. Dove il Giudeo lo fece spogliare ignudo, e recossi in mano un rasoio, che per ciò egli aveva fatto fare. E messer Giannetto si volse al giudice, e disse: Messere, di questo non vi pregava io. Rispose il giudice: Sta franco, che egli non ha ancora spiccata una libra di carne. Pure il Giudeo gli andava addosso. Disse il giudice: Guarda come tu fai; però che se tu ne leverai più o meno che una libra, io ti farò levare la testa. E anco io ti dico più, che se n' uscirà pure una gocciola di sangue, io ti farò morire; però che le carte tue non fanno menzione di spargimento di sangue, anzi dicono che tu gli debba levare una libra di carne, e non dice nè più nè meno. E per tanto, se tu se' savio, tieni que' modi che tu credi fare il tuo meglio. E così subito fe mandare per lo giustiziere, e fegli recare il ceppo e la mannaia, e disse: Com' io ne vedrò uscire gocciola di sangue, cosi ti farò levare la testa. Il Giudeo cominciò aver paura, e messer Giannetto a rallegrarsi. E dopo molte novelle, disse il Giudeo: Messer lo giudice, voi ne avete saputo più di me; ma fatemi dare quei cento mila ducati e son contento. Disse il giudice: Io voglio che tu vi levi una libra di carne, come dicono le carte tue, però ch' io non ti darei un danaio; avessigli tolti quando io te gli volli far dare. Il Giudeo venne a nonanta, e poi a ottanta mila, e 'l giudice sempre più fermo. Disse messer Giannetto al giudice: Diangli ciò che e' vuole, pure che ce lo renda. Disse il giudice: Io ti dico che tu lasci fare a me. Allora il Giudeo disse: Datemene cinquanta mila. Rispose il giudice: Io non te ne darei il più tristo danaio che tu avessi mai. Soggiunse il Giudeo: Datemi almeno i miei dieci mila ducati, che maladetta sia l' aria e la terra. Disse il giudice: Non m' intendi tu? io non te ne vuo' dar nessuno; se tu glie la vuoi levare, sì glie la lieva; quanto che no, io te farò protestare e annullare le carte tue. Talchè chiunque v' era presente, di questo faceva grandissima allegrezza, e ciascuno si faceva beffe di questo Giudeo, dicendo: Tale si crede uccellare, ch' e uccellato. Onde veggendo il Giudeo ch' egli non poteva fare quello ch' egli avrebbe voluto, prese le carte sue, e per istizza tutte le tagliò, e così fu liberato messere Ansaldo, e con grandissima festa messer Giannetto lo rimenò a casa; e poi prestamente prese questi cento mila ducati, e andò a questo giudice, e trovollo nella camera che s' acconciava per volere andar via. Allora messer Giannetto gli disse: Messere, voi avete fatto a me il maggior servigio che mai mi fosse fatto; e però io voglio che voi portiate questi danari a casa vostra; però che

voi gli avete ben guadagnati. Rispose il giudice: Messer Giannetto mio, a voi sia gran mercè, ch' io non n' ho di bisogno; portategli con voi, sì che la donna vostra non dica che voi abbiate fatto male masserizia. Disse messer Giannetto: Per mia fe ch' ella è tanto magnanima, e tanto cortese e tanto da bene, che se io ne spendessi quattro cotanti che questi, ella sarebbe contenta; però ch' ella voleva che io ne arrecassi molto più che non sono questi. Soggiunse il giudice: Come vi contentate voi di lei? Rispose messer Giannetto: E' non è creatura al mondo, a cui io voglia meglio che a lei; perch' ella è tanto savia e tanto bella, quanto la natura l' avesse potuta far più. E se voi mi volete fare tanta grazia di venire a vederla, voi vi maraviglierete dell' onore ch' ella vi farà, e vedrete s' egli è quel ch' io dico o più. Rispose il giudice: Del venire con voi, non voglio, però che io ho altre faccende; ma poi che voi dite ch' ella è tanto da bene, quando la vedrete, salutatela per mia parte. Disse messer Giannetto: Sarà fatto; ma io voglio che voi togliate di questi danari. E mentre che e' diceva queste parole, il giudice gli vide in dito uno anello, onde gli disse: Io vuo' questo anello, e non voglio altro danaio nessuno. Rispose messer Giannetto: Io son contento, ma io ve lo do mal volentieri; però che la donna mia me lo donò, e dissemi ch' io lo portassi sempre per suo amore, e s' ella non me lo vederà, crederà ch' io l' abbia dato a qualche femina, e così si cruccierà con meco, e crederà ch' io sia innamorato, e io voglio meglio a lei che a me medesimo. Disse il giudice: E' mi par esser certo, ch' ella vi vuole tanto bene, ch' ella vi crederà questo; e voi le direte che l' avete donato a me. Ma forse lo volevate voi donare a qualche vostra manza antica qui? Rispose messer Giannetto: Egli è tanto l' amore e la fe ch' io le porto, che non è donna al mondo, a cui io cambiassi, tanto compiutamente è bella in ogni cosa; e così si cavò l' anello di dito e diello al giudice, e poi s' abbracciarono, facendo riverenza l' un all' altro. Disse il giudice: Fatemi una grazia. Rispose messer Giannetto: Domandtae. Disse il giudice: Che voi non restiate qui; andatene tosto a vedere quella vostra donna. Disse messer Giannetto: E' mi pare cento mila anni ch' io la riveggia, e così presero commiato. Il giudice entrò in barca e andossi con Dio, e messer Giannetto fece cene e desinari, e donò cavalli e danari a que' suoi compagnoni, e così fe più di festa, e mantenne corte, e poi prese comiato da tutti i Viniziani, e menossene messere Ansaldo con seco, e molti de' suoi compagni antichi se n' andarono con lui; e quasi tutti gli uomini e le donne per tenerezza lagrimarono per la partita sua; tanto s' era portato piacevolmente nel tempo ch' egli era stato a Vinegia con ogni persona; e così si partì e tornossi in Belmonte. Ora avvenne che la donna sua giunse più di innanzi, e fe vista d' essere stata al bagno, e rivestissi al modo feminile, e fece fare l' apparecchio grande, e coprire tutte le strade di zendado, e fe vestire molte brigate d' armeggiatori. E quando messer Giannetto e messere Ansaldo giunsero, tutti i baroni e la corte gli andarono incontra, gridando: Viva il signore, viva il signore. E come e' giunsero nella terra, la donna corse ad abbracciare messere Ansaldo, e finse esser un poco crucciata con messer Giannetto, a cui voleva meglio che a se. Fecesi la festa grande di giostrare, di armeggiare, di danzare e di cantare per tutti i baroni e le donne e donzelle che v' erano. Veggendo messer Giannetto che la moglie non gli faceva così buon viso com' ella soleva, andossene in camera, e chiamolla e disse: Che hai tu? e volsela abbracciare. Disse la donna: Non ti bisogna fare queste carezze, ch' io so bene che a Vinegia tu hai ritrovate le tue manze antiche. Messer Giannetto si cominciò a scusare. Disse la donna: Ov' è l' anello ch' io ti diedi? Rispose messer Giannetto: Ciò ch' io mi pensai, me n' è incontrato, e dissi bene che tu te ne penseresti male. Ma io ti giuro per la fe ch' io porto a Dio e a te, che quello anello io lo donai a quel giudice che mi die vinta la quistione. Disse la donna: Io ti giuro per la fe ch' io porto a Dio e a te, che tu lo donasti a una femina, e io lo so, e non ti vergogni di giurarlo. Soggiunse messer Giannetto: Io

prego Iddio che mi disfaccia del mondo, s' io non ti dico il vero, e più ch' io lo dissi col giudice insieme, quando egli me lo chiese. Disse la donna: Tu vi ti potevi anco rimanere, e qua mandare messere Ansaldo, e tu goderti con le tue manze, che odo che tutte piangevano quando tu ti partisti. Messer Giannetto cominciò a lagrimare, e a darsi assai tribulazione, dicendo: Tu fai sacramento di quel che non è vero, e non potrebbe essere. Dove la donna veggendolo lagrimare, parve che le fosse dato d' un coltello nel cuore, e subito corse ad abbracciarlo, facendo le maggiori risa del mondo; e mostrogli l' anello, e dissegli ogni cosa, com' egli aveva detto al giudice, e come ella era stata quel giudice, e in che modo glielo diede. Onde messer Giannetto di questo si fece la maggior maraviglia del mondo; e veggendo ch' egli era pur vero, ne cominciò a fare gran festa. E uscito fuor di camera lo disse con alcuno de' suoi baroni e compagni, e per questo erebbe e moltiplicò l' amore fra loro due. Dapoi messer Giannetto chiamò quella cameriera che gli aveva insegnato la sera che non beesse, e diella per moglie a messere Ansaldo; e così stettero lungo tempo in allegrezza e festa, mentre che durò la lor vita.

The second story, that of the caskets, occurs, in its most primitive form, in a tale which is related to King Avenamore by the hermit Barlaam, in the very ancient Greek romance of Barlaam and Josaphat, written about the year 800 by Joannes Damascenus. This work was translated into Latin, and incorporated into the Speculum Historiale of Vincent de Beauvais, whence perhaps Gower took the story of the coffers, as related in the Confessio Amantis, lib. v. The only complete English translation known is one made by General Fairfax in the seventeenth century, existing only in manuscript; but there is a very early metrical version of the romance, including the anecdote now referred to, in the Lives of the Saints in MS. Laud. 779, Catal. Bernard. 2567. The tale in the Greek romance, as given by Warton from the original, is as follows,—"The king commanded four chests to be made, two of which were covered with gold, and secured by golden locks, but filled with the rotten bones of human carcases. The other two were overlaid with pitch, and bound with rough cords; but replenished with pretious stones and the most exquisite gems, and with ointments of the richest odour. He called his nobles together, and placing these chests before them, asked which they thought the most valuable. They pronounced those with the golden coverings to be the most precious, supposing they were made to contain the crowns and girdles of the king. The two chests covered with pitch they viewed with contempt. Then said the king, I presumed what would be your determination, for ye look with the eyes of sense; but to discern baseness or value, which are hid within, we must look with the eyes of the mind. He then ordered the golden chests to be opened, which exhaled an intolerable stench, and

filled the beholders with horror." The original Greek version is common in manuscript, and is printed in Boissonade's Anecdota Græca, vol. iv. This tale is, of course, only the remote original of the incident of the caskets, as used by Shakespeare. It occurs in a great variety of forms amongst the Latin stories of the middle ages. In the Latin printed copy of the Gesta Romanorum, ch. 109, is the following narrative, thus given by Douce,—"A smith had lost a chest of money, which being carried by the sea to the shores of a distant country, was taken up by an inn-keeper, who, not suspecting that it contained any thing, threw it carelessly aside. Having occasion one day for some fuel to warm his guests, he broke up the chest, and finding the money, laid it by safely, till some one should arrive to claim it. The smith soon afterwards appeared; and having publicly declared his loss, the inn-keeper resolved to ascertain if it were the will of Providence that he should make restitution. He therefore caused three pasties to be made; the first he filled with earth, the second with dead men's bones, and the third with money. He then invited the smith to dinner, and gave him the choice of the pasties. The smith fixed on those with the earth and bones, and relinquished the other. The host now concluded that it was not the will of Heaven that he should restore the money; he therefore called in the blind and the lame, opened the other pasty in their presence, and divided the treasure between them." This story occurs also in Gower's Confessio Amantis, in the Chronicle of Lanercost, and in the Cento Novelle Antiche, nov. 65. There is a tale of two caskets in Morlini Novellæ, nov. 5; and it has been somewhat ingeniously conjectured that the general construction of all these stories may have been borrowed from the trick related to have been put by Prometheus on Jupiter with the two bull-skins filled with flesh and bones. In the Decameron of Boccaccio, x. 1, is a tale in which the king fills one chest full of earth, and in the other he places his crown, sceptre, and other valuables. The knight chooses the one filled with earth. The earliest known translation of the Decameron was published in 1625, but many of the tales had previously appeared in other English works. Thus an abridged version of the present one occurs in a little volume entitled, Memorable Conceits of Divers noble and famous Personages of Christendome, 12mo. Lond. 1602, in a narrative which concludes as follows,—"The next morning the Emperour tooke two little iron coffers, both of a greatnesse and

like weight, the one of them being full of duckets, and the other of lead: and putting them upon a table, he said unto his page,—here be two coffers, make thy choise of the two which thou shalt like best, and take it for thy wages and recompence of thy service. The page chusing that which was full of lead, the Emperour said, Now open it, and see what is within it; which he did, and found it to be but lead. Then said the Emperour, now thou knowest thy fortune: the fault was none of mine, that thy choise was no better, and that thou wert not made rich: for thou hast refused thy good fortune, when it was offered thee."

There cannot, however, be a doubt that Shakespeare was indebted for his version of the incident of the caskets, either immediately to the Gesta Romanorum, or to some novel or play composed by a writer who had borrowed his materials from that singular collection of stories. The description of the three vessels of gold, silver, and lead, and the inscriptions upon them, are too remarkable to be regarded as coincidences; and the tale was well known to English readers, as it is included in the translation of the Gesta by Robinson, which was the popular version of the book in Shakespeare's time. The Latin text is given in MS. Harl. 2270, ch. 99, and in the Latin printed editions, ch. 109; a very ancient English translation in MS. Harl. 7333, is printed in Sir F. Madden's Old English Versions of the Gesta, 1838; and the first printed English text occurs in Wynkyn de Worde's unique edition at St. John's College, Cambridge, ch. 32. Robinson's translation, as that most used in Shakespeare's own day, is the one here selected for insertion:—

Sometime in Rome dwelt a mightie Emperour, named Anselme, which had wedded the kings daughter of Jerusalem, a faire lady and a gracious, in the sight of every man, but she was long time with the emperour or shee bare him any child, wherefore the nobles of the empire were right sorrowfull, because their lord had none heire of his owne body begotten. Till at last it befell, that this Anselme walked after supper in an evening in his garden, and bethought himselfe how hee had none heire, and how the king of Ampluy warred on him continually, for so much as he had no sonne to make defiance in his absence, wherefore he was right sorrowfull and went to his chamber and slept. Then he thought he saw a vision in his sleepe, that the morning was much more cleerer than it was wont to be, and that the moone was more paler on the one side then on the other. And after he saw a bird of two colours, and by that bird stood two beasts, which fed that little bird with their heate: and after that came many moe beasts, and bowed their breasts toward the bird, and went their way. Then came there divers birds, that sung so sweetly and pleasantly that the emperour awaked. In the morning earely this Anselme remembered his vision and wondered much what it might signifie, wherefore he called to him his philosophers, and also the states of his empire, and told them his dreame, charging them to tell him the signification thereof, upon

paine of death: and if they told him the interpretation thereof he promised them great reward. Then said they, Deere Lord, tell us your dreame, and we shall declare unto you what it betokeneth. Then the emperour told them from the beginning to the ending, as it is aforesaid. When the philosophers heard this, with glad cheere, they answered and said. My lord, the dreame that you saw betokeneth good, for the empire shal be more clearer then it is. The moone that is more pale on the one side then on the other, betokeneth the empres, that hath lost part of her coulour through the conception of a son, that she hath conceived. The little bird betokeneth the sonne that she shall beare. The two beasts that feede this bird betokeneth all the wise men and rich men of this empire, which shall obey thy sonne. These other beasts that bowed their breasts to the bird, betokeneth that many other nations shall doe him homage. The bird that sung so sweetly to this little bird, betokeneth the Romanes, which shall rejoyce and sing, because of his birth. Lo, this is the very interpretation of your dreame. When the emperour heard this, he was right joyfull. Now, soone after that the empresse travailed in child-birth, and was delivered of a faire sonne, of whose birth was great and wonderfull joy made. When the king of Ampluy heard this, hee thought in himselfe thus: Lo, I have warred against the emperour all the dayes of my life, and now hee hath a sonne the which will revenge all the wrongs that I have done and wrought against his father, when hee commeth to a full age, therefore it is better that I send to the emperour and beseech him of trewse and peace, that his sonne may have nothing against me when hee commeth to man-hood. When hee had thus thought in himselfe, he wrote to the emperour, beseeching him to have peace. When the emperour saw that the king of Ampluy wrote to him more for feare then for love, hee wrote againe to him, that if hee would find sufficient suertie to keep the peace, and binde himselfe all the dayes of his life to doe him service and homage, and to give him yearely a certaine tribute, he would receive him to peace. When the king had read the tenour of the emperours letter, he called his counsel, praying them to give him counsayle how he might best do as touching this matter. Then said they: It is good that yee obey the emperours will and commandment in all things. For in the first, hee desireth of you surety for the peace, and as to this we answere thus.—Ye have but a daughter, and the emperour one only son, wherefore let a marriage be made between them, and that may be a perpetuall covenant of peace: also he asketh homage and rent, which it is good to fulfill. And when the king sent his messengers to the emperour, saying, that hee would fulfill his intent in all things, if it might please his highnesse that his sonne and the kings daughter might be married together. All this pleased well the emperour, nevertheles he sent againe, that if his daughter were a cleane virgin from her birth unto that day, he would consent to that marriage. Then was the king right glad, for his daughter was a cleane virgin. Therefore when the letters of covenant and compact were sealed, the king furnished a faire ship, wherein he might send his daughter with many noble knights, ladyes, and great riches, unto the emperour, for to have his sonne in marriage. Now when they were sayling in the sea toward Rome, a storme arose so extremeelye and so horribly, that the ship all to brast against a rock of stone, and they were all drowned, save onely that yong lady, which fixt her hope and heart so firmely on God, that she was saved. And about three of clocke, the tempest ceased, and the lady drave foorth over the waves, in the broken ship, which was cast up againe, but an huge whale followed after, readie to devoure both the ship and her: wherefore this faire yong lady when night came, smote fire with a stone, wherewith the ship was greatly lightened, and then the whale durst not adventure toward the ship, for feare of the light. At the cock-crowing, this yong lady was so weary of the great tempest and trouble of the sea, that she slept, and within a little after the fire sur-ceased, and with that came

the whale and devoured this virgin. But when she wakened and found her selfe swallowed up in the whales belly, shee smote fire, and within a little while shee wounded the whale with a knife in many places, and when the whale felt himselfe wounded, according to his nature, he began to swim to land. There was at that time dwelling in that country an earle that was a noble man, named Parris, the which for his recreation walked by the sea shore, and as he was walking thus, he saw where the whale was comming towards the land, wherefore he turned home againe, and gathered many strong men and came thether againe, and caught the whale, and wounded him very sore, and as they smote, the mayden that was in his belly cried with an high voice and said, O gentle friends have mercie and compassion on me, for I am a kings daughter and a true virgin from the houre of my birth unto this day. When the earle heard this he wondred greatly and opened the side of the whale and tooke her out. And when she was thus delivered, shee told him forthwith whose daughter she was, and how shee had lost all her goods in the sea, and how shee should have beene married unto the emperours sonne. And when the earle heard this hee was right glad, wherefore hee comforted her the more, and kept her still with him till she was well refreshed. And in the meane time he sent messengers to the emperour, giving him to know how the kings daughter was saved. Then was the emperour right glad of her safety and comming, and had great compassion on her, saying: Ah faire lady, for the love of my sonne thou hast suffered much woe, neverthelesse if thou be worthie to be his wife, soone shall I prove. And when he had thus said, he commanded to bring forth three vessels, the first was made of pure gold, beset with precious stones without, and within full of dead mens bones, and thereupon was ingraven this posey: Whoso chooseth me shall finde that he deserveth. The second vessel was made of fine silver, filled with earth and wormes, and the superscription was thus: Whoso chooseth me shall find that his nature desireth. The third vessel was made of lead, full within of precious stones, and the superscription, Whoso chooseth mee shall finde that God hath disposed to him. These three vessels the emperour shewed to the maiden and said, Lo, here daughter, these be faire vessels, if thou choose one of these, wherein is profit to thee and to other, then shalt thou have my sonne: but if thou choose that wherein is no profit to thee nor to none other, soothly thou shalt not marrie him. When the mayden saw this, she lift up her hands to God and said: Thou Lord that knowest all things, grant me grace this houre so to choose, that I may receive the emperours sonne. And with that shee beheld the first vessell of gold, which was engraven, and read the superscription, Whoso chooseth me, &c. saying thus: Though this vessel be full precious and made of pure gold, neverthelesse I know not what is within, therefore, my deare lord, this vessel will I not choose. And then shee beheld the second vessel that was of pure silver, and read the superscription, Whoso chooseth mee shall finde that his nature desireth. Thinking thus within her selfe, If I choose this vessel, what is within it I know not, but well I wot there shall I finde that nature desireth, and my nature desireth the lust of the flesh, therefore this vessel will I not choose. When she had seene these two vessels, and given an answere as touching them, shee beheld the third vessell of lead, and read the superscription, Whoso chooseth mee, shall finde that God hath disposed. Thincking within her selfe this vessel is not passing rich, nor throughly precious: neverthelesse, the superscription saith: Whoso chooseth mee, shall finde that God hath disposed: and without doubt God never disposeth any harme, therefore now I will choose this vessell, by the leave of God. When the emperour saw this, hee said, O faire mayden open thy vessell, and see if thou hast well chosen or no. And when this yong lady had opened it, shee found it full of fine gold and precious stones, like as the emperour had told her before. And then said the emperour, O my deere daughter, because thou hast

wisely chosen, therefore shalt thou marry my sonne. And when he had so said, he ordained a marriage, and married them together with great solempnitie and much honour, and they lived peaceably a long time together.

The incident of the love and elopement of Jessica and Lorenzo may possibly have been suggested by the fourteenth tale in the Novellino of Massuccio di Salerno, who flourished about the year 1470. "It is the story of a young gentleman of Messina, who becomes enamoured of the daughter of a rich Neapolitan miser. As the father kept his child perpetually shut up, the lover has recourse to stratagem. Pretending to set out on a long journey, he deposits with the miser a number of valuable effects, leaving, among other things, a female slave, who prepossesses the mind of the girl in favour of her master, and finally assists in the elopement of the young lady, and the robbery of her father's jewels, which she carries along with her," Dunlop's History of Fiction, ii. 336. In this tale, as in the play, there are the avaricious parent, the daughter so carefully guarded, the elopement of the lovers managed by the intervention of a servant, the robbery of the father, and his grief on the discovery, which is represented as divided between the loss of his daughter and the theft of the ducats (Dunlop, ibid.).

Instead, however, of supposing the poet obtained his materials from three unconnected works, a very easy and probable solution of the question is suggested by the circumstance that the Merchant of Venice was originally also entitled the Jew of Venice. This fact, which is obtained from the entry of the play on the registers of the Stationers' Company, in 1598, is of considerable importance, when viewed in connection with another circumstance, the allusion to an old play called the Jew, in Gosson's Schoole of Abuse, which contained "a pleasaunt invective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such-like caterpillers of a Commonwelth," 16mo. 1579. A play so called, says Gosson, was one of the few which were "without rebuke." It was exhibited at the Bull, and Gosson describes it as *representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody mindes of usurers*. The coincidence of this description with the subject of the Merchant of Venice, is so remarkable, that when we add to it the identity of title, little doubt can fairly remain that the play mentioned by Gosson, in 1579, contained similar incidents to those in Shakespeare's play, and that it was, in all probability, the rude original of the Merchant of Venice. If this be conceded, we need scarcely enter into the subject of the ballad of Gernutus

as one of Shakespeare's sources. If the ballad was really anterior to the play, it might possibly have suggested a few trifling expressions: but the evidence clearly leads to the conclusion that the poet must have been indebted to some production, which was in its turn borrowed from the Pecorone. The words of Gosson deserve to be quoted at length. They occur under the marginal observation,—"some playes tollerable at sometime," amongst which he enumerates the following,—"The Jew, and Ptolome, showne at the Bull; the one representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody mindes of usurers; the other very lively describing howe seditious estates with their owne devises, false friendes with their owne swoords, and rebellious commons in their owne snares are overthrowne; neither with amorous gesture wounding the eye, nor with slovenly talke hurting the eares of the chast hearers." These plays, he adds, after naming also a few others, "are good playes and sweete playes, and of all playes the best playes, and most to be liked, woorthy to be soung of the Muses, or set out with the cunning of Roscius him self, yet are they not fit for every mans dyet: neither ought they commonly to be showen." This commendation, emanating from an opponent of the drama, indicates perhaps that the play of the Jew was somewhat of a serious cast; that it was, at least, free from the ribaldry which pervades many of the dramatic compositions of the period. That Shakespeare adopted any of the dialogue of this ancient composition is highly improbable, but that he may have been indebted to it for the general outline of the structure of his plot, and that the title also was originally adopted from it, may be admitted without much fear of incurring a serious error. There is reason for believing that the title above mentioned, the Jew of Venice, long continued to be the popular designation of Shakespeare's comedy. Thus Mynshull, in his Essayes and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners, ed. 1638, p. 13, evidently writing Malta by a clerical error for Venice, asks,—"if with the Jew of Malta, instead of coyne thou requirest a pound of flesh next to thy debtors heart, wilt thou cut him in peeces?" It may also be mentioned that in September, 1653, a play by Thomas Decker, entitled the Jew of Venice, was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, and this may have been some variation of the Merchant of Venice; while at a much later period, Lord Lansdowne, following probably the tradition of the stage, adopted the same title for his alteration of Shakespeare's comedy.

The hypothesis here suggested, that the ancient English play of the Jew, mentioned by Gosson, was the groundwork of the Merchant of Venice, involves another conjecture in order to account for the truthfulness of the accessorial descriptive notices in the latter drama, which are certainly not to be traced to the Pecorone of Giovanni Fiorentino. Much of this may naturally be assigned to the art of the poet, who has invested every foreign scene he adopts for the locality of the circumstances of

his dramas with varying suggestive characteristics that harmonize with the popular belief; but unless the somewhat extravagant theory, that the Venetian peculiarities of the present comedy are wholly taken from the elder drama, be adopted, there is sufficient evidence to be observed in it of Shakespeare's personal acquaintance with Venice and Italy. Not only are the localities and the circumstances of the actions of the characters, excepting the extravagant fiction on which the plot turns, true to contemporary facts; but some of the names, and a few minute

allusions, appear to support the opinion that they were solely suggested by the writer's own experiences as a traveller. Where, asks Mr. Brown, did Shakespeare learn of an old villager's coming into the city with a "dish of doves" as a present to his son's master? A present thus given might have been noticed in Italy, where this kind of offering was not unusual; but it is a graphic vestige of national manners not at all likely to have been transferred from a contemporary volume. "The Merchant of Venice," observes the same writer, "is a merchant of no other place in the world; every thing he says or does, or that is said and done about him, except when the scene changes to Belmont, is, throughout the play, Venetian. Shakespeare, in addition to the general national spirit of the play, describes the Exchange held on the Rialto; the riches of the merchants; their argosies trading with all parts of the world; he talks familiarly of the 'masquing mates,' with their torch-bearers in the streets; of 'the common ferry which trades to Venice,' where Portia is to meet Balthazar, after he has delivered the letter to Doctor Bellario, at Padua, the seat of law; and of the gondola that carried Lorenzo and his loving Jessica. All this is written with perfect knowledge of the place." The name of Gobbo was derived from a family of that name, resident at Venice in the sixteenth century, a member of whom, John Gobbo, was a courier in the employ of the Venetian cabinet in the earlier years of that period, and the frequent bearer of despatches between Rome and Venice; there was also a poet Gobbi, a writer of sonnets; nor is the name yet obsolete, the Venice Gazette of January 6th, 1846, as noticed by Mr. R. Brown, recording the demise of Angelo de' Gobbi, a clown. Antonio, the name of the merchant in Shakespeare, was an appellation of exceedingly common occurrence amongst the merchants and higher classes of Venice; and Lorenzo was also a favorite name with the Venetians (Howell's Survay, 1651, p. 113). Italian novelists do not usually copy the patronymics current in the localities to which their stories relate; so that it is most probable that at least the above-mentioned name of Gobbo was derived from the poet's own recollections of a sojourn at Venice. The view of the city above given is preserved in the illuminated Romance of Alexander of the fourteenth century, in the Bodleian Library, and is curious as being perhaps the earliest authentic representation of Venice known to exist. It exhibits the Place of St. Mark, with the Duke's Palace, and

the two celebrated pillars, on one of which is the winged lion (the arms of Venice), and on the other a statue of St. Theodore in the act of spearing a crocodile. This was one of the principal places of resort in Venice. "This part of the Piazza," observes Coryat, in his Crudities, ed. 1611, p. 175, "is worthy to be celebrated for that famous concourse and meeting of so many distinct and sundry nations twise a day, betwixt sixe and eleven of the clocke in the morning, and betwixt five in the afternoone and eight; there you may see many Polonians, Slavonians, Persians, Grecians, Turks, *Jewes*, Christians of all the famousest regions of Christendome, and each nation distinguished from another by their proper and peculiar habits." Here, then, may Bassanio, Shylock, and Antonio have met; and here may some of the other scenes in the play be supposed to be placed. This interesting engraving is taken, by the author's kind permission, from Mr. J. H. Parker's Domestic Architecture in England from Edward I. to Richard II., 1853, p. 26.

The name of Shylock was an ancient English family surname, one Richard Shylok, of Hoo, co. Sussex, being mentioned in a document dated in 1435; but the probability is in favour of the appellation of the character in the play having been originally taken from the Jewish name of Scialac, which was borne by a Maronite of Mount Libanus, contemporary with Shakespeare, and was in fact one belonging to many individuals of the same creed. The transition from Scialac to Shylock was one easily suggested, and there are reasons for believing that the latter name was current as one belonging to a Jew some time previously to the composition of the Merchant of Venice. At the conclusion of a very rare tract entitled, A Jewes Prophesy, or Newes from Rome of two mightie Armies as well footemen as horsmen, 1607, is a piece entitled, "Caleb Shilock his prophesie for the yeere 1607," which commences as follows,—"Be it knowne unto all men, that in the yeare 1607, when as the moone is in the watrye signe, the world is like to bee in great danger; for a learned Jew, named Caleb Shilock, doth write that, in the foresaid yeere, the sun shall be covered with the dragon in the morning, from five of the clocke untill nine, and will appeare like fire; therefore it is not good that any man do behold the same, for, by beholding thereof, hee may lose his sight." The late date of this pamphlet would render the allusion uninteresting, were there not evidence that it was a reprint of an older production, the year of the prophecy being altered to

create an interest at the time of the republication. It is thus alluded to in a tract entitled, Miracle upon Miracle, or a true Relation of the great Floods which happened in Coventry, in Lymne, and other Places, 4to. Lond. 1607,—"witnes the Jewes Prophesie, being an idle vaine pamphlet, as grosse and grosser then John of Calabria, *and was printed many years agoe*, and this last yeare onely renewed with the addition of 1607, yet amongst fooles, women and children, retayned for such an approved miracle that, as if the gift of prophesie were hereditary to the Jewes and their tribes, there are fewe things better beleeved, when as in truth there was never any such Jew, nor any such prophesie, but a meere invention." The discovery of a copy of the original edition would decide the question, whether Shakespeare could have borrowed the name of his character of the Jew from the tract, or whether the compiler of the latter was indebted for the appellation to the play. Dr. Farmer, who appears to have seen a copy of it, says it was entitled, Caleb Shillocke his Prophecie, or the Jewes Prediction, and that it was printed without a date by one T. P., perhaps either Thomas Purfoot or Thomas Pavier, both of whom issued pamphlets of this description.

The Jew, as a dramatic personage, had been familiar to English audiences from the time of the performance of the ancient miracle plays; but he was only occasionally introduced into the dramas of the Elizabethan period. The immediate precursor of Shylock was the comparatively vulgar creation of Barabas in Marlowe's Jew of Malta, a character whose atrocities, however powerfully depicted, are altogether deficient in the artistic accessories that render those of the Jew of Venice compatible with a work of great art. That Shakespeare was acquainted with Marlowe's play seems evident from the circumstance of his adopting the erroneous accent used by the latter in writing the name of Barabas, which is always to be sounded *Barrabas* throughout his play; but no coincidences of importance between the two productions are to be traced. Both Shylock and Barabas speak of an argosy, of swine-eating Christians, of their desire for revenge, and of their sufferance under the opprobrious epithet of "dog;" but these, and other kindred expressions, are insufficient to establish the conjecture that Shakespeare had borrowed in any degree from his predecessor.

A play which was first acted in August, 1594, and is fre-

Fac similes of the Title-pages of the original Editions of the Merchant of Venice.

THE
EXCELLENT
Hiſtory of the Mer-chant of Venice.

With the extreme cruelty of *Shylocke* the Iew towards the ſaide Merchant, in cutting a iuſt pound of his fleſh. And the obtaining of *Portia*, by the choyſe of three Caskets.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.

Printed by *I. Roberts*, 1600.

The moſt excellent
Hiſtorie of the *Merchant of Venice*.

With the extreame crueltie of *Shylocke* the Iewe towards the ſayd Merchant, in cutting a iuſt pound of his fleſh: and the obtayning of *Portia* by the choyſe of three cheſts.

As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.

Written by William Shakeſpeare.

AT LONDON,
Printed by *I. R.* for Thomas Heyes, and are to be ſold in Paules Church-yard, at the ſigne of the Greene Dragon.
1600.

To face p. 279.

quently mentioned in Henslowe's Diary as "the Venesyon comodey," has been conjectured, but without the slightest corroborative evidence, to be the same as the Merchant of Venice. The earliest notice of the latter play, that has hitherto been discovered, occurs in the books of the Stationers' Company,—"xxij° Julii, 1598, James Robertes,—Entred for his copie under the handes of bothe the wardens, A Booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyce, provided that yt bee not prynted by the said James Robertes or anye other whatsoever, without lycence first had from the right honorable the Lord Chamberlen, vj. *d.*" It is also mentioned in the same year, in the list of Shakespeare's comedies in the Palladis Tamia of Meres, 12mo. Lond. 1598; but it was not printed until 1600, when two editions appeared, one "printed by J. Roberts," without any notice of the Company by whom the play was performed, the other "printed by I. R. for Thomas Heyes," and issuing it "as it hath beene divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants." The secret history of the circumstances under which these contemporary editions appeared is not known; but the probability seems to be that Roberts had failed in obtaining the license of the Lord Chamberlain, and that his publication was a surreptitious one. On the other hand, Heyes obtained a license in October, 1600, the following entry occurring in the Stationers' Register,—"28 Oct. 1600, Tho: Haies,—A booke called the booke of the Merchant of Venyce, vj. *d.*" That the I. R., the individual who printed the work for Heyes, was also Roberts, is a supposition that has been usually adopted without close examination; for some of the probabilities are in favour of another attribution of those initials, the types used in the two editions belonging, at all events in part, to different founts; and one positive coincidence only being to be traced in the materials employed, a device that might possibly have been obtained independently of the type. In 1619, Thomas Heyes transferred his interest in the play to Lawrence Heyes,—"8 July, 1619, Lau. Hayes,—A play called the Marchaunt of Venice;" but he does not appear to have made any use of it for a long series of years, the next separate edition appearing in 1637, "printed by M. P. for Laurence Hayes, and are to be sold at his Shop on Fleetbridge." After this, it again changed hands, the last quarto edition being "printed for William Leake, and are to be solde at his shop at the signe of the Crown in Fleetstreet, between the two Temple Gates, 1652."

The text of the play in the folio editions was copied from the publication of Heyes, which appeared in 1600, and the exact title of which, as being somewhat precise and curious, may be here added,—"The most excellent Historie of the *Merchant of Venice.* With the extreame crueltie of *Shylocke* the Iewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of *Portia* by the choyse of three chests. *As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.* Written by William Shakespeare. At London, Printed by I. R. for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon, 1600." This title is followed, with the exception of the imprints, in the two later editions of 1637 and 1652. In that printed by Roberts, 1600, *caskets* is written in the place of *chests*, the note of the Lord Chamberlain's company is omitted, and the poet's Christian name is simply given with the initial. The printer's devices on the title-page and the first leaf of the text are altogether different in the two editions of 1600, as also are the running titles, that belonging to the one printed for Heyes being "the comicall Historie of the Merchant of Venice" in small italics, and that in the other being "the Comicall History of the Merchant of Venice" in larger type. The only striking similarity occurs on the last page, the device in both editions at the foot of the play being the same in each. It consists of a female head in the centre, supported by two horns filled with fruit, leaves and flowers, each horn being ornamented with a pendant scarf; but there is a very minute variation between the two impressions of this device, a small indentation on the top of the block occurring only in the edition printed by Roberts, which clearly proves that the latter is the one last employed by the printer; for had the defect existed in the block when the first edition was being printed, it is obvious that it would also have been traced in that copy. The general appearance of the later impression shows that the block had been considerably more worn than when it was employed in the former one. It may likewise be mentioned that the paper employed throughout the edition printed for Heyes is what is usually termed pot-paper, and is distinguished by the ordinary water-mark of the pot (a copy of which is given above), which is found in all the sheets, the

only distinction that has been noticed is, that sometimes the pot has three circles, like those which are observed on the lid of the above specimen, placed on the summit of the handle, and that two lines, in this variation of the mark, cross the centre of the vessel. The paper on which the edition of Roberts is printed,—the Editor is speaking in both instances of the copies in his own collection—bears water-marks of a more elaborate description, in one of which, as is observed in the copy of it given below, the lid has a radiating loop-shaped ornament on the top, possibly typical of foam rising from the jug, above which is a crescent, and the letters R. L. M. (the turn which is clearly intended on the right-hand stroke of the L being so nearly obliterated that the letter looks like an I) are upon the body of the vessel. Another mark is of an entirely different character, consisting of an heraldic scroll bearing a monogram and a hunting-horn hanging by its baldrick. These marks vary again in different sheets, there being several varieties of the one first mentioned; one of which, distinguished by the letters L. E., has a kind of spiked ornament on the lid, above which is a flower of four leaves in place of the crescent. In another specimen, bearing the letters L. C., the crescent rests on the ornament without the intervention of the stem, as the latter is seen in the annexed engraving; in another, distinguished by the letters G. L., the mark is similar to the one here copied, but it has no ornament above the crescent; and there are also other examples, in which the letters are different from those now mentioned.

It is evident, therefore, to judge from the copies here examined, that the two editions of 1600 were printed on different papers; a fact which is of some importance in the question above discussed. The next edition, that of 1637, is chiefly remarkable as containing the earliest list of "the Actors Names," an exact copy of which is here given:—

> The Duke of Venice.
> Morochus, a Prince, and a Sutor to Portia.
> The Prince of Aragon, Sutor also to Portia.

Bassanio, an Italian Lord, Sutor likewise to Portia.
Anthonio, a Merchant of Venice.
Salarino, Salanio, Gratiano, Lorenso, } Gentlemen of Venice, and companions with Bassanio.
Shylock, the rich Iew, and Father of Iessica.
Tuball, a Iew, Shilocks Friend.
Portia, the rich Italian Lady.
Nerrissa, her wayting-gentlewoman.
Iessica, Daughter to Shylock.
Gobbo, an old man, father to Lancelot.
Lancelot Gobbo the Clowne.
Stephano, a Messenger.
Iaylor, and Attendants.

The Merchant of Venice, as has been already remarked, was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1598, and it is mentioned by Meres in the same year. There is no other certain information respecting the date of its composition, but it was probably written before the year 1596, for in Wily Beguiled, an old play which contained more than one sly borrowing from Shakespeare, occurs the following palpable imitation of a well-known scene in the present comedy,—

Sophos. In such a night did Paris win his love.
Lelia. In such a night Æneas prov'd unkind.
Sophos. In such a night did Troilus court his dear.
Lelia. In such a night fair Phillis was betray'd.

The play of Wily Beguiled is alluded to in Nash's Have with you to Saffron Walden, 1596, and it was probably then a new production. And if, in addition to this, there is added the circumstance of several expressions which occur in the trial scene in Shakespeare being similar to others in the story of the bond in Munday's translation of Silvayn's Orator, published in the same year, we may arrive not unreasonably at the conclusion that the Merchant of Venice was a new and favorite play in 1596. Another slight indication, tending towards a similar conclusion, may be found in the circumstance that the pronunciation of Stephano is erroneously given in this comedy, but that after Shakespeare had taken a part in the representation of Every Man in his Humour, produced in 1598, where the same name occurs with its correct accent, he altered the cadence when he had occasion to write it in a subsequent composition. The story of the bond, as it occurs in Silvayn's Orator, 1596, above referred to, is here annexed. It is the ninety-fifth

Declamation in that work, and is entitled, "Of a Jew who would for his Debt have a pound of the Flesh of a Christian:" in the course of which, as in the play, the Jew argues that the lapse of the contract would endanger the credit of the city; he justifies his conduct by taunting the Christians with their usage of slavery; and he both asks and answers the question why he prefers the exaction of the flesh to the acceptance of the money:—

A Jew unto whom a Christian Marchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have summoned him for the same in Turckie: the Merchant because he would not be discredited, promised to pay the said summe within the tearme of three months, and if he paied it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the flesh of his bodie. The tearme being past some fifteene daies, the Jew refused to take his money, and demaunded the pound of flesh: the ordinarie Judge of that place appointed him to cut a just pound of the Christians flesh, and if he cut either more or lesse, then his owne head should be smitten off. The Jew appealed from this sentence unto the chiefe Judge, saying:

Impossible is it to breake the credite of trafficke amongst men without great detriment unto the Commonwealth; wherfore no man ought to bind himselfe unto such covenants which hee cannot or wil not accomplish, for by that means should no man feare to be deceaved, and credit being maintained, every man might be assured of his owne; but since deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and strict then they were wont, seeing that although the bonds are made never so strong, yet can no man be very certaine that he shal not be a loser. It seemeth at the first sight, that it is a thing no lesse strange then cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the flesh of his bodie, for want of money: Surely, in that it is a thing not usuall, it appeareth to be somewhat the more admirable, but there are divers others that are more cruell, which because they are in use seeme nothing terrible at all: as to bind al the bodie unto a most lothsome prison, or unto an intollerable slaverie, where not only the whole bodie but also al the sences and spirits are tormented, the which is commonly practised, not only betwixt those which are either in sect or nation contrary, but also even amongst those that are all of one sect and nation, yea amongst neighbours and kindred, and even amongst Christians it hath ben seene, that the son hath imprisoned the father for monie. Likewise, in the Roman Commonwealth, so famous for laws and armes, it was lawfull for debt, to imprison, beat, and afflict with torments the free Cittizens: How manie of them (do you thinke) would have thought themselves happie, if for a small debt they might have ben excused with the paiment of a pound of their flesh? Who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth so small a thing of a Christian, to discharge him of a good round summe? A man may aske why I would not rather take silver of this man, then his flesh: I might alleage many reasons, for I might say that none but my selfe can tell what the breach of his promise hath cost me, and what I have thereby paied for want of money unto my creditors, of that which I have lost in my credit: for the miserie of those men which esteeme their reputation is so great, that oftentimes they had rather indure any thing secretlie then to have their discredit blazed abroad, because they would not be both shamed and harmed. Neverthelesse, I doe freely confesse, that I had rather lose a pound of my flesh, then my credit should be in any sort cracked: I might also say that I have need of this flesh to cure a friend of mine of a certaine maladie, which is otherwise incurable, or that I would have it to

terrifie thereby the Christians for ever abusing the Jewes anie more hereafter: but I will onelie say, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a souldior if he come unto the warres but an houre too late, and also to hang a theefe though he steale never so little: is it then such a great matter to cause such a one to pay a pound of his flesh, that hath broken his promise manie times, or that putteth another in danger to lose both credit and reputation, yea and it may be life and al for greife? Were it not better for him to lose that which I demand, then his soule, alreadie bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it me: And especiallie because no man knoweth better then he where the same may be spared to the least hurt of his person, far I might take it in such a place as hee might thereby happen to lose his life: what a matter were it then, if I should cut of his privie members, supposing that the same would altogether weigh a just pound? Or els his head, should I be suffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine owne life? I beleeve I should not; because there were as little reason therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I should be bound: or els if I would cut off his nose, his lips, his eares, and pull out his eies, to make of them altogether a pound, should I be suffered? Surely I thinke not, because the obligation dooth not specifie that I ought either to chuse, cut, or take the same, but that he ought to give me a pound of his flesh. Of every thing that is sold, he which delivereth the same is to make waight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be just: seeing then that neither the obligation, custome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much lesse unto the above mentioned satisfaction, I refuse it all, and require that the same which is due should bee delivered unto me.

The Christians Answere.—It is no strange matter to here those dispute of equitie which are themselves most unjust; and such as have no faith at all, desirous that others should observe the same inviolable, the which were yet the more tollerable, if such men would bee contented with reasonable things, or at the least not altogether unreasonable: but what reason is there that one man should unto his own prejudice desire the hurt of another? as this Jew is content to lose nine hundred crownes to have a pound of my flesh, whereby is manifestly seene the antient and cruell hate which he beareth not only unto Christians, but unto all others which are not of his sect; yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe suffer such vermine to dwell amongst them, seeing that this presumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and just Judge, and afterwards he would by sophisticall reasons proove that his abhomination is equitie: trulie I confesse that I have suffered fifteene daies of the tearme to passe, yet who can tell whether he or I is the cause thereof. As for me I thinke that by secret meanes he hath caused the money to bee delaied, which from sundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearm which I promised unto him; Otherwise, I would never have been so rash as to bind my selfe so strictly: but although he were not the cause of the fault, is it therefore said, that he ought to bee so impudent, as to goe about to proove it no strange matter that he should be willing to be paied with mans flesh, which is a thing more natural for Tigres, then men, the which also was never heard of: but this divell in shape of a man, seeing me oppressed with necessitie propounded this accursed obligation unto me. Whereas hee alleageth the Romanes for an example, why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over greevously, the Commonwealth was almost overthrowne, and that shortly after it was forbidden to imprison men any more for debt. To breake promise is, when a man sweareth or promiseth a thing, the which he hath no desire to performe, which yet upon an extreame necessitie is somewhat excusable; as for me, I have promised, and accomplished my promise, yet not so soone as I would; and although I knew the danger

wherein I was to satisfie the crueltie of this mischeevous man with the price of my flesh and blood, yet did I not flie away, but submitted my selfe unto the discretion of the Judge who hath justly repressed his beastlinesse. Wherein then have I falsefied my promise, is it in that I would not (like him) disobey the judgement of the Judge? Behold I will present a part of my bodie unto him, that he may pay himselfe, according to the contents of the judgement, where is then my promise broken? But it is no marvaile if this race be so obstinat and cruell against us, for they doe it of set purpose to offend our God whom they have crucified: and wherefore? Because he was holie, as he is yet so reputed of this worthy Turkish nation: but what shal I say? Their own bible is full of their rebellion against God, against their Priests, Judges, and leaders. What did not the verie Patriarks themselves, from whom they have their beginning? They sold their brother, and had it not been for one amongst them, they had slaine him even for verie envie. How manie adulteries and abhominations were committed amongst them? How manie murthers? Absalon did not he cause his brother to be murthered? Did he not persecute his father? Is it not for their iniquitie that God hath dispersed them, without leaving them one onlie foot of ground? If then, when they had newlie received their law from God, when they saw his wonderous works with their eies, and had yet their Judges amongst them, they were so wicked, what may one hope of them now, when they have neither faith nor law, but their rapines and usuries? And that they beleeve they do a charitable work, when they do some great wrong unto anie that is not a Jew? It may please you then, most righteous Judge, to consider all these circumstances, having pittie of him who doth wholy submit himselfe unto your just clemencie: hoping thereby to be delivered from this monsters crueltie.—*The Orator, handling a hundred severall Discourses, in forme of Declamations*, 1596.

The Merchant of Venice was performed at Court on Shrove Sunday, 1605, before James I., and it appears to have given great satisfaction, as it was "againe commaunded by the Kings Majestie" on the succeeding Tuesday. The following entries occur in the "Accompte of the Office of the Revelles of this whole yeres Charge in anno 1604, untell the last of Octobar, 1605." In both instances, the play was performed "by his Majesties players," and the name of "the poet which made the plaie" is given as Shaxberd;—"On Shrovsunday, a play of the Marchant of Venis.—On Shrovtusday, a play cauled the Marchant of Venis againe commaunded by the Kings Majestie;" Cunningham's Revels Accounts, pp. 204, 205. The title-page of the edition of 1600, printed for Heyes, informs us that it had then "beene divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his servants." With the exception of these notices, no information respecting the early performances of this comedy has hitherto been discovered; but it appears, from the following lines in a manuscript elegy on Burbage, that the part of Shylock was originally undertaken by that celebrated actor:—

> Heart-broke Philaster, and Amintas too,
> Are lost for ever; with the red-hair'd Jew,

Which sought the bankrupt merchant's pound of flesh,
By woman-lawyer caught in his own mesh.

The history of the Merchant of Venice after the seventeenth century presents the features of injudicious alteration, and the slow return to the genuine text, that are common to the stage annals of so many of the plays of Shakespeare. In 1701, it was altered by Lord Lansdowne, and produced at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields under the title of the Jew of Venice,—"The Jew of Venice, a Comedy; as it is acted at the Theatre in Little-Lincolns-Inn-Fields, by His Majestys Servants," 4to. Lond. 1701. Another edition, in 12mo, bears the following title,—"The Jew of Venice, a Comedy, written originaly by Mr. Wm. Shakespear, now altered and very much improved by the Hon. M. Granville.—Printed for T. Johnson, Bookseller at the Hague, 1711;" and it was again republished at London in 1713, in 8vo. The alterations made by Lord Lansdowne in the part of Shylock are inconsiderable, but in consequence of the delineation of that personage by Doggett, the impression on the mind of the audience was that he had been converted into a comic character; a circumstance which is thus naively alluded to by Rowe, in his Life of Shakespeare, 1709,—"To these I might add, that incomparable character of Shylock the Jew, in the Merchant of Venice; but tho' we have seen that play receiv'd and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew perform'd by an excellent comedian, yet I cannot but think it was design'd tragically by the author. There appears in it such a deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fierceness and fellness, and such a bloody designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either with the stile or characters of comedy; the play it self, take it all together, seems to me to be one of the most finish'd of any of Shakespear's." It will be recollected that the head-line of the original edition of the play in 1600 is "the comical history of the Merchant of Venice," and it is always spoken of as a comedy, as, in fact, a drama more allied to the comical than to the tragical element. In the course of the second act of this alteration is introduced a short original masque called Peleus and Thetis (also published separately, 4to. 1749); and Higgons, the author of the Prologue, was so much pleased with his lordship's additions to the comedy, that he introduces the ghost of Shakespeare speaking of them in the following terms,—

These scenes in their rough native dress were mine,
But now, improved, with nobler lustre shine;
The first rude sketches Shakespeare's pencil drew,
But all the shining master-strokes are new.

The noble emendator even thinks it necessary to apologize for having selected the play for the object of his labours. "The foundation of the following comedy," he observes, "being liable to some objections, it may be wonder'd that any one should make choice of it to bestow so much labour upon; but the judicious reader will observe so many manly and moral graces in the characters and sentiments, that he may excuse the story for the sake of the ornamental parts." We smile now at the temerity of Mr. Higgons and Lord Lansdowne; but, although Macklin partially restored the poet's text, it is only within a very few years that the genuine play, in its full proportion, has taken the place of the mutilated copy of the old prompt-book, in which some of the most graceful and poetical parts of the drama were omitted. Lord Lansdowne's alteration continued to be the stock-play until 1741, when that eminent performer, in the character of Shylock, electrified the audience, and extorted from the learning and taste of Pope the oft-repeated couplet respecting his wonderful personification of the Venetian usurer,—"This is the Jew, that Shakespeare drew." The story has also been recorded in another form, in which the above couplet appears as an epitaph on the actor, extemporized by Pope at a large party at which Macklin was present. Another alteration of the comedy was compiled by Dr. Valpy in 1802, in which nearly the whole of the fifth act is erased, and, by a new division of the fourth act, the trial scene is made to conclude the play. The condition of becoming a Christian, which is imposed upon Shylock in the original, is also omitted.

The foundation-story of the Merchant of Venice was made, at an early period, the subject of a ballad, which was published in the seventeenth century under the title of, "A new Song shewing the Crueltie of Gernutus a Jewe, who, lending to a Merchant an hundred crowns, would have a Pound of his Fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed." No copy of this ballad, of the time of Shakespeare, is known to exist; but as it was the common practice to continue the republication of such pieces during several generations, it is possible, notwithstanding the epithet *new* in the title to one copy of it, that it

may be a reprint of a composition belonging to the Elizabethan era. The simplicity of the ballad story, however, is no proof of its antiquity; for several writers of the seventeenth century were accustomed to adopt the merest outline incidents of a novel or play, and construct with them, often with altered names, those doggrel songs which were so popular amongst the lower classes up to a comparatively recent period. On the whole, unless some evidence could be adduced of the existence of the ballad of Gernutus in the sixteenth century, the probability seems in favour of its having been constructed either on Shakespeare's play, or on the more ancient drama of the Jew, mentioned by Gosson. The incident of the Jew whetting his knife is one very likely to have been remembered by a writer who was forming a ballad from his recollections of the performance of the comedy; and it is the only very remarkable coincidence to be traced in the two productions. It may, however, be worth mentioning that the Jew, in the ballad, grants the loan without pecuniary interest, and speaks of the bond as "a merry jest." The name of Gernutus might either have been borrowed from the older play, or have been suggested by that of a personage introduced in the comedy of the Three Ladies of London, 1584, where a Jew, of a very different character from Shylock, is introduced, whose name is Gerontus. The writer of the ballad, indeed, professes to derive his tale from an Italian source; but little reliance can be placed upon a statement of this kind in a composition belonging to a class in which deceptive assertions of origin and antiquity are of continual occurrence.

Another ballad on the story of this play was written by Thomas Jordan, and published in his Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie, 1664, under the title of, "The Forfeiture, a Romance." In this version of the tale, the Jew of Venice exacts the penalty of his bond in the usual manner, but the life of his victim is spared by the subtlety of his own daughter, who had fallen in love with the unfortunate merchant, and saves him under the disguise of a lawyer, thus undertaking the part of Portia in the comedy. A third ballad on the same subject, in which the story of the Merchant of Venice is curiously interwoven with that of Cymbeline, was a favorite one in the following century, and reprinted in a great variety of forms, both as a chap-book and as a sheet-ballad. A copy now before me is entitled,—"The Northern

Lord, or the Knight in Green, shewing how a noble lord sold his daughter to a knight for her weight in gold; how he borrowed the money of a wealthy Jew, and that if he missed to pay at the appointed time, the Jew was to have so many ounces of the knight's flesh; how they fled to the German Court to escape from the Jew; and how the Dutch lord wagered a ton of gold, that he could enjoy the knight's lady." This composition is rather curious as showing the popularity of the story in its lower form, than as bearing in any useful degree upon the history of the comedy.

In the composition of the Merchant of Venice, it was necessary for the author to accomplish the difficult task of constructing a work of the highest literary art out of the most discordant materials, comprised in two narratives each of which involved the greatest improbabilities, one of them, in its original form, even including the inconsistency of presuming that the utmost expansion of revenge and concentrated malignity could find a place in the heart of any individual, when it was unaccompanied with the slightest predisposing cause for its existence. The form taken by the revenge of Shylock is equally appalling with that assigned to the Jew, in the older tale, but, in the comedy, the indignities and persecution with which he is assailed in every direction, and which are artistically impressed most deeply on the reader previously to the termination of the trial, present so vividly the extreme oppression he encounters on account of his creed, that our sympathies would have turned towards him, had the nature of his retaliation been less terrible. He is represented as a Jew, not in any degree as the type of an entire race, but because it was requisite, in carrying out the design of the play, to introduce a character belonging to a people towards whom the attribution of the most violent persecution would have been accepted by an audience as intelligible, and within the limits of high probability. Otherwise, the character of Shylock might have been assigned to an individual belonging to any creed; for most nations occasionally afford the spectacle of men of high intellectual vigour, uncontrolled by the restraining influence of religion, accepting in their own persons the office of avenger, and carrying out their vindictiveness in forms of their own invention. Shylock had been trampled upon until his desire for retaliation triumphed over his love for money, and resolved itself into that one feeling which it appears to have

been the object of the poet to illustrate in the play. Shakespeare has almost imperceptibly so arranged the course of his arguments, that, while they appear to and do actually arise perfectly naturally out of his desire for revenge, they are made the medium of inculcating the liberal doctrine, that a man cannot justly be deprived of his rights on account of his religious belief.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THE DUKE OF VENICE.

THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } *Suitors to Portia.*
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }

ANTONIO, *the Merchant of Venice.*

BASSANIO, *his friend.*

SOLANIO, }
SALARINO, } *Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*
GRATIANO, }

LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*

SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*

TUBAL, *a Jew, his friend.*

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a clown, servant to Shylock.*

OLD GOBBO, *father to Launcelot.*

LEONARDO, *servant to Bassanio.*

BALTHAZAR, } *Servants to Portia.*
STEPHANO, }

A GAOLER.

PORTIA, *a rich heiress.*

NERISSA, *her waiting-maid.*

JESSICA, *daughter to Shylock.*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO.[1]

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 't is made of,[2] whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,[3]
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,[4]
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,[5]
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.[6]

Solan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;[7]
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;[8]
And every object that might make me fear

Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,[9]
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,[10]
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,[11]
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know Antonio
Is sad, to think upon his merchandise.
Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.
Salar. Why, then you are in love.
Ant. Fie, fie!
Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say, you are sad
Because you are not merry: and 't were as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,[12]
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time;
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,[13]
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,[14]
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Solan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well;
We leave you now with better company.
Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?
Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SOLANIO.
Lor. My lord Bassanio,[15] since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but, at dinner-time,
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it,[16] that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the Fool:[17]
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;[18]
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle,[19] like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit:
As who should say, "I am sir Oracle,[20]
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"[21]
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,[22]

If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,[23]
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I 'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon,[24] this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well a while;
I 'll end my exhortation after dinner.[25]

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb-wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.[26]

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.

Ant. Is that anything now?[27]

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port[28]
Than my faint means would grant continuance;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd[29]
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd.[30] To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it,
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight[31]
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth;[32] and, by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,[33]
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self-way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;[34]
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it:[35] therefore speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes[36]
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum:[37] therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,

To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.[38] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs,[39] but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree:[40] such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion[41] to choose me a husband: —O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, overname them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.[42]

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that 's a colt, indeed,[43] for he doth nothing but talk of his horse ;[44] and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the county Palatine.[45]

Por. He doth nothing but frown ; as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales, and smiles not : I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher[46] when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth,[47] than to either of these. God defend me from these two !

Ner. How say you by the French lord, monsieur le Bon ?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker. But he ! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's ; a better bad habit of frowning[48] than the count Palatine : he is every man in no man if a throstle sing,[49] he falls straight a capering ; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him ; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England ?

Por. You know I say nothing to him ; for he understands not me, nor I him : he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian ; and you will come into the court, and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture : but, alas ! who can converse with a dumb show ? How oddly he is suited ! I think he bought his doublet in Italy,[50] his round hose in France,[51] his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord,[52] his neighbour ?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him ; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his surety,[53] and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German,[54] the duke of Saxony's nephew ?

Por. Very vildly in the morning, when he is sober ; and most vildly in the afternoon, when he is drunk : when he is best, he is a little worse than a man ; and when he is worst, he

is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine[55] on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort, than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.[56]

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes; it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he call'd.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now? what news?[57]—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.
Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.
Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Venice. *A public Place.*

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.[58]

Shy. Three thousand ducats,[59]—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.[60]

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Oh no, no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man is, to have you understand me, that he is sufficient:[61] yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squander'd[62] abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats,[63] water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.[64]

Shy. Yes, to smell pork! to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite,[65] conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian:

But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him.

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store:
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But, soft; how many months
Do you desire? Rest you fair, good signior: [*To* ANTONIO.
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,[66]
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd[67]
How much ye would?[68]

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Bass. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months; you told me so.[69]
Well then, your bond; and, let me see. But hear you:
Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings[70] which were streak'd and pied,[71]
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:

And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands,[72]
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,[73]
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;[74]
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning-time
Fall particolour'd lambs,[75] and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bless'd;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.[76]
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:[77]
But note me, signior.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.[78]
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath![79]
Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'t is a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,[80]
In the Rialto,[81] you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:[82]
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,[83]
For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe;
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,—
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,[84]
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have monies;"—You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
"Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this,—
"Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much monies?"

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)[85]
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love;
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with;
Supply your present wants, and take no doit[86]
Of usance for my monies, and you 'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:
Go with me to a notary:[87] seal me there
Your single bond; and,—in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition,[88] let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me;
I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.[89]

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;

If he should break his day,[90] what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats.[91] I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;[92]
See to my house, left in the fearful guard[93]
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I 'll be with you. [*Exit.*

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on; in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the First Act.

[1] *Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Solanio.*

"Nothing can be more confused," observes Mr. Knight, "than the manner in which the names of *Salarino* and *Solanio* are indicated in the folio of 1623." I have followed Mr. Knight's edition in his distribution of the speeches to these characters; and also in substituting Solanio for Salerio in Act iii. I see no occasion, observes Lord Chedworth, for the insertion of the latter name. Gratiano calls the bringer of his letter his old Venetian friend, which exactly suits Solanio, who had appeared before to be the friend both of Gratiano and Lorenzo; Seymour's Remarks, 1805, i. 110. It will be observed that the name of Salerio is not introduced into the earliest list of the Personæ Dramatis in ed. 1637, given at p. 282. The name of Solanio is sometimes spelt *Salanio*, and sometimes *Salino*, in the old editions.

[2] *What stuff 'tis made of.*

So previously, in the Tempest, act iv. sc. 1,—"We are such stuff, as dreams are made of."

[3] *There, where your argosies with portly sail.*

Roberts, in his Marchants Mapp of Commerce, 1638, ch. 237, speaking of Rhagusa, says,—"from hence was the originall of those great ships here built, and in old time famous, as then vulgarly called argoses, properly *Rhaguses*, the last which they were noted to have they lent Philip the Second, King of Spaine, in 1588, to invade England, and had her buriall in our Brittish seas." This etymology has been justly questioned, and the more obvious derivation from the celebrated vessel Argo seems alluded to, in the third act, by Gratiano, when he says,—"we are the Jasons; we have won the fleece." *Argis* occurs in medieval Latin for, a ship. "*Argis*, navis, sic dicta ab *Argo*, quæ prima navis fuisse dicitur, qua Jason in Colchidem navigavit. Gregor. Turon. in Vita MS. B. Mauritii Episc. Andegav. cap. 10,—Argis haud modica mercibus referta per Ligerim vehebatur. Idem, cap. 15,—Repente immanis emersus e gurgite piscis prosiluit in Argim," Ducange. Another derivation has also been suggested by an anonymous critic,—"In the old Italian, any thing watchful or vigilant was

termed an Argo, from Juno's spy, Argus. Thus those open armed gallies, formerly used as a kind of *guarda costas*, were called Argos, and the lieutenants of those gallies Argosinos. When those vessels in process of time changed their form, and were employed in trade to Tripoly and other coasts, against which they were at first used as a defence, it is no wonder if they retained the name given them on account of their original occupation." An argosy was a vessel of very great burthen, the term being generally, but not always, applied to one used for trading purposes. Sandys, in his Travels, ed. 1615, p. 2, speaks of an argosy as a ship of some defensive power, but possibly in the sense of a large merchant vessel armed against the assaults of pirates. Drayton, in his Noah's Flood, makes mention of an argosy containing a thousand soldiers, and armed with eighty guns of large calibre. It is constantly spoken of as the largest kind of ship. "With water-newes of speciall note, from argosie to sculler's boate," Rowlands' Knave of Harts. "These are things that will not strike their top-sails to a foist; and let a man of war, an argosy, hull and cry cockles," Philaster.

> Who sits him (*his horse*) like a full-saild *Argosie*,
> Danc'd with a lofty billow.
>
> *Chapman's Byron's Conspiracy*, 1608.

> The Spanyards long time care and coste, invincible surnam'd
> Was now a-flote, whilst Parma too from Flanders hether aim'd
> Like fleete, of eightscore ships, and old, the ocean never bore,
> So huge, so strong, and so compleate, in every strength and store:
> Carikes, gallions, *argosies*, and galliasses, such
> That seem'd so many castels, and their tops the cloudes to tuch.
>
> *Warner's Albions England.*

Oh, (quoth one) do you see this man? mark him well, and mark his wife well, that simple woman that sits next my lady; what are they? what are they, (quoth another?) Marry, this is the rich shoemaker that bought all the goods in the great *argozy;* I tell you there was never such a shoemaker seen in London.—*Crispin and Crispianus.*

The Venetians, in those times, sent their argosies, or argosers, yearly to Southampton, laden with Turkey, Persian, and Indian merchandize. The last argoser that came thus from Venice was in the year 1587, and was unfortunately lost near the Isle of Wight with a rich cargo and many passengers.—*Anderson's Origin of Commerce*, i. 423.

[4] *Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood.*

The writer of the subjoined MS. alters *on* to *of*, but the change is not really necessary: "Marking the embarked traders on the flood," Midsummer Night's Dream. Douce considers that the "signiors and rich burghers" are the Venetians, who may well be said to live on the sea; but the meaning of the poet seems rather to be that the argosies with their portly sail are on the flood, in respect to other vessels, as signiors and rich burghers. The magnificence of the argosies is often alluded to. Thus, in Rowley's New Wonder,—

> ————That golden traffic love,
> Is scantier far than gold; one mine of that
> More worth than twenty *argosies*
> Of the world's richest treasure.

[5] *Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea.*

In calling argosies the pageants of the sea, Shakespeare alludes to those enormous machines, in the shapes of castles, dragons, ships, giants, &c., that were

Extracts from a Common place book of the seventeenth Century, exhibiting some examples of unauthorized alterations made in the text of the Plays of Shakespeare.

Therefore the Winds piping to us in vaine, as in revenge, have from the Sea suck'd up contagious fogs: which falling on the Land, hath made every petty River so proud, that they have overborn their Continents: the Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoake in vaine; the Plowman lost his sweat, and the green Corn hath ratted ere his youth attain'd a beard; the Fold stands empty in the drowned field, and Crowes are fatned with the murrion flock; the nine mens morris is fill'd up with mud, and the quaint Mazes in the wanton Green, for lack of tread are undistinguishable. Midsomer night's dreame.

Therefore the Moone, the Governess of floods, pale in her anger washes all the aire, that Rheumatick diseases do abound. Cod

Hoary headed Frosts, fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose, and on old Hyems chill and icie crowne, an odorous chaplet of sweet Sommer buds, is as in mockery set. The Spring, the Sommer, and childing Autumn, change their wonted liveries, and the mazed World by their encrease, now knowes not which is which. Cod.

The Lunatick, the Lover, and the Poet, are all compact of imagination: One sees more Devills then vast hell can hold. The Lover sees the beauty of Helen in a brow of Egypt: The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy rowling, doth glance from Heaven to Earth, from Earth to Heaven. Midsomer nights dreame.

I sweare to thee by Cupids strongest Bowe, by his best Arrowe with the golden head, by the simplicity of Venus Doves, by all that which knitteth Souls and prospers love. Midsomer N:

Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless Moone: Thrice blessed those that Master so their blood, to undergoe such maiden Pilgrimage. Midsomer Nights dreame.

— A bank where wild Time blowes
Where Ox-slips, & the nodding Violet growes.
Quite over canopy'd with lustious Woodbine,
With sweet Musk Roses & with Eglentine.
Midsomer nights dreame

When Phebe doth behold her silver visage in the watry Glass, decking the bladed grass with liquid Pearl. Midsomer nights dreame.

You more enguild the night
Then all yon fiery O's and Ey's of light.

Your Mind is tossing on the Ocean, there where your Argosies with portly sails, like Seigniors, or rich Burgers of the Flood, do overpeere the petty traffiquers, that curtsy to them, do them reverence, as they fly by them with their woven wings. Merchant of Venice

My wind cooling with my breath my breath, would blowe me into an Ague, to thinke what harme a wind too great might do at Sea. I should not see the sandy houre-glass run, but I should think of Shallowes and of flatts, and see my wealthy Andrew-dock in sand, vailing her high top lower then her ribbs to kiss her buriall. Cod.

Why should a man whose blood is warm within, sit like his Gransire cut in Alablaster? Sleepe when he walkes? Merchant of Venice.

I feare he will prove the weeping Philosopher when he is old, being so full of unmannerly sadnes in his youth. Cod

No mettall can, no not the Hangmans Axe, carry half the keenness of thy sharp envy. Merchant of Venice

Whilst this muddy vesture of decay do's close it in, we cannot knowe it. Merchant of Venice

Take some remembrance of me as a tribute, not as a fee. Merchant of Venice.

He knowes me as the blind man knowes the Cuckoe, by my bad voice. Merchant of Venic

That man that hath no Musick in himself, nor is not mov'd with concords of sweete sounds, is fit for treasons,

Mercy is above the Sceptred sway, it is enthroned in the hearts of Kings: It is an attribute to God himself, and earthly power shewes likest gods, when mercy seasons justice.

On old Hyems chill and icie crowne, an odorous chaplet of sweet sommer buds, is as in mockery set. Midsommer nights Dreame.

Marking the embarked traders on the flood, when we have laugh'd to see the sailes conceive, and grow big bellied with the wanton winds. Midsomer nights dreame.

Ashbee & Dangerfield Fecit
10 Bedford Street Covent Garden

To face p 308

drawn about the streets in the ancient shows or pageants, and which often constituted the most important part of them.—*Douce.*

[6] *As they fly by them with their woven wings.*

The term *wings*, applied to the sails of a vessel, is of great antiquity, and is found in classical writers. Shirley, in his Young Admiral, 1637, terms them "linen wings," and Waller has the expression, "canvas wings," in the same sense.

[7] *Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind.*

By holding up the grass, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found:—"This way I used in shooting. When I was in the mydde way betwixt the markes, which was an open place, there I toke a fethere, or a *lyttle light grasse*, and so learned how the wind stood," Ascham.—*Johnson.* It is still occasionally practised in some maritime towns by sailors, who will throw up a small withered or dry piece of grass, in place of a feather, for this purpose.

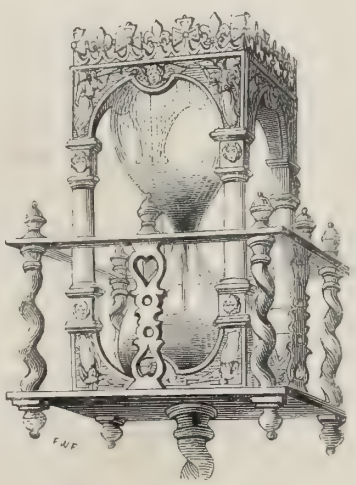
"Though sea-weed is much more common than grass in Venice, there is enough land-vegetation in the gardens belonging to some of the palazzi to furnish the means of Solanio's experiment," C. Knight. Coryat, in his Crudities, ed. 1611, p. 245, mentions a large monastic garden at Venice with great commendation; but he afterwards notices the entire want of meadows.

[8] *Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads.*

In ed. 1637, *peering* is altered to *prying*, probably to avoid the jingle the former makes with *piers;* but the poet continually inserts this kind of repetitions even in serious speeches. Piring, ed. 1600 Heyes; piering, ed. 1600 Roberts; peering, ed. 1623. The edition printed by Roberts has also another variation, "*for* peeres and rodes."

[9] *I should not see the sandy hour-glass run.*

This illustration was a very familiar one in Shakespeare's time, when the hour-glass was an almost invariable accompaniment of the pulpit, fixed near it in one of those iron stands that are still so frequently to be seen in our ancient churches. "Hour-glasses for the purpose of limiting the length of a sermon were coeval with the Reformation, as appears from the frontispiece prefixed to the Holy Bible of the Bishops' translation, imprinted by John Day, 1569, 4to. In this frontispiece, Archbishop Parker is represented with an hour-glass standing on his right hand. Clocks and watches being then but rarely in use, it was thought fit to prescribe the length of the sermons of the reformists to the time of an hour, that is, the run of an hour-glass. This practice became generally prevalent, and continued to the time of the Revolution in 1688," Notes to reprint of the Fatal Vespers, 1657. The clock, however, is mentioned as serving the same purpose in Earle's Character of a Young Raw Preacher,—"the pace of his sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over hill and dale till the clock stop him." See further on this subject in an interesting article by Mr. Fairholt in the Journ. Brit. Arch. Assoc., iii. 301.



The subjoined representation of a pulpit hour-glass is a copy of a very fine example of one still preserved in the church of St. Alban's in Wood Street, London.

[10] *And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand.*

Docks in the old editions, for *dockt;* or, perhaps, it may be that the true reading is, as Mr. Collier suggests, *Andrew's decks.* The name of the vessel is probably taken from that of Andrew Doria, the great Italian naval commander.

[11] *Vailing her high top lower than her ribs.*

In Bullokar's English Expositor, 1616, *to vail*, is thus explained: "It means *to put off the hat*, to *strike sail*, to *give sign of submission.*" So, in Stephen Gosson's book, called Playes confuted in several Actions:—"They might have *valed* and bended to the king's idol." It signifies also—to *lower*, to *let down.* Thus, in the ancient metrical romance of the Sowdon of Babyloyne:—"They *avaled* the brigge and lete them yn." Again, in Hardynge's Chronicle:—"And by th' even their sayles *avaled* were set." Again, in Middleton's Blurt Master Constable, 1602:—"I'll *vail* my crest to death for her dear sake." Again, in the Fair Maid of the West, 1613, by Heywood:

> ————it did me good
> To see the Spanish carveil *vail her top*
> Unto my mayden flag.—*Steevens.*

A player! call him, call the lousy slave hither; what, will he sail by, and not once strike, or vail to a man of war? ha!—*Ben Jonson's Poetaster.*

In this passage through the citty, what a number of Lord Mayors, aldermens, and rich commoners sonnes and heires kept hollowing out at tavern windows to our knight, and wafted him to their Gascoigne shores, with their hats only (for they had molten away all their feathers) to have him strike sayle, and come up to them: he vaild, and did so.—*Decker's Knights Conjuring*, 1607.

> For late upon the coast of Corsica,
> Because we vail'd not to the Spanish fleet,
> Their creeping gallies had us in the chase.
>
> *Marlowe's Jew of Malta*, act ii.

[12] *Now, by two-headed Janus.*

Warburton, upon this passage, justly and sensibly says, "Here Shakespeare shows his knowledge in the antique. By *two-headed* Janus is meant those antique bifrontine heads, which generally represent a young and smiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of Pan and Bacchus, of Saturn and Apollo, &c. These are not uncommon in collections of antiques, and in the books of the antiquaries, as Montfaucon, Spanheim," &c. Farmer upon this displays his unfairness very strikingly:—"In the Merchant of Venice we have an oath, 'By two-headed Janus;' and here, says Dr. Warburton, Shakespeare shows his knowledge in the antique: and so again does the Water-poet, who describes Fortune—'like a Janus with a double face.'" Farmer had just told us that "honest John Taylor, the Water-poet, declares that he never learned his Accidence, and that Latin and French were to him Heathen-Greek." Now, Warburton's remark does not apply to the simple use by Shakespeare of the term "two-headed Janus," but to the propriety of its use in association with the image which was passing in Salarino's mind, of one set of heads that would "laugh, like parrots,"—and others of "vinegar aspect"—the open-mouthed and closed-mouthed—"strange fellows,"—as different as the Janus looking to the east, and the Janus looking to the west. —*C. Knight.*

[13] *Some that will evermore peep through their eyes.*

This gives a very picturesque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half shut.—*Warburton.* Thomson, observes Seymour, seems to have had this image in view, in his Castle of Indolence,—

———O'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Thro' which his half-wak'd soul would fondly peep.

[14] *They 'll not show their teeth in way of smile.*

Dr. Warburton, in adding here the following note,—"Because apt enough to show their teeth in anger;" seems to refine too much upon the plain sense, which is obviously applied to persons who will not even give expression to the slightest smile, though Nestor, &c.

[15] *My lord Bassanio.*

This speech, which by Rowe and subsequent editors was allotted to Salanio, is given to Lorenzo in the old copies: and Salarino and Salanio make their *exit* at the close of the preceding speech, which is certainly right. Lorenzo (who, with Gratiano, had only accompanied Bassanio, till he should find Antonio,) prepares now to leave Bassanio to his business; but is detained by Gratiano, who enters into a conversation with Antonio.—*Tyrwhitt.*

The preceding exit of Solanio and his companion is by all the moderns put after *fail you*, and this speech is transferr'd by them to one of those characters whom they call Salanio: for the removal is no authority from either quarto or folio, nor (in fact) for the transfer; the only shadow there is for it, is a mistake of the second folio, copy'd by that folio which is ultimately the basis of all modern copies:— Lorenzo enters with a design of retiring, having executed the purpose he came for, to wit, the finding Antonio; but such a sudden and silent departure not suiting with his companion, he is kept a while 'till the other has gratify'd his passion for talking, and, that done, repeats his declaration in this speech, and soon after puts it in execution.—*Capell.*

[16] *They lose it.*

The old copies have *loose*, which is merely an ancient orthography of *lose*, and is of continual occurrence.

[17] *Let me play the Fool.*

Alluding to the common comparison of human life to a stage-play. So that he desires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces: from whence came the phrase, to play the fool.—*Warburton.*

[18] *With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.*

Gratiano here means to refer to old age, which he desires may be reached with joy and laughter; or he is possibly merely alluding to the wrinkles caused by mirth, in which case the epithet *old* is the common augmentative. "That light and quick, with wrinkled laughter painted," Lingua. "Some Dick, that *smiles* his cheek *in years*," Love's Labour's Lost.

[19] *Whose visages do cream and mantle.*

A similar metaphor occurs in Bussy d'Ambois,—"not any wrinkle creaming in their faces." There is a peculiar stiff smoothness attending on the cream when it is on the surface of the milk very similar to the mantle of standing water; a circumstance which may excuse the apparent incongruity of Gratiano's double simile. The edition printed by Roberts reads *dreame.*

This fine passage, observes Dr. Dodd, always puts me in mind of a remark

made by Dryden; "There are, who wanting *wit*, affect *gravity*, and go by the name of solid men; and a *solid man*, is in plain English, a solid, solemn fool."

[20] *As who should say, I am Sir Oracle.*

So in the quarto editions, the folios reading,—"I am, sir, an oracle." Compare a passage in the Noble Stranger, 1640,—

> O, my Lord, experience produces many:
> 'Twill take off from the glory of your worth,
> Shou'd you in your workes expresse a soule
> Active as celestiall fire, a sence
> Profound as oracle.

[21] *Let no dog bark.*

A proverbial expression. Steevens quotes the following from Palsgrave's Acolastus, 1540,—"nor there shall no dogge barke at mine ententes."

[22] *When, I am very sure.*

When is altered by Rowe to *who*, but without necessity. As Mr. Collier justly observes, the original reading is in Shakespeare's manner, and it was not unusual for him to leave the nominative case of the verb to be understood. The Perkins MS. attempts to remove the imaginary difficulty by reading *'twould* in the next line, one of those trivial but significant alterations which prove that the corrector of that volume proceeded in his task with a very imperfect knowledge of the meaning of the author he was endeavouring to improve. The relative of *would* is unquestionably *they*, and the insertion of the pronoun *it* alters the evident intention of the speaker. The meaning is this,—When, I am very sure, if they should speak, they would almost involve their hearers in the condemnation provided by the Gospel for those who call their brothers "fools;" or, more literally,—they would almost condemn those ears, which ears, hearing them, would at once pronounce them to be fools. It is a circuitous method of writing of which Shakespeare is very fond; and the arrangement of the original text is perfectly intelligible without the slightest alteration.

[23] *Would almost damn those ears.*

Dam, in some of the old editions, is merely an old orthography of *damn*, which Pope either explained as, or proposed to alter to, *daunt*, a reading probably suggested by a misprint in ed. 1637, where it is given, *dant*.

[24] *For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.*

According to Nares, the allusion here is to the easiness with which the gudgeon is caught. Is it not rather to the small value of the fish? Fish not, says Gratiano, with so melancholy a bait, for a prize of so little importance. Dr. Johnson (Dict., ed. Todd, in v.) quotes the present line under the third meaning of *gudgeon*, something to be caught to a man's own disadvantage, a bait, an allurement, this fish being commonly used as baits for pike; but the mention of the *bait*, in the previous line, appears to confirm the second explanation given above. The exhortation is against fishing with the *bait* of Silence for the *gudgeon* Opinion. Pope, and some modern editors, alter the *fool* of the old editions to *fool's*.

[25] *I'll end my exhortation after dinner.*

Warburton has a curious, and probably unnecessary, suggestion as to the author's intention in the present line:—"The humour of this consists in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan preachers of those times; who,

being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their sermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner."

[26] *Farewell; I'll grow a talker for this gear.*

So, in Sapho and Phao, a comedy by Lyly, 1591: "As for you, sir boy, I will teach you how to run away; you shall be stript from top to toe, and whipt with nettles; I will handle you *for this geare* well: I say no more." Again, in Nash's Epistle Dedicatory to his Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse, 1593: "I mean to trounce him after twenty in the hundred, and have a bout with him, with two staves and a pike *for this geare*."—*Malone.* The phrase again occurs in the next act.

Tho' it were no better than Amadis de Gaule, the Four Sonnes of Amon, the tales of Robin Hoode, and such other like fables, yet were they thought very trimme and gay *geare* to occupy the people's ears withall.—*Preface to Gaulthere's Homilies.*

So that we now run hither and thither to find out mediators; and therefore for the cutting off of all this *geare*, it is said that God holpe himself, &c.—*Calvin.*

I'll, for *I shall*, these verbs having often been used interchangeably. It has been unnecessarily proposed to alter *gear* either to *jeer*, or *year;* and another critic to *fear*, the last one referring it to the fear of not knowing the sound of his own tongue. "Far you well," Heyes' ed. 1600; "farwell," Roberts' ed. 1600.

[27] *Is that any thing now?*

The old copies erroneously read,—"It is that any thing now." Dr. Johnson proposes to alter *now* to *new*, but Antonio's *any thing* is opposed by Antonio's *nothing, not any thing*, and this is on what the emphasis turns, not on *now* or *new*, the former of which is here an expletive, while the insertion of the latter word would, however slightly, somewhat divert the sense.

[28] *By something showing a more swelling port.*

The original sense of *port*, carriage, behaviour, demeanour, had become, in Shakespeare's time, generally altered for the cognate meaning of, external show or appearance, expensive manner of living, &c. "He kepte as lyberall a howse, and as greate a porte, as never more bountyfully in all his lyfe," Archæologia, xxviii. 108. "My port and pomp did well become a king of Argos' daughter," Sydney's Arcadia. "None sate when he rose; none delaid the furnishing his port, till he came neare," Chapman's Homer. "The Lord Treasurer kept there a great port, and magnificent table, with the expense of a thousand pounds a day," Letter dated 1614. "His exchequer in the country affords him no such fresh nor frequent supply for his port, sport, and support in the city, as it used to doe," Braithwait's Nursery for Gentry, p. 329. "And to say the truth, how were they able to bear that port which they do, if they saved it not by some means?," History of Jack of Newbury. It may be worth notice that Pope changed the position of the second and third words of this line.

But most sorowfull of all to understand that men of great *port* and countenance are so farre from suffering their farmers to have anie gaine at all, that they themselves become grasiers, butchers, tanners, sheepmasters, woodmen, &c.—*Harrison's Description of England*, p. 189.—Certes, there is no greater mischeefe doone in England than by robberies, the first by yoong shifting gentlemen, which oftentimes doo beare more port than they are able to mainteine. —*Ibid.*

Like as if a great lorde should receive some poore man into his house, giving him nothing, but wherewithall he might maintain himselfe in mean estate, and

should perceive that within two or three yeares after, he purchased lands, put money to usury, kept a great *port*, and to be at other excessive charges, his maister might have good occasion to thinke he were a thiefe, seeing that he had nothing when his lord tooke him into his service.—*Cawdray's Treasurie of Similies*, 1600.

> Like some unthriftie youth, depending on the Court,
> To winne an idle name, that keepes a needless *port;*
> And raising his old rent, exacts his farmers store
> The land-lord to enrich, the tenants wondrous poore.
>
> *Drayton's Polyolbion.*

> Must he support thee in thy vaine delights,
> Thy midnight revels, and thy pagent sights,
> Thy new invented fashions, and thy *port?*
> Must he at th' cart, maintaine thy pride at Court?
>
> *Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell*, 1615.

> By means whereof when he had got great wealth, renoun and fame;
> His parents both he finding dead, to Famagosta came.
> And keeping there a stately *port*, he took to him a wife,
> Of noble birth, with whom long time he led a quiet life.
>
> *The Pleasant History of Fortunatus*, 1682.

[29] *To be abridg'd from such a noble rate.*

That is, more literally, to have such a noble rate abridged, or, that such a noble rate is abridged me. Drs. Johnson and Scott consider the verb as altered in its signification by being used in construction with the preposition *from* or *of*, and so to become synonymous with the verb *deprive*. This is to determine the sense of the *verb* by the sense of the *preposition* with which it is in construction; or to give the sense of the *two* words *abridge of*, instead of explaining the word *abridge*, the signification of which term *alone* is under consideration. In this example the poet applies to the person himself what is only applicable *literally* to something belonging to, or enjoyed by him; for the thing abridged is the noble rate he before enjoyed or lived at. This rate is now reduced—become less ample—falls *short* (to preserve the allusion to *brevity*) of what it was. To be *abridged*, therefore, *from*, (if, without poetic licence, the verb may be properly constructed with that preposition) and to be *deprived of*, a thing, imply very different acts and convey very different ideas; nor can they, by any construction whatsoever, be so used (if used with any propriety) as that the one shall convey the idea which is *peculiar* to the other.—*Anon. Lex.*

[30] *Hath left me gaged.*

Gaged, that is, pledged; not a contraction of *engaged*, as sometimes printed. The verb occurs in the first sense in Hamlet.

[31] *I shot his fellow of the self-same flight.*

That is, with exactly the same aim and elevation. This method of finding a lost arrow is prescribed by P. Crescentius in his treatise de Agricultura, lib. x. cap. xxviii. and is also mentioned in Howell's Letters, vol. i. p. 183, edit. 1655, 12mo. —*Douce.* This thought, observes Steevens, occurs also in Decker's Villanies discovered by Lanthorne and Candlelight, "And yet I have seene a creditor in prison weepe when he beheld the debtor, and to lay out money of his owne purse to free him; he shot a second arrow to find the first." Again, in the Cousonages of John West and Alice West, 1613,—" and so returned the same way they came, without adding losse to losse, or shooting a second arrow after the first, which

they assuredly knew was lost." So also Taylor, the Water-Poet, in the following lines in his Kicksey Winsey, or a Lerry Come Twang, ed. 1630, p. 41,—

I, like a boy that shooting with a bow
Hath lost his shaft where weedes and bushes grow;
Who having search'd, and rak'd, and scrap'd, and tost,
To finde his arrow that he late hath lost:
At last a crotchet comes into his braine,
To stand at his first shooting place againe;
Then shoots, and lets another arrow flye,
Neere as he thinkes his other shaft may lye:
Thus ventring, he perhaps findes both or one,
The worst is, if he lose both, he findes none.
So I that have of bookes so many given,
To this compared exigent am driven:
To shoote this pamphlet, and to ease my minde,
To lose more yet, or something lost to finde.

[32] *To find the other forth.*

Seymour proposes to alter *other forth* to *first*, but to find a thing forth is merely, to find it abroad, or perhaps the adverb *forth* may more properly be considered redundant. Capell omits the word altogether.

[33] *And, like a wilful youth, that which I owe is lost.*

This does not at all agree with what he had before promised, that what followed should be *pure innocence*. For *wilfulness* is not quite so *pure*. We should read—*witless*, that is, heedless; and this agrees exactly to that to which he compares his case, of a school-boy, who, for want of *advised watch*, lost his first arrow, and sent another after it with more attention. But *wilful* agrees not at all with it.—*Warburton.*

The common reading was, "And, like a wilful youth." That is, It hath happened to me, as it generally doth to a wilful youth; I have squandered away what I am now a debtor for. But Warburton urges, 'He had just before promised, that, what followed, should be pure innocence. Now wilfulness is not quite so pure.' Would any reasonable man have imagined, that the intention of this promise was to restrain the promiser from all mention of the follies of his youth, when he was at the same time to propose a scheme to retrieve the unhappy consequences of them? The promise therefore could relate only to the new proposal, which immediately follows this preamble. Besides, to talk with Warburton in his own way, the very state of the case which precedes the proposal, the 'owing much when he had nothing to pay,' that is, the extravagance of making a figure at the expence of his creditors, is undoubtedly as great a breach on the purity of innocence, as the wilfulness of youth, which is not always inconsistent with it, at least is always admitted as some excuse for wrong conduct.—*Heath.*

Dr. Warburton confounds the time past and present. He has formerly lost his money like a *wilful* youth; he now borrows more in *pure innocence*, without disguising his former faults, or his present designs.—*Johnson.*

Lord Lansdowne, misapprehending the exact intention of the author, alters *wilful youth* to *prodigal.*

[34] *To wind about my love with circumstance.*

"There is infinite delicacy in this reply of Antonio; wishing to relieve his friend from that painful circumlocution, which intreaty ever feels itself burthened,"

MS. note by T. Hull. The passage in the text appears to be imitated in Cooke's play of Greene's Tu Quoque, or the Cittie Gallant,—

> You put us to a needlesse labour, sir,
> To runne and winde about for circumstance,
> When the plaine word, 'I thanke you,' would have serv'd.

So that this worke, in my simple opinion, for the choyse of the argument, rarietie of the matter, and profit of the *circumstance*, deserveth to be advisedly read, attentively considered, effectually ruminated, and perfectly digested, because that it will breede and increase in all degrees, no small skill in knowledge, wisedome, and vertue.—*Cawdray's Treasurie of Similies*, 1600.

[35] *And I am prest unto it.*

That is, I am quite ready for it. *Pret*, Fr. So, in Cæsar and Pompey, 1607:—"What must be, must be; Cæsar's *prest* for all." Again, in Hans Beer-pot, 1618:—"——your good word is ever *prest* to do an honest man good." Again, in the concluding couplet of Churchyard's Warning to the Wanderers Abroad, 1593:

> Then shall my mouth, my muse, my pen and all,
> Be *prest* to serve at each good subject's call.—*Steevens.*

> Hopys thou that I am so *preste*,
> For to stond at the kyng gate and reste,
> Ther pleys for to lere.—*MS. Ashm.* 61.

> Knyghtys apperyd to hur *preste*,
> Then myght sche chose of the beste,
> Whych that hur wylle were.—*MS. Cantab.* Ff. ii. 38, f. 77.

> To prove of tha Normandes was he ful *prest*,
> Till he had foghten his fill he had never rest.
> *Poems by Laurence Minot*, ed. 1825, p. 20.

> The ruine threatning point bent to his enemie,
> As planted canon gainst a wall *prest* to begin.
> *The Herrings Tayle*, 1598.

> Behold the wicked bend their bows,
> And make their arrows *prest*.—Ps. xi.

> Whan they had fared of the best,
> With bred and ale and weyne,
> To the bottys they made them *prest*,
> With bowes and boltys foll feyne.—*Robin Hood*, i. 89.

[36] *Sometimes from her eyes I did receive.*

Dr. Farmer seems to think that *sometimes* stands here, as in other places, for *sometime*, that is, formerly: but I believe Bassanio means only to say, She has sometimes given me looks of encouragement. The obscurity proceeds from the imperfect tense being used instead of the perfect; *I did receive*, for, I have received.—*Seymour.*

Sometimes, at certain times, appears to make good sense.

[37] *To raise a present sum.*

This passage is often unskilfully uttered, and, perhaps, is not generally, at once, clearly understood:—the sense is, "I have not money at hand, nor any goods that will immediately *raise* the sum you may require."—*Seymour.*

[38] *To have it of my trust, or for my sake.*

"The meaning of the present line, although the metre be weak, is clear enough. I have no doubt, says Antonio, but that I shall obtain as much money as you require either from some person, who may think my credit adequate thereto, or, in default thereof, from some other, who will venture to incur a little risque, from the regard he bears me," MS. note by T. Hull.

[39] *Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs.*

That is, superfluity sooner *acquires* white hairs; becomes old. We still say, How did he *come by* it?—*Malone.*

That happy mediocrity which is so emphatically styled the *golden mean*, is here well recommended in this passage, by shewing the excess on either side to be equally bad. 'Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me;' is the prayer which the royal moralist puts into the mouth of Agar. Horace too beautifully says:—

Multa petentibus
Desunt multa. Bene est, cui Deus obtulit
Parcâ, quod satis est, manu.—*Anon.*

[40] *A hot temper leaps over a cold decree.*

"Young blood will not obey an old decree," Love's Labour's Lost. Compare, also, the following lines in the Maides Revenge,—

Sister, Ile breake a serpents egge betimes,
And teare Antonio from thy very bosome;
Love is above all law of nature, blood,
Not what men call, but what that bides is good.

[41] *This reasoning is not in the fashion.*

Reasoning, eds. 1600; *reason*, ed. 1623, the particle *the* being left out in the latter. Mason proposes to omit *in*. The meaning is,—reasoning after this fashion is not the way to obtain a husband; so away with these moralizings.

[42] *Level at my affection.*

All fetcht from out your courtes by beauty to this coast,
To seeke and sue for faire Angelica.
Sith none but one must have this happie prize,
At which you all have level'd long your thoughts;
Set each man forth his passions how he can,
And let her censure make the happiest man.
The Historie of Orlando Furioso, p. 2.

[43] *Ay, that's a colt, indeed.*

A colt was a common term for a gay wild youngster, one who frisks about like a colt. "Your colt's tooth is not cast yet," Henry VIII. Theobald unnecessarily alters *colt* to *dolt*. There is obviously a play intended upon the word *colt*.

[44] *He doth nothing but talk of his horse.*

There is reason for believing that Shakespeare is here alluding to a real Neapolitan prince. "While I was a yoong lad, I saw the prince of Sulmona, at Naples, manage a yoong, a rough, and fierce horse, and shew all maner of horse-manship; to holde testons or realles under his knees and toes so fast as if they had beene clovéed or nayled there, and all to shew his sure, steedy, and unmovable sitting," Montaigne's Essayes, translated by Florio, 1603, p. 160. The horses of Naples were formerly held in very high estimation. "If a Neapolitan, Arabian, Barbarie, or such like, bee brought into England, how inestimable hee is valued,

prised, and solde, and how all men desire him," Morgan's Perfection of Horsemanship, 1609, p. 19.

[45] *Then is there the county Palatine.*

I am almost inclined to believe, that Shakespeare has more allusions to particular facts and persons than his readers commonly suppose. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Lasco, a Polish Palatine, who visited England in our author's life-time, was eagerly caressed, and splendidly entertained; but running in debt, at last stole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment.—*Johnson.*

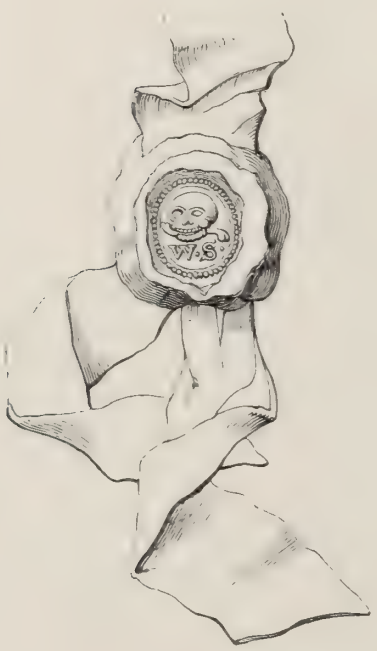
County, an old form of *Count*. "The false Countie of Tripolis," Knolles' History of the Turks, 1603. The Count Alasco was in London in 1583. "The year of our Lorde God, 1583, the laste daye of Aprill, the Duke or Prince of Vascos in Polonia came to London, and was lodged at Winchester Howse," MS. Douce 363, fol. 125. Another authority mentions this circumstance as happening a day later. "May 1st, Albertus Laski, Polonus, Palatinus Scradensis, venit Londinum," Dr. Dee's Diary. There was another County Palatine, who married the daughter of James I., and who was a frequent spectator of the plays of Shakespeare, when they were exhibited before the Court; but the present allusion appearing in the original editions can scarcely be applicable to that personage, unless he had visited England previously to the accession of his future father-in-law.

[46] *The weeping philosopher.*

Heraclitus, a philosopher of Athens, so called; who, whenever he went abroad, wept at the miseries of the world.—*Dr. Grey.*

[47] *A death's head with a bone in his mouth.*

The death's head was a favorite subject with our ancestors, representations of it occurring not only on tombstones and in churches, but on rings, seals, plate, and other articles. The specimen of one, with a bone in the mouth, here represented, is copied from a deed of conveyance dated 1613, the seal being that of one William Smith, a mercer and draper. "Alsoe I doe will and appoint ten rings of gold to be made of the value of twenty shillings a-peece sterling, with a death's head upon some of them," Will dated 1648. See further in vol. iv., p. 423.



[48] *A better bad habit of frowning.*

The comparative *better* is here used as an intensative, without the usual implication of goodness. *Better bad*, that is, worse.

[49] *If a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering.*

Trassell, quarto eds.; ed. 1623; *tarssell*, ed. 1632; *tassel*, eds. 1663, 1685. The present reading was suggested by Pope, and is preferable to the attempted correction in the second folio, the *tarcel* (a hawk) not being a singing bird. A very

near approach to the orthography of the first edition occurs in Walton's Compleat Angler, ed. 1676, i. 76,—" the wren and titmouse will have twenty young ones at a time, when usually the noble hawk, *or the musical thrassal*, or blackbird, exceed not four or five." Shakespeare had perhaps in his recollection the following lines in the Rhyme of Sir Topas,—

> Sir Thopas fell in love-longing,
> And when he heard the throstle sing,
> He prick'd as he were wode.

[50] *I think, he bought his doublet in Italy.*

> Behold a most accomplish'd cavaleere,
> That the world's ape of fashions doth appeare;
> Walking the streetes his humors to disclose,
> In the French doublet and the German hose;
> The muffes, cloake, Spanish hat, Tolledo blade,
> Italian ruffe, a shoe right Flemish made,
> Like Lord of Misrule, where he comes he'le revel,
> And lye for wagers with the lying'st divell.
>
> *The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-vaine*, 1611.

[51] *His round hose in France.*

" If you aske why I have put him in *rounde hose*, that usually weares Venetians, it is because I would make him looke more dapper, and plump, and round upon it," Nash's Have with You to Saffron Walden, 1596. Appended to this portion of the work, is a representation of Gabriel Harvey in round hose.

[52] *What think you of the Scottish lord.*

So the quartos. The folio reads *other lord*, and the change was probably made for fear of giving offence to King James and his countrymen. The Perkins MS. reads *Irish*, a suggestion which is at variance with Portia's subsequent allusion to the Frenchman, and which would have been more appropriate in regard to the first portion of her reply, had the comedy been written after the breaking out of the Irish rebellion in 1641.

[53] *I think, the Frenchman became his surety.*

Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English. This alliance is here humorously satirized.—*Warburton.*

[54] *How like you the young German.*

In Shakespeare's time the Duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made Knight of the Garter. Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth.—*Johnson.*

[55] *A deep glass of Rhenish wine.*

As a great temptation. Moryson, in his Itinerary, 1617, speaking of the fondness of the Germans for drinking, after dilating on the practice, says,—" he that reades this would thinke that they drunke sweet Nectar at the least, or some like drinke inviting excesse; but in lower Germany sometimes *and rarely they drinke Rhenish wine*, commonly beere, and that so thicke and ill-smelling, and sometimes medicinall, as a stranger would think it more fit to be eaten, or cast into the sinke, then to be drunke, wherof a drop once falling on my hand, seemed to me foule puddle-water. In upper Germany for the most part they drinke wine,

and that with some lesse excesse then is used in the lower parts, yet so as in this vice they degenerate not from their countreymen. The Germans of Prussia, formerly praised by me, must pardon me if I taske them with this vice as much as the rest. In their drinking, they use no mirth, and little discourse, but sadly ply the buisinesse, sometimes crying one to the other, *seyte frolich*, be merry, *drinke aus*, drinke out, and as, according to the proverbe, every psalme ends in *gloria*, so every speech of theirs ends in, *Ich brings euch*, I drinke to you. At Nurneberg, and some other innes of higher Germany, each guest hath his peculiar drinking-glasse set by his trencher, which when he hath drunke out, if he set it downe with the mouth upward, it is presently filled againe, in which filling the servants use a singular dexterity, standing in great distance from it; but if hee turne the mouth downeward, they expect till in signe of thirst it bee turned upward; for they are such masters in this art of drinking, as they are served by dumbe signes without speaking a word." This account of the German drinking-glasses is well illustrated by the above specimens, copied by Mr. Fairholt from the originals preserved in the old German museum of the Thiergartner-thurm at Nuremburg, the shortest of which contains more than an English pint, and is so contrived that it can only be set down on its top, thus compelling the holder to retain it until emptied, and also obliging him to continue to put it down in the position which indicated a desire for a fresh supply of wine. The tall slender glass, which more particularly illustrates the passage in the text, holds nearly the same quantity; and the large globular vessel at its side contains two quarts, being a kind of loving-cup that passed round the table. "In Saxony," continues Moryson, "two use to begin a pot to two, and when each receives the pot, or gives it to his fellow, they curiously looke upon certaine pegs or markes set within of purpose, that they may devide the drinke by the equall ballance of justice. Sometimes they take three glasses at once upon three fingers, and beginning to another, drinke them all of at once, which kind of karaussing they call the crowning of the emperor." Portia's allusion to the deep glass is very appropriate, Venice having been celebrated for the manufacture of articles formed of fine glass. "Of glasses to quaffe in, the fashions and sizes be almost without number, some transported hither from Venice and other places, some made in the Citie by strangers," Heywood's Philocothonista, 1635. In the inventory of the goods in Kenilworth Castle, 1588, mention is made of,—"a deepe standing glasse, with a cover; fyvteen glasses, brode brimed and narrowe bottoms; fowertene greate deepe glasses, viij. of them plaine."

WINE-GLASSES FROM NUREMBERG.

[56] *I wish them a fair departure.*

So the folios, the quartos reading,—"I pray God grant them a fair departure." The alteration was no doubt made on account of the Statute of James I. against the use of the name of the Almighty in stage-plays.

[57] *How now! what news?*

These words are not in the folio, and Mr. Knight considers they should be omitted as unsuited to Portia's calm and dignified character; but the whole dialogue in the present scene is one of familiar conversation, and the question seems an appropriate introduction to what follows.

[58] *Enter Bassanio and Shylock.*

The Jews of Venice were distinguished, in their costume, by red hats or yellow turbans, the latter characteristic belonging to the Levantine Jews, among whom (see p. 277), Shylock is to be classed. Coryat, in his Crudities, ed. 1611, p. 230, says,—"I was at the place where the whole fraternity of the Jews dwelleth together, which is called the Ghetto, being an iland: for it is inclosed round about with water. It is thought there are of them in all betwixt five and sixe thousand. They are distinguished and discerned from the Christians by their habites on their heads; for some of them doe weare hats and those redde, onely those Jewes that are borne in the Westerne parts of the world, as in Italy, &c., but the easterne Jewes, being otherwise called the Levantine Jewes, which are borne in Hierusalem, Alexandria, Constantinople, &c., weare turbents upon their heads, as the Turkes do: but the difference is this: the Turkes weare white, the Jewes yellow. By that word turbent I understand a rowle of fine linnen wrapped together upon their heads, which serveth them in stead of hats, whereof many have bin often worne by the Turkes in London." The red hat is thus alluded to by Saint Disdier, ed. 1680, p. 162,—"Ils portent, pour se faire distinguer, des chapeaux rouges, faits de la plus belle écarlate qui se puisse voir, doublez de tafetas noir; de sorte que cette singularité surprend d'abord les etrangers;" and by several other writers. Vecellio, no doubt expressly alluding to the Levantine Jews, says that they wore yellow bonnets, but that their dress otherwise corresponded with that of other Venetian citizens. Lord Bacon, observes Douce, in his Essay on usury, speaking of the witty invectives that men have made against it, states one of them to be "that usurers should have *orange-tawny bonnets*, because they do *Judaize;*" and as Jordan, in the ballad founded on the play, also speaks of "as vile a Jew as ever wore a bonnet," an expression probably suggested by a recollection of the performance of the comedy, a yellow bonnet may be accepted as the true costume.

Coryat, p. 232, speaking of the Jews when at the Synagogue, observes that "every one of them, whatsoever he be, man or childe, weareth a kinde of light yellowish vaile, made of linsie woolsie (as I take it) over his shoulders, something worse then our courser Holland, which reacheth a little beneath the middle of their backes."

It appears from an elegy quoted at p. 285, that Shylock was represented on the stage with red hair, no doubt with a wig and beard dyed of a red colour. The Jew's red beard is also mentioned in Jordan's ballad; and, in the latter, his artificial nose is no doubt alluded to, when it is stated that the nose and chin nearly met each other. The Jew of Malta, in Marlowe's play, was celebrated for an extraordinary artificial nose, which is expressly alluded to in Rowley's Search for Money, 1609; and Shylock was in all probability distinguished in a similar manner. These allusions render Jordan's ballad worth reprinting. It is entitled, "The Forfeiture, a Romance; tune—Dear, let me now this evening dye:"—

1. You that do look with Christian hue,
Attend unto my sonnet,
I'le tell you of as vilde a Jew,
As ever wore a bonnet.

No Jew of Scotland I intend,
My story not so mean is:
This Jew in wealth did much transcend
Under the states of Venice.

2. Where he by usury and trade,
Did much exceed in riches;
His beard was red; his face was made
Not much unlike a witches.
His habit was a Jewish gown,
That would defend all weather;
His chin turn'd up, his nose hung down,
And both ends met together.

3. Yet this deformed father had
A daughter and a wise one,
So sweet a virgin never lad
Did ever set his eyes on.
He that could call this lady foul
Must be a purblinde noddy;
But yet she had a Christian soul
Lodg'd in a Jewish body.

4. Within the city there did live,
If you the truth will search on't,
One whose ill fate will make you grieve,
A gallant Christian Merchant;
Who did abound in wealth and wit,
In youth and comely feature,
Whose love unto a friend was knit
As strong as bonds of nature.

5. A gentleman of good renown,
But of a sinking fortune,
Who having no estate of 's own,
Doth thus his friend importune:
Friend, lend me but one thousand pound,
It shall again be paid ye,
For I have very lately found
A fair and wealthy lady.

6. The Merchant then makes this reply;
Friend, I am out of treasure,
But I will make my credit flye,
To do my friend a pleasure.
There is a Jew in town (quoth he),
Who though he deadly hate me,
Yet cause my wealth is strong at sea,
This favour will not bate me.

7. When they were come unto the Jew,
He did demand their pleasure;
The merchant answers, I of you
Would borrow so much treasure.
The Jew replies, you shall not ha 't,
If such a summe would save ye,
Unless in three moneths you will pay 't,
Or forfeit what I'de have you (*sic*).

8. If at the three moneths end you do,
As you shall seal and sign to 't,
Not pay the money which is due,
Whereere I have a minde to 't,—
Ile cut a pound out of your flesh.
The merchant is contented,
Because he knew in half that time,
His shipping would prevent it.

9. Ill news by every ship comes in,
His ships are drown'd and fired;
The Jew his forfeiture doth win,
For three moneths are expired.
He is arrested for the debt;
The Court must now decide it:
The flesh is due, and now the Jew
Is ready to divide it.

10. The Merchant's friend that had the gold,
Now being richly married,
Offer'd the summe down three times told,
To have his friend's life spared.
T'would not be took, but strait steps in
One in Doctor's apparrel,
Who, though but young, doth now begin
Thus to decide the quarrel.

11. Jew, we do grant that by the law,
A pound of flesh your due is,
But if one drop of blood you draw,
We 'l show you what a Jew is:
Take but a pound, as t'was agreed,
Be sure you cut no further,
And cut no less, lest for the deed
You be arraign'd for murther.

12. The Jew inrag'd doth tear the bond,
And dares not do the slaughter.
He quits the Court, and then 'twas found
The Doctor proves his daughter.
Who for the love she long time bore,
From a true heart derived,
To be his wife, and save his life,
This subtle slight contrived.

13. The court consent and they are wed;
For hatching of this slaughter
The Jew's estate is forfeited,
And given to his daughter.
She is baptiz'd in Christendome,
The Jew cryes out he 's undone;
I wish such Jews may never come
To England, nor to London.

According to a memorandum, the source of which is unknown to me, Shylock "should assuredly wear a large red cross, embroidered upon his shoulder, the senate of Venice having passed an edict to mortify the Jews, many of whom quitted their territory to avoid its infliction, that no Israelite should appear upon the Rialto without the emblem or badge above specified."

[59] *Three thousand ducats,—well.*

The value of the ducat varied in different parts of the continent. At Venice there were "two sorts of duccats, the one currant in payment, which may bee valued ster. about 3*s.* 4*d.*, and the other of banco, which may be valued about 4*s.* or 4*s.* 2*d.*, as the exchange will admit, the one being twenty per cent. better than the other," Roberts' Marchants Mapp of Commerce, 1638. There were silver and gold ducats coined at Venice, the specimen here engraved being one of the latter. A ducat means literally a coin belonging to or coined by a *duke*, and the inscriptions upon the various impressions of it are exceedingly numerous.

[60] *Antonio is a good man.*

Good, a technical phrase in the colloquial language of merchants, equivalent to, *substantial.* Compare Massinger's Fatall Dowry, 1632,—

——To these I turne,
To these soft-hearted men, that wisely know
They are onely good men, that pay what they owe.

"A good man, I have enquired him, eighteen hundred a year," Ben Jonson's Devil is an Ass. "I am not at this time furnished, but ther's my bond for your plate.—Your bill had ben sufficient; y'are a good man," Marston's Dutch Courtezan, 1605. "A *good man* i' th' city is not called after his good deeds, but the known weight of his purse; one whose name any usurer can read without spectacles, &c.; one that is *good* only in riches, &c.," Brome's Northern Lass, 1632. "I hold him a good man.—Yes, sure, a wealthy," Womans Prize, ed. 1647, p. 97.

Good man (quoth a) knowing who I am,
My wealth might teach thee use another name:
Good man, hart; I can hardly forbeare thee;
Sweete Maister Crito, pardon; now I heare thee;
Why, this at first had pleas'd mee; well, 'tis past;
Remember next your words be better plac't.
Such is the strange condition of men,—
A rich man once, no more a *good man* then.
Freeman's Rubbe and a great Cast, 1614.

In an old novel, called the Adventures of David Simple, 1744, a character applies the term to a wealthy rogue. "David seemed surprized at that epithet, and asked how it was possible a fellow whom he had just catched in such a piece of villainy could be called a good man? At which words, the other, with a sneer at his folly, told him he meant that he was worth a plumb. Perhaps he might not understand that neither, for he began to take him for a fool, but he meant by a plumb £100,000." The epithet has continued in use, in a cognate sense, to the present day; a "good man," in fashionable slang, being one in actual possession of his estate. A person who exceeds another in wealth, is said to be a better man than the other.

[61] *He is sufficient.*

This is a sort of cant phrase, applied to a person of sufficient means, a man of wealth. "Here's a sufficient man, I do assure you; take my word for that," Cartwright's Ordinary, 1651.

Sir Rad. You must put in security for the performance of it in such sort as I and maister Recorder shall like of.—*Im.* I will, an't please your worship.—*Sir Rad.* And because I will be sure that I have conferred this kindnesse upon a *sufficient* man, I have desired maister recorder to take examination of you.—*The Returne from Pernassus*, 1606.

The scrivener looking upon the poor man, and seeing him in that case, said to Mr. Winchcomb,—Sir, you were better let it be a bond, and have some sureties bound with him. Why, scrivener, quoth he, dost thou think this is not a *sufficient* man of himself to pay five hundred pounds? Truly, sir, said the scrivener, if you think so, you and I are of two minds.—*The Pleasant History of Jack of Newbury.*

[62] *And other ventures he hath squander'd abroad.*

Squander'd, scattered, dispersed. Still used in Warwickshire. "His family are all grown up, and squandered about the country," that is, settled in different places. According to Wilbraham, p. 80, it is still in use in Cheshire. Howell mentions, "many thousand islands, that lie *squandered* in the vast ocean."

This continued five dayes, so that we were almost famished for want of food: but at last (I *squandring* up and downe) by the providence of God I hapned into a cave or poore habitation, where I found fifteene loaves of bread, each of the quantity of a penny loafe in England, I having a valiant stomacke of the age of almost of a hundred and twenty houres breeding, fell to, and ate two loaves, and never said grace.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

[63] *There be land-rats, and water-rats.*

Water-rats, a jocular term for pyrates, is not peculiar to Shakespeare. Compare a rare tract, the Abortive of an Idle Houre, 1620,—

> Some theeves are *water-ratts*, some way-purs-takers;
> Some canters are, and othersome house-breakers.

Massinger, in his Very Woman, 1655, speaks of pirates under the similar name of *sea-rats*. A cognate term, *land-pirate*, occurs in the Wandering Jew telling Fortunes to Englishmen, 1649. Shylock is intended to speak somewhat disjointedly, otherwise one would be induced to continue the present sentence thus,—"land thieves, and water thieves," as suggested by Eccles, 1805.

[64] *If it please you to dine with us.*

This invitation was of an unusual character, under any circumstances of business, and intended evidently as a very great compliment. "There is also a peculiar place where the gentlemen meet before noone, and here, to nourish acquaintance, they spend an houre in discourses, and because they use not to make feasts one to another, they keepe this meeting as strictly as merchants, lest their frindship should decay," Moryson's Itinerary, 1617, in his account of Venice.

[65] *Which your prophet, the Nazarite.*

According to some critics, Shylock is here speaking in contempt of Christ, the Nazarenes being mentioned in the Scriptures as having been in low estimation with the Jews; but the better interpretation of the passage is that the speaker merely wishes to indicate more strongly his intense horror of pork, by recalling it

to mind as the material into which the devils were driven, thus ridiculing Bassanio by implying how foolish he and other Christians were in eating of the flesh of the animal which was selected by their own prophet for the proper habitation of the evil spirits. The great prophet himself was not regarded contemptuously by the Jews of Venice, and Shylock would be speaking out of character were he to be represented as ridiculing him. A Jew whom Coryat met in that city told him "that Christ forsooth was a great prophet, and in that respect as highly to be esteemed as any prophet amongst the Jewes that ever lived before him; but derogated altogether from his divinitie, and would not acknowledge him for the Messias and Saviour of the world, because he came so contemptibly, and not with that pompe and majestie that beseemed the redeemer of mankind," Crudities, ed. 1611, p. 215.

[66] *Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend.*

Ripe wants are wants *come to the height*, wants that can have no longer delay. Perhaps we might read—*rife wants*, wants that come thick upon him.—*Johnson.* *Ripe* is, I believe, the true reading. So, afterwards:—"But stay the very *riping* of the time."—*Malone.* Again, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:—"Here is a brief how many sports are *ripe*."—*Steevens.*

[67] *Is he yet possess'd.*

That is, acquainted, informed. So, in Twelfth-Night: "*Possess* us, *possess* us, tell us something of him."—*Steevens.* The edition printed by Roberts reads,—"are you resolv'd."

[68] *How much ye would.*

So the first quarto, printed for Heyes, 1600; at least, such is the reading in my copy of that edition. Mr. Collier, however, says it reads, "How much you would?" The second quarto has, "How much *he* would *have?*" The reading here adopted seems the most intelligible, Antonio being supposed to turn round and address the remark to Bassanio. A little further on, I think we should follow the old editions in reading *Abram*, instead of *Abraham*, which spoils the metre.

[69] *You told me so.*

Hanmer alters *you* to *he.* Antonio had learned in conversation, before his entry, as well the term as the sum; and the Jew, whose brain is then working upon matters that break out afterwards, thinks Bassanio the speaker, and frames his reply accordingly; in the next line he addresses Antonio, and his whole speech is the language of one absent in thought.—*Capell.*

[70] *That all the eanlings.*

Eanlings, lambs just born. From the Anglo-Saxon *eanian*, to bring forth, and the old English verb *eane*, of the same meaning. "*Chordi agnes*, lames eaned after their tyme," Elyotes Dictionarie, 1559. "A lambe eaned, *editus agnus*," Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 70.

> Like lambes scarce *ean'd* or doves new-hatcht, to part,
> And with lives losse to leave both damme and nest.
>
> *Lane's Tom Tel-Troths Message*, 1600.

> Where they not both *eand* by the selfsame ewe?
> How could they ment then so different hue?
> Poor lamb, alas! and couldst thou, yet unborn,
> Sin to deserve the guilt of such a scorn!
>
> *Randolph's Poems*, 1643.

[71] *Which were streak'd and pied.*

Pied, party-coloured. "*Vestis discolor*, a pied garment, or a partie-coloured coate," Nomenclator, 1585.

[72] *The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands.*

The pronoun *me* is redundant. Modern editors have usually, without necessity, altered *pill'd*, the reading of all the old copies, to *peel'd*. "I pyll or make bare, *je pille*," Palsgrave, 1530. "I pyll of the barke of a tree, *je escorche;* I am suer he is to wise to sel his okes tyll he have pylled of their barkes," ibid.

Trees growing on the top of hilles, have a rough barke, crooked knots, long bowes, and therefore unmeete for any building, untill they be cut downe, *pilled*, squared, drawne home, and yet can doo nothing of all those themselves.—*Cawdray's Treasurie of Similies*, 1600.

Their (the ostriches) neckes are much longer than cranes, and *pilled*, having none or little feathers about them. Also their legs are *pilled* and bare.—*Coryat.*

[73] *And, in the doing of the deed of kind.*

Kind, that is, nature. "Yet shame it is to blame them, for they have it of kind," Controversy between a Lover and a Jay. "The worm will do his kind," Antony and Cleopatra. Drayton, in his Mooncalf, uses the phrase, *do their kind*, in the same sense as that in which it is employed in the text.

Nevertheles, a man is seid to have power, and leve to use power, in many wyse, as sum bi lawe and ordre of *kynd*, sum bi lawe and ordre of grace, and some bi lawe and ordre made and writun.—*Wickliffe's Apology*, p. 28.

[74] *He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes.*

Fulsome, rank, gross; and hence, perhaps, lustful. A bawd named Madam Fulsome is one of the characters introduced into the play of the Turke, 1610. The term was also used in the sense of swelling, being full to the utmost stretch. Golding, in his translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, 1567, speaks of the "fulsome dugs" of a sheep that "do yeeld sweete nectar;" pleno quæ fertis in ubere; and the moon's "round and fulsome face" is mentioned in the Tragedie of Abraham's Sacrifice, 1577. The former writer, also, in another passage, uses the term with a similar import,—"his leane, pale, hore and wither'd coarse grew fulsome, faire, and fresh."

[75] *Fall party-colour'd lambs.*

Fall, let fall, drop. *Party-colour'd*, variegated, variously coloured. "Item, he is also verily perswaded that if women could but governe one little peece of flesh, the tongue I meane, so many of them would not goe with *party-coulerd* faces."—Harry White's Humour, 1660.

> Hesperia's envy and the Westerne pride,
> Whose party-coloured garment Nature dy'd
> In more eye-pleasing hewes with richer graine,
> Then Iris bow attending Aprils raine.
>
> *Browne's Britannias Pastorals*, i. 5.

> Next all in party-coloured robes appeares,
> In white and crimson, gracefull Concord drest.
>
> *Daniel's Vision of the Twelve Goddesses*, 1623.

> The party-colour'd birds he chose,
> The gold-finches, and such as those;

With them he'd peck, and bill, and feed,
And very well (at times) agreed.
The Eagle and the Robin, 1709.

[76] *But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.*

The best argument in Jacob's vindication, observes Calmet, in a commentary on the narrative in the Book of Genesis which is here referred to, is, "that God himself approved his conduct, and suggested the method to him by an angel."

[77] *I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast.*

"Would not a pair of these have bred," observes the Clown in Twelfth Night, in begging another piece of money from Viola. "But gold that's put to use, more gold begets," Venus and Adonis. The Jew's wife, in the old ballad of Gernutus, calls a shilling, lent out at a penny a week, her *cow;* an idea suggested, perhaps, by the following curious story in Bulleyn's Dialogue bothe Pleasaunte and Pietiful, 1564,—"There was a man of late, whiche had one c. pound, whiche he called his cowe, and secretly did lende her forthe, sometyme by the weke, and his price was x. shillinges the weke, and when her milke became derer, and many fasting daies at hande, he called for his cowe, and said that she gave indifferent milke. But, saide he, I muste put her into a better pasture, and she shall geve me more milke by v. shilling in the weke, &c., and at length white meate became a little better cheape, because of the great plentie of soche kiene in the towne, that his cowe was brought home again, because that she was letten so dere, now because she hadde doen him good service, and he had no more but her at home, and calfe he had none by her to kepe up the stocke. His servaunt loved milke wel, and could get none of that cowe: when his maister was from home, stale the cowe and ran his waie, and hetherto hath not been found, neither cowe nor man, and all the milke is gone."

The usurer lives by the lechery of mony, and is bawd to his owne bags, taking a fee, that they may ingender. The politick bankrupt lives by the gelding of bags of silver. The usurer puts out a hundred pound to breede, and lets it run in a good pasture (thats to say, in the lands that are mortgag'd for it) till it grow great with foale, and bring forth ten pound more.—*Decker's Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606.

In the Overbury Characters, 1628, a "devillish usurer" is described as one who "puts his money to the unnaturall act of generation; and his scrivener is the supervisor bawd to 't."

[78] *The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.*

Compare Matthew, iv. 6, with Psalm, xci. 12. "Words I know you can alleadge; the divell has Scripture for his damned ill," The History of the two Maids of Moreclacke, 1609.

[79] *O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!*

Outside's, Warburton. These words must be understood as spoken in an ironical contemptuous manner, by which they are peculiarly applied and confined to the instance which had just then presented itself to observation. They are not intended to express a general maxim, which holds universally; so that Warburton's objection, that "it is not true that falsehood hath always a goodly outside," is beside the purpose. Still more so is his other objection, that "this doth not take in the force of the speaker's sentiment, who would observe, that that falsehood which quotes Scripture for its purpose hath a goodly outside;" since this is the very circumstance which gave occasion to this sarcasm, and is particularly alluded to in it.—*Heath.*

Falshood, which as *truth* means *honesty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not stand for *falshood* in general, but for the dishonesty now operating.—*Johnson.*

"Falsehood" seems, in this line, to be personified.

[80] *Signior Antonio, many a time and oft.*

"Many a time and oft" is a conventional tautology, still in provincial use. It occurs in that very early poem on the Deposition of Richard II., published by the Camden Society, ed. Wright, p. 2,—"This made me to muse many tyme and ofte." Kemble erroneously read, "many a time, and oft on the Rialto;" but the punctuation of the first edition can be supported by numerous passages from the works of contemporary writers. "Have not I tolde you, sirs, many a time and ofte, of the hanging clowde we sawe on the toppe of the mountaines," North's Plutarch, 1579. "Many a tyme and oft I am fayne, to play the priest, clarke, and all," Interlude of the Disobedient Child. "Sirrah, hast not thou many a time and often devoured a whole table of mine, garnisht with plenty," Goughe's Queen, 1653. "Thou knowest how, many a time and oft, I have fetch'd home thy cows, when nobody knew who did it," New Academy of Compliments. Addison uses the phrase in the Drummer, and it occurs again in Shakespeare, 1 Henry IV., act i. In some parts of Wiltshire, the phrase, *times and often*, is used in the sense of *frequently*.

> That thou shalt know hereafter; now observe
> The nimph thus far took pitty of his hurt,
> That, *many a time and oft*, she bath'd his wounds
> In the distilled flouds of lukewarm tears,
> And sweetly breathing on them with her sighs,
> She seem'd to murmur out some powerful charme,
> With which she hop't to mitigate his pain.
>
> *Phillis of Scyros, a Pastorall*, 1655.

[81] *In the Rialto.*

The Rialto here alluded to was not the bridge of the Rialto, but the Exchange. Coryat, writing in Shakespeare's time, says, "The Rialto, which is at the farther side of the bridge, as you come from St. Marks, is a most stately building, being the Exchange of Venice, where the Venetian gentlemen and the merchants doe meete twice a day, betwixt eleven and twelve of the clocke in the morning, and betwixt five and sixe of the clocke in the afternoone. This Rialto is of a goodly height, built all with bricke, as the palaces are, adorned with many faire walkes or open galleries that I have before mentioned, and hath a pretty quadrangular court adjoyning to it. But it is inferiour to our Exchange in London, though, indeede, there is a farre greater quantity of building in this then in ours,"—Coryat's Crudities," 1611, p. 169. Compare Thomas's Historye of Italye, 1561, f. 74,—"the Rialto is a goodly place in the hert of the citee, where the merchauntes twyse a daie assemble." It was, in fact, in the general style of its construction, very similar to the Burse at Antwerp, the model of the original London Exchange. "The foure square market-place of Rialto is compassed with publike houses, under the arches whereof, and in the middle part lying open, the merchants meet," Moryson's Itinerary, 1617. Shakespeare writes indifferently, *upon*, *on*, and *in* the Rialto. "Upon the Realta, to see the varietie of strangers; to observe the people, their habites, their languages, and their carriages," Breton's Olde Mans Lesson, 1605. "With what a jolly presence he would pace round the Rialto," Marston's What You Will. The following account of the district of the Rialto is given in Saint-Disdier's La Ville et la Republique de Venise, ed. 1680,—"Le Quartier de Rialte est le plus ancien de Venise, puisque c'est là qu'on jetta les premiers

fondemens de la ville; il contient une assés grande isle toute entiere, qui est de l'autre costé du pont; au pied duquel, à main gauche, est une longue galerie, sous laquelle sont des marchands de drap, et d'autres étoffes, qui ont leurs magazins au dessus; et, à main droite, est la Place de Rialte, dont la petite eglise de Saint Jacques, qui fut la premiere qu'on bâtit dans les isles, il y a plus de douze cens ans, fait un des costés proche le pont, les autres deux sont fermés par des portiques, sous lesquels les negotians s'assemblent, tous les jours à midi, pour les affaires de leur commerce: Derriere l'eglise de Saint Jacques, sur le bord du Grand Canal, l'on voit un bastiment presque tout de marbre, et fort ancien, sous lequel il y a d'affreuses prisons; c'estoit autrefois le Palais de la Justice de toute la Ville, où s'assemblent encore plusieurs magistrats qui y tiennent les Tribunaux Civils, et Criminels de Rialte."

Septimum: tunc statim Rivo alto inditum Venetiarum nomen ex illo Patavinorum Senatus consulto, quod nomen perspicuè vetera monumenta docent omnibus initio pariter commune fuisse, quæcunque continerentur his littoribus atque stagnis oppida; multo autem pòst, ut proprium, Rivo alto tributum, quàm migrationes eò fierent ex omnibus insulis. Etenim multæ sunt veteres sanctiones, multa privilegia, quæ leguntur edita, et data in urbe Rivo alto. Seroque admodum hoc ipsum Venetiarum nomen tàm longè lateque patens olim, quam stagna omnia, et littora in Rivi alti unius terminos concessit, secus atque præ se fert hoc Patavinum decretum imperitissimè confictum, et omninò falsum.—*Notæ in Jannotium*, ed. 1631.

[82] *About my monies, and my usances.*

The terms *use*, *usance*, and sometimes *usury*, were employed in Shakespeare's time in the sense of *interest*. The second word occurs three times with that signification in the present drama.

I knowe a gentleman borne to five hundred pounde lande, did never receyve above a thousand pound of nete money, and within certeyne yeres ronnynge still upon usurie and double usurie, the merchants termyng it *usance* and *double usance*, by a more clenly name, he did owe to master usurer five thousand pound at the last, borowyng but one thousande pounde at first, so that his land was clean gone, beynge five hundred poundes inherytance, for one thousand pound in money, and the usurie of the same money for so fewe yeres; and the man now beggeth.—*Wylson on Usurye*, 1572, p. 32.

It is almost incredyble what gaine the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jewes, both pryvately and in common. For in everye citee the Jewes kepe open shops of usurie, taking gaiges of ordinarie for xv in the hundred by the yere; and if at the yeres ende the gaige be not redemed, it is forfeite, or at the least dooen away to a great disadvantage: by reason whereof the Jewes are out of measure wealthie in those parties.—*Thomas's Historye of Italye*, 1561, 4to, fo. 77.

Les Juifs ne sont pas seulement tolerez à Venise, à cause que les plus riches s'associant avec les Marchands pour le negoce du Levant, y attirent le commerce; mais aussi parce qu'ils donnent des sommes considerables à la Republique dans les pressantes necessitez, outre les grandes taxes ordinaires qu'on leur impose. Ils habitent un lieu séparé, fermé de deux portes, où leur grand nombre, qui est de plus de deux mille cinq cens, les oblige d'élever les maisons jusques à six ou sept étages. Ils sont de plusieurs nations differentes, Hollandois, Espagnols, Portugais, Allemans et Italiens: ils ont des Synagogues particulieres: mais parmy ces nations differentes les Portugais sont les plus riches, et ils s'estiment d'une condition si élevée au-dessus des autres, qu'ils ne font aucune comparaison avec eux. —*St. Disdier, La Ville de Venise*, ed. 1680.

[83] *Still have I borne it with a patient shrug.*

I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me *dogge.*
Marlowe's Jew of Malta, 1633.

[84] *And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine.*

The old editions read *spet*, which is merely an old orthography of the word. Thus *spits*, in the next act, is spelt *spets* in eds. 1600. Some of the printed copies of Milton's Lycidas have *spets*, whereas the author himself wrote it *spits*. A gaberdine was a kind of large loose cloak. "Furst, a gawlberdyne of russett welvett for my lord, gardytt with green cloth of golde, and lyned with black sarsnett," MS. temp. Hen. VIII. "A gabbardine, tunica casatica vel rustica, a sort of double mill'd Kersy, such as was formerly given for livery cloaks; vid. plura apud Skinnerum," MS. Gl. "Under your gaberdines wear pistols all," Goblins.

Now you shall see some grandames, or fond aunts,
Whom womens fury superstition haunts,
Take up a tender infant in their armes,
And being skilfull to depell the harmes
Of an effascinating eye, they'le *spet*
Upon their middle finger, and then wet
With this their purging spettle, the childs brow
And prettie lippes.—*Holyday's Persius*, 1635.

[85] *A breed for barren metal of his friend.*

A *breed*, that is, *interest money bred from the principal.* By the epithet *barren*, the author would instruct us in the argument on which the advocates against usury went, which is this; that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itself. And to set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put *breed* and *barren* in opposition.—*Warburton.* Dr. Warburton very truly interprets this passage. Old Meres says, "Usurie and encrease by gold and silver is unlawful, because against nature; nature hath made them *sterill* and *barren*, usurie makes them *procreative*."—*Farmer.* The honour of starting this conceit belongs to Aristotle. See De Repub. lib. i.—*Holt White.*

For is the reading of the quartos, it being altered to *of* in the folios. Theobald suggested that *barren* might be an error for *bearing*, and some editors altered *breed* to *bribe.* Lord Lansdowne reads, *sordid metal.*

What the second modern asserts, and one after him, that *bribe* is the word of *two* old editions instead of *breed*, is perhaps a mistake; and he meant to inform his readers, that the word which follows *breed* in this copy differ'd from the word he has follow'd, for this is true of *four* old ones: and had he been pleas'd to restore it, he had purg'd his author of a glaring absurdity (for what else is—breed *of* things that are barren?) that runs through all his other editions, old and new:—*breed* conveys in that place it's generical idea, that is, encrease; but *breed* is chose to express it by, that it's opposition to *barren* may set off and heighten the unfitness of such usury.—*Capell.*

[86] *And take no doit of usance for my monies.*

"*Doit*, a Belg. *duyt*, *duytken*, triens, nummus quidam vilis, a Fr. G. *doigt*, digitus, q. d. tantum æris quantum digiti apice contegi potest; *doight* autem manifeste contractum et corruptum est a Lat. *digitus*," Skinneri Etym. Ling. Angl., 1671. The doit of Shakespeare's time was properly a Low Country coin of exceedingly small value, and hence the term came generally to be used for a very trifle, a mere fraction. According to Coryat, the Dutch "use to stampe the

figure of a maide upon one of their coynes that is called a doit, whereof eight goe to a stiver, and ten stivers do make our English shilling," Crudities, ed. 1611, p. 642. The same value is assigned in one place to the doit in Holme's Academy of Armory, 1688, where it is stated that "an orkey of the Netherlands is the fourth part of a stiver, or two doits, worth two farthings English, or a farthing half-farthing, as others say," iii. 33. The same writer, however, states in the previous page that "a doit of the Netherlands is worth in English an halfpenny half-farthing," an assertion which is no doubt erroneous. Moryson, on the other hand, makes a doit equivalent to an orkee, valuing it at the fourth part of a stiver. "Two English shillings are three shillings foure pence Flemish, and make a Flemish silver gulden; twentie Flemish shillings make a Flemish pound; twentie stivers make a Flemish gulden; sixe stivers make a Flemish shilling; two blancks make one Flemish stiver and a halfe; foure orkees, *or doights*, of brasse make a Flemish stiver," Moryson's Itinerary, 1617. "The currant monies heere (in Antwerp), and in generall through all the Arch-Duke's countries, are doights; foure makes a stiver, and ten stivers is a shilling starlin; two blankes makes a stiver and halfe," Roberts' Merchants Mappe of Commerce, 1638. The following observations on the doit were communicated to me by Mr. Fairholt:—

"The *doit* is the more modern abbreviated term given to an ancient copper-coin of small value, current on the continent and in England in the middle ages, under the name of *doitkine*. Thus the statute of 3 Henry V. orders that galley halfpence, "and the money called *suskine* and *doitkine*, and all manner of Scottish money of silver, should be put out, and for the future not be current in any payment of the realm of England." Snelling, in his History of the Silver Coinage, p. 18, defines the first to be "certainly the Flemish *seskin*, or piece of six mites; and the other the Holland *duitkin*, or *doitkin*, of two penningens." The doit is however described by some continental writers on coinage, as equal in value and identical with the French *Liard;* its value was so low that 400 went to a Dutch thaler and 8 to a stiver. Similar coins of low value were issued by the German States; that engraved was struck by the Bishop of Munster, in Westphalia, in the 16th century, two hundred and sixty of which reckoned at one Gulden—a coin of about the value of 1 shilling and 8 pence English. Such coins are now of extreme rarity, their small intrinsic value conducing to their loss; and our National collection contains no examples of any of them. Our specimen is copied from a woodcut in the very rare work published by Adam Berg at Munich in 1597, and entitled *Neue Muntzbuch von allerley sorten.* There is in the same work a still lower class coin, which is also copied here, and five hundred and twenty of which were only valued at one Gulden. The only marks on either, are the armorial bearings of the small potentates who struck them. They may be received as fair examples of the old contemned *doit*, the meanest coin which received a current stamp in the middle ages."

[87] *Go with me to a notary.*

"*Notary, Notarius, Anno* 27 *Edw.* 3, *cap.* i, is a scribe or scrivener that takes notes, or makes a short draught of contracts, obligations, or other instruments, *Claus.* 13 *Edw.* 2, *m.* 6. *Schedula consuta eidem memb. de* Notariis *Imperialibus non admittendis*," Blount's Law Dictionary, 1691.

[88] *As are express'd in the condition.*

Shylock's proposition appears, at first sight, to be introduced somewhat

abruptly, but it must be remembered that the loan of the money, without the formality of an instrument securing some kind of profit, would have been at least contrary to the usages of the Jews, even if it were not thought to be distinctly prohibited by the Levitical Law. Dr. Patrick, in a note on the well-known passage in Deuteronomy, xxiii. 20, informs us that "some of the Jews would have this to be an affirmative precept, *obliging* them to make the usury of a Gentile, if they lent him any money." Munster likewise says, "Colligunt ex hoc loco perfidi judæi argumentum, quod licitè exercere possint usuras erga alienos. Atque in Germania inveniuntur quam plures qui supra modum prætextu hujus privilegii ditescunt," Crit: Sac: vol. i., 1296. In the same work Fagius remarks, "mirum est quantum hodie triumphent ac glorientur judæi, quod ipsis etiamnum hodie licet exercere usuram in gentes . . . . . persuasissimi sunt sibi licere quocunque modo, etiam injustissimis rationibus, pecuniam a nobis Christianis extorquere," p. 1299. In old legal phraseology, a condition was nearly synonymous with a bond, so called because usually commencing with the words, "The condition of this obligation is such." The usual form of simple condition is seen in the following example from the Boke of Instruments, 1576,—"The condicion of this obligacion is such, that if the within bounden J. S. wel and truely deliver, or cause to be delivered unto the within named J. M. his executors or assignes, at the dwelling place of the same J. M. set and beinge in the towne of Holne, xx. quarters of wheat white and redde, swete clene, dry and marchantable, with the best, on this side the feast of all Saintes within written, that then this obligacion to be voide and of no value, or els to abide in his ful strengthe vertue and effect."

[89] *I'll rather dwell in my necessity.*

To *dwell* seems in this place to mean the same as to *continue*. To *abide* has both the senses of *habitation* and *continuance.—Johnson.*

> Robyn, *dwel* not long fro me,
> I know no man here but the.—*MS. Cantab.* Ff. v. 48, f. 52.

The author of a recently published work on Shaksperian literature has very severely criticised Dr. Johnson for explaining in a note on this line, a verb the meaning of which is so extremely obvious; but independently of the pain inflicted on most readers by any strongly expressed censure on the time-honoured name of our great lexicographer, it is to be observed that the plan followed in the variorum edition, as well as in the present work, is to explain all the archaic obsolete words, although, in so doing, it is impossible to avoid the semblance of pedantry by introducing notes on passages the signification of which is obvious to any intelligent reader. The verb *dwell*, in the application above cited, is now out of use; and in giving brief observations upon terms of this description, it is intended to render a necessity induced by the following out our design on an uniform system of annotation, subservient to the simple indication of obsoleteness, rather than with the idea of offering instruction.

[90] *If he should break his day.*

The word *day* was frequently used by our old writers in the generic sense of *time*, and the verb to *break*, in the sense of not keeping an appointment on a contract. A Jew of a coarse unredeeming character, introduced into Day's Travels of Three English Brothers, 1607, says,—

> One I shall gripe, breake he but his minute;
> Heaven grant he may want money to defray!
> Oh! how Ile then imbrace my happinesse;

Sweet gold, sweete jewell, but the sweetest part
Of a Jewes feast is a Christians heart.

Every day he surveighs his grounds and the buttals therof, lest there be any incroaching, or any thing remov'd. If any debtor *misse his day* but a minute, hee is sure to pay soundly for forbearance; besides usurie upon usury, if he continue it. —*Characters of Theophrastus*, tr. Healey.

When of your Lordship I a lease renew'd,
You promis'd me before we did conclude,
To give me time, namely twice twelve months *day*,
For such a fine as I agreed to pay;
I bade a hundred pound, 'twas worth no more,
Your Lordship set it higher by a score.
Now, since I have by computation found,
That two yeares day cost me this twenty pound:
Sir, pardon me, to be thus plainly told it,
Your Lordship gave not two yeares *day*, you sold it.
Harrington's Elegant and Wittie Epigrams, 1633.

'Tis a commodity that *gives no day*,
'Tis taken up, and yet yeelds ready pay;
But for most other wares, a man shall bee
Allow'd for payment dayes three months and three.
Taylor's Workes, fol. Lond. 1630

In the old ballad of Gernutus, the usurer recommends his wife to "keep your day," that is, adhere strictly to the terms of your loans; and in the ballad of the Northern Lord, the Jew makes the condition with the knight contingent on, "if he fail'd, or miss'd the day." The phrase used by Shylock occurs in the Fayre Mayde of the Exchange, 1607,—

If you do *break your day*, assure yourself
That I will take the forfeit of your bond.

[91] *As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats.*

Thus fed by fat sweet bones, they all prove gluttons,
And where they wont to guard, now kill our *muttons*.
Scots Philomythie, 1616.

Here now i' th' port we safely set, behold,
We saw great droves of lusty fat *beefs* bold,
And flocks of goats feeding, no herdsman by.
Virgil, translated by John Vicars, 1632.

[92] *And I will go and purse the ducats straight.*

Is it lawfull for any man to play at any game for money, to wynne it, keepe it, and *purse* it up, or no? I pray you let me knowe your judgement herein.— *Northbrooke's Treatise against Dicing*, 1577.

[93] *In the fearful guard of an unthrifty knave.*

Fearful had formerly two significations, giving cause of fear, and being apt to fear. It is here used in the former sense. "*Fearful* guard here means, a guard of which he has reason to be *afraid;* which he cannot *trust* or *rely* on," Edwardes. So in the Tempest,—"He's gentle, and not fearful;" and in the first part of Henry IV,—"A mighty and a fearful head they are." Warburton unnecessarily proposed to read, *fearless*.

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Flourish of Cornets.[1] *Enter the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and his Train;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her* Attendants.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,[2]
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,[3]
To prove whose blood is reddest,[4] his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself[5]
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair

As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.
Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,[6]
That won three fields of sultan Solyman,
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,[7]
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice,
Which is the better man; the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;[8]
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.
Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.
Mor. Nor will not;[9] come, bring me unto my chance.
Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.
Mor. Good Fortune, then![10] [*Cornets.*
To make me bless'd,[11] or cursed'st among men! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Venice. *A street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.[12]

Laun. Certainly my conscience will not serve me[13] to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me; saying to me,—Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away. My conscience says,—no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or (as aforesaid) honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run: scorn running

with thy heels.[14] Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack.[15] Via! says the fiend;[16] away! says the fiend, for the heavens;[17] rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—my honest friend, Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, Launcelot. budge not:[18] budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well:[19] to be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation: and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter OLD GOBBO,[20] *with a basket.*

Gob. Master, young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?[21]

Laun. [*Aside.*] O Heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind,[22] high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.[23]

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn upon your right hand,[24] at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties,[25] 't will be a hard way to hit! Can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now —[*aside*]—now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say 't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot,[26] sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child.[27] Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.[28]

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I 'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord, worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! [*feeling the back of his head*] thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my phill-horse[29] has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How gree you now?[30]

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest[31] to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present? give him a halter! I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other Followers.*

Bass. You may do so:—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered: put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a* Servant.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! Wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—[32]

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is,[33] I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins:

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall fruitify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both:—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,

To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God,[34] sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son:—
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out:—give him a livery [*To his Followers.*
More garded than his fellows': See it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service? no!—I have ne'er a tongue in my head!—Well; [*looking on his palm*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table,[35] which doth offer to swear upon a book,[36] I shall have good fortune,[37]—Go to, here 's a simple line of life![38] here's a small trifle of wives:[39] Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; aleven widows and nine maids,[40] is a simple coming in for one man: and then, to scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;[41] here are simple scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come. I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and old* GOBBO.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where's your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit* LEONARDO.

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must.—But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults,
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal:[42]—pray thee take pain

To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconster'd in the place I go to,[43]
And lose my hopes.
Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,[44]
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat,[45] and sigh, and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent[46]
To please his grandam,—never trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gra. Nay, but I bar to night; you shall not gage me[47]
By what we do to-night.
Bass. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well,
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Room in* Shylock's *House.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well: there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.
Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.[48]—Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian do not play the knave,[49] and get thee, I am much deceived: But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu! [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Venice. *A street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.
Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.[50]
Solan. 'T is vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.
Lor. 'T is now but four of clock; we have two hours
To furnish us.—

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
Laun. An it shall please you to break up this,[51] it shall seem to signify.
Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 't is a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.
Gra. Love-news, in faith!
Laun. By your leave, sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her;—speak it privately: go.
Gentlemen, [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torchbearer.[52]
Salar. Ay, marry, I 'll be gone about it straight.
Solan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
Salar. 'T is good we do so. [*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SOLANIO.
Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;[53]
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torchbearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Venice. *Before* Shylock's *House.*

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see; thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!
Laun. Why, Jessica!
Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to supper,[54] Jessica;
There are my keys —But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love: they flatter me:
But yet I 'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house:—I am right loath to go;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.[55]

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together;—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding[56] on Black Monday[57] last, at six o' clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in th' afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica;
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,[58]
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:[59]
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.[60] [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring?[61] ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough;[62] but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you: Shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;[63]
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross'd,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.[64]

Salar. His hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly[65]
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures, with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,[66]
The scarfed bark[67] puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;[68]
With over-weather'd ribs,[69] and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode:
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait.
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I 'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I 'll swear that I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? and now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art!
Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torchbearer.
Jes. What! must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth are too-too light.
Why, 't is an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscur'd.
Lor. So you are, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit from above.*
Gra. Now, by my hood,[70] a Gentile and no Jew.[71]
Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit, with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who 's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio?
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on 't; I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, *with the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and both their Trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,—

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

The second, silver, which this promise carries:

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:[72]

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see.
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.

Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I 'll then nor give, nor hazard, ought for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that 's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these in love I do deserve.[73]

What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—
Let 's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

Why, that 's the lady: all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like that lead contains her? 'T were damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.[74]
Or shall I think in silver she 's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?[75]
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that 's insculp'd upon;[76]
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll? I 'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold;[77]
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded timber do worms infold.[78]
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:[79]
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed, and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.[80]—

Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance: Draw the curtains; go;—
Let all of his complexion choose me so.[81] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALARINO *and* SOLANIO.

Salar. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
Solan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail;
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together[82]
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica;
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Solan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my Christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels! two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Solan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry, well remember'd:
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,[83]
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Solan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd—"Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake,[84] Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:[85]
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:"
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.
Solan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness[86]
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter NERISSA, *with a* Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight;[87]
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath.
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their Trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince.
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 't was I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life

To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me:[88] Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:

You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

What many men desire.—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude,[89] that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:

And well said too: for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry[90] would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd![91] Well, but to my choice:

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:

I will assume desert:—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What 's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.
Ar. What is here?

The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss:
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,[92]
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,[93]
I will ever be your head:
So begone; you are sped.[94]

Still more fool I shall appear,
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.[95]—
Sweet, adieu! I 'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroath.[96]

[*Exeunt* ARRAGON *and train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath.
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy;—
Hanging and wiving go by destiny.[97]
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my lady?
Por. Here; what would my lord?[98]
Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,

Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spendst such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love,[99] if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Second Act.

[1] *Flourish of cornets.*

The following stage-direction is in the first edition:—"Enter Morochus, a tawnie Moore, all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerrissa, and their traine."

[2] *The shadowed livery of the burnish'd sun.*

Altered by the MS. corrector into *burning sun*, which, says Mr. Collier, "seems much more proper when the African prince is speaking of his black complexion as the effects of the sun's rays." Mr. Collier will excuse us: the African prince is doing nothing of the kind. He is merely throwing brightness and darkness into picturesque contrast—as the sun is bright, or *burnished*, so am I his retainer dark, or *shadowed*. "To speak of the sun," continues Mr. Collier, "as *artificially* burnished, is very unworthy." True: but Shakespeare speaks of it as *naturally* burnished; and so far is this from being unworthy, it is, in the circumstances, highly poetical.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The plain meaning of the lines seems to be this,—Mislike me not on account of my black complexion, which is merely the *dark* livery of the *bright* sun. The words *shadowed* and *burnish'd* are placed in opposition to each other, in a manner of which there are so many examples in these plays.

"Circa oceani oram non nisi Æthiopes habitant, quos *vicinia solis* usque ad speciem *nigri* coloris exurit," Macrobii Expositio in Somnium Scipionis. Shakespeare, however, more likely had in his mind the following sentence in the Song of Solomon,—"regard yee mee not because I am blacke, for the sunne hath looked upon mee," ed. 1640, Amst.

[3] *And let us make incision for your love.*

It is customary in the east for lovers to testify the violence of their passion by cutting themselves in the sight of their mistresses. See Habits du Levant, pl. 43, and Picart's Religious Ceremonies, vol. vii. p. 111.—*Harris.*

It was the fashion, in Fletcher's time, for the young gallants to stab themselves in the arms, or elsewhere, in order to drink the healths of their mistresses, or to

write their names in their own blood. The custom is particularly described in Jonson's Cynthia's Revels; where Phantaste, recounting the different modes of making love, says—"A fourth with stabbing himself, and drinking healths, or writing languishing letters in his blood." And in the Pallinode, at the end of that play, Amorphas says—"From *stabbing of arms*, flap-dragons, healths, whiffs, and all such swaggering humours, good Mercury defend us."—*M. Mason.*

[4] *To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.*

Redness of blood was formerly considered a sign of courage. "It appereth, in the time of the Saxons, that the manner over their dead was a red cloath, as we now use a black. The Pagans refused blacke, because it representeth darknesse, tearmed the infernal colour: and so did the olde English. The red of valiauncie, and that was over kings, lords, knights, and valyaunt souldiours: white over cleargie men, in token of their profession and honest life, and over virgins and matrons," Batman uppon Bartholome, 1582, f. 29.

[5] *And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself.*

Sure the father shewed rather *whim* and extravagance, than any grain of *wit*, in this compelled disposition of his daughter: for it guarded against no inconveniences, as the consent of trustees might have done; only tied her down to a sworn obedience. I would read,—"And hedg'd me by his *will*." So—"So is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the *will* of a dead father." And—"You should refuse to perform your father's *will*." And again:——"unless I be obtain'd by the manner of my father's *will*."—*Theobald's Letters.*

As the ancient signification of *wit* was sagacity, or power of mind, I have not displaced the original reading. See our author, passim.—*Steevens.*

[6] *That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince.*

If the Prince of Morocco be supposed to have served in the army of Sultan *Solyman* (*the second*, for instance,) I see no *geographical* objection to his having killed the Sophi of Persia. See D'Herbelot in Solyman Ben Selim.—*Tyrwhitt.* The prince, however, clearly means to say that he won three fields *from* Solyman.

[7] *I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look.*

Out-stare, ed. 1600 Roberts; *ore-stare*, other eds. Either reading makes sense, and both verbs were in use in Shakespeare's time.

[8] *So is Alcides beaten by his page.*

By his *rage*, old eds. Tho' the whole set of editions concur in this reading, and it has pass'd wholly unsuspected by the learned editor, I am very well assur'd, and I dare say the readers will be so too anon, that it is corrupt at bottom. Let us look into the poet's sentiment, and the history of the persons represented. If Hercules (says he) and Lichas, were to play at dice for the decision of their superiority; Lichas, the weaker man, might have the better cast of the two. But how then is Alcides beaten by his rage? To admit this, we must suppose a gap in the poet; and that some lines are lost in which Hercules, in his passion for losing the hand, had thrown the box and dice away, and knock'd his own head against the wall for meer madness. Thus, indeed, might he be said, in some sense, to be beaten by his rage. But Shakespeare had no such stuff in his head. He means no more than, if Lichas had the better throw, so might Hercules himself be beaten by Lichas. In short, Lichas was the poor unfortunate servant of Hercules, who unknowingly brought his master the envenom'd shirt, dipp'd in the blood of the centaur Nessus, and was thrown headlong into the sea for his pains. The

poet has alluded to some parts of this fable in another of his plays; and there indeed a reasonable intimation is made of Hercules worsting himself thro' his own rage. See Anthony and Cleopatra. Lord Lansdowne, in his alteration of this play, tho' he might not stand to make the correction upon the poet, seems at least to have understood the passage exactly as I do: and tho' he changes the verse, retains the sense of it in this manner:—"So were a giant worsted by a dwarf!" —*Theobald's Shakespeare Restored*, 1726.

[9] *Nor will not.*

That is, nor will I ask any other lady in way of marriage, if I fail with you. The expression is somewhat obscure, and not very strict in grammar.

[10] *Good Fortune, then!*

This seems to be an apostrophe to Fortune, as *good fortune* will not admit of the tenor of the following line. "Then, good Fortune, it is you who will make me," &c.

[11] *To make me blest.*

That is, blessed'st. So, in Richard III.:—"— harmless't creature;" a frequent vulgar contraction in Warwickshire.—*Steevens.* There is no trace in the old copies of any contraction, the word being printed *blest;* and in Richard III. the old copies read *harmless*, not *harmless't.*—*Malone.*

[12] *Enter Launcelot Gobbo.*

The old copies read—*Enter the Clown alone;* and throughout the play, this character is called the *Clown* at most of his *entrances* or *exits.*—*Steevens.*

There is not a single circumstance through the whole of this play which constitutes Launcelot an allowed fool or jester; and yet there is some reason for supposing that Shakespeare intended him as such, from his being called *a patch*, a *fool* of Hagar's offspring, and in one place *the* fool. It is not reasonable, however, to conclude that a person like Shylock would entertain a domestic of this description; and it is possible that the foregoing terms may be merely designed as synonymous with the appellation of *clown*, as in Love's Labour's Lost.—*Douce.*

[13] *My conscience will not serve me.*

The particle *not*, which is a word frequently omitted in early editions of plays, seems essential to the sense of what follows. The fiend beats the conscience, but the latter is represented as firmly inveighing against the desertion of his master.

[14] *Scorn running with thy heels.*

To "scorn anything with one's heels" is an old proverbial expression, which has been previously noticed in vol. iv, p. 133. It has been ingeniously, but quite unnecessarily, proposed to read,—"Do not run; scorn running; *withe* thy heels:" *i.e.*, connect them with a *withe*, a band made of osiers, as the legs of cattle are hampered in some countries, to prevent their straggling far from home; and also, "with thy *bells*," the latter on the supposition that Gobbo was attired as a fool with bells jingling. "Bidde mee goe sleepe? I scorne it with my heeles," Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-Vaine, 1611.

Foole, fop, foole! Marry muffe. I pray you, how manie fooles have you seene goe in a suite of sattin? I hope yet, I doe not looke a foole ifaith! a foole! Gods bores, *I scorn't with my heele.* S'neaks, and I were worth but three hundred pound a yeare more, I could sweare richly; nay, but as poore as I am, I will sweare the fellowe hath wrong.—*The Second Part of Antonio and Mellida.*

[15] *The most courageous fiend bids me pack.*

When the Corrector (Perkins MS.), in his dashing way, not having the slightest conception of humour, changed the epithet to *contagious*, he forgot to change the words of the next sentence, which carry on the humour: "rouse up a *brave* mind, says the fiend, and *run*."—*C. Knight.*

[16] *Via! says the fiend.*

Fia, old eds. Tollet supposes this cant phrase is taken from the Italian *via*, and to be used on occasions to quicken or pluck up courage. It here signifies *away!* So, in Edward the Third,—"Then *via* for the spacious bounds of France." Ben Jonson's Devil is an Ass,—"——let her go *Via pecunia*." Eastward Hoe, —"—Avaunt, dull flat cap then! *Via*, the curtain that shadowed Borgia!" Marston's What you will:—"Come now, *via*, aloune to Celia." See also Mons. Thomas, A. 2. S. 2.—*Reed.*

"Via for fate!," Blurt Master Constable. Markham gives it as one of the words to be used in encouraging a horse; Cheap and Good Husbandry, p. 15.

[17] *Away!, says the fiend, for the heavens.*

The words, "for the heavens," mean merely,—"by heaven!," forming, in fact, a petty oath. "Some ten or eleven pound will do it all, and suit me, for the heavens!," Every Man out of his Humour. "For the heavens, he shews me where the bachelors sit," Much Ado about Nothing. That no future doubts may arise on the subject, I will subjoin two or three of as many score examples which I could instantly produce: the first shall be from Ben Jonson: "Come on, sir Valentine, I'll give you a health, *for the heavens*, you mad Capricio, hold hook and line!", Case is Altered. The second, from his old enemy Decker; "A lady took a pipefull or two (of tobacco) at my hands, and praised it, *for the heavens!*," Untrussing of the Humourous Poet. And, to conclude, Tweddle, the drunken piper, in Pasquil and Katharine, exclaims, "I must goe and clap my mistress' cheekes (his tabor) there, *for the heavens*."—*Gifford.*

Some of the elder commentators, not being acquainted with the exact force of the phrase, proposed unnecessarily to alter the text. Thus Monck Mason thinks we should read, "for the *haven*," by which Launcelot was to make his escape, if he was determined to run away. Lord Chedworth proposes that the oath should be transferred to the next sentence.

[18] *Well, my Conscience says, Launcelot, budge not.*

"It is not improbable," says Douce, "that this curious struggle between Launcelot's conscience and the fiend might have been suggested by some well known story in Shakespeare's time, grafted on the following Monkish fable." It occurs in a manuscript collection of apologues ascribed to Odo de Ceriton, an English Cistercian Monk of the 12th century. "Multi sunt sicut mulier delicata et pigra. Talis vero mulier dum jacet mane in lecto, et audit pulsari ad missam, cogitat secum quod vadat ad missam. Et cum *caro*, quæ pigra est, timet frigus, respondet et dicit,—Quare ires ita mane, nonne scis quod clerici pulsant campanas propter oblationes? dormi adhuc; et sic transit pars diei. Postea iterum *conscientia pungit eam* quod vadat ad missam. Sed *caro* respondet, et dicit,—Quare ires tu tam cito ad ecclesiam? certe tu destrueres corpus tuum, si ita manè surrexeris, et hoc Deus non vult ut homo destruat seipsum; ergo quiesce et dormi. Et transit alia pars diei. Iterum *conscientia pungit eam* quod vadat ad ecclesiam; sed *caro* dicit, Ut quid ires tam cito? Ego bene scio quod talis vicina tua nondum vadit ad ecclesiam; dormi parum adhuc. Et sic transit alia pars diei. Postea *pungit eam conscientia;* sed *caro* dicit, Non oportet quod adhuc vadas, quia sacerdos est curialis

et bene expectabit te; attende et dormi. Et sic dormiendo transit tempus. Et tamen ad ultimum verecundia tacita atque coacta, surgit et vadit ad ecclesiam, et invenit portas clausas." Two MSS. of this work are in the Bodleian Library, and one in the British Museum, MS. Arundel 292.

[19] *Fiend, say I, you counsel well.*

The quarto of 1600, printed by Roberts, reads, "you counsel *ill;*" and some editors read *ill* in both places. The present text, which is that of most of the old editions, well expresses the hesitating uncertainty of the speaker.

[20] *Enter old Gobbo.*

It may be inferred from the name of Gobbo, that Shakespeare designed this character to be represented with a *hump-back.—Steevens.* The name is sometimes spelt *Jobbo*, and sometimes *Jobbe*, in the old editions of the play.

[21] *Which is the way to master Jew's?*

The following notice of the Jews' quarter in Venice is taken from a note by M. inserted in Knight's edition of the play. "Judging by the commotion among its inhabitants when the writer traversed it, it would seem that strangers rarely enter the quarter. It is situated on the canal which leads to Mestre. There are houses old enough to have been Shylock's, with balconies from which Jessica might have talked; and ground enough beneath, between the house and the water, for her lover to stand, hidden in the shadow, or under 'a pent-house.' Hence, too, her gondola might at once start for the mainland, without having to traverse any part of the city."

[22] *Being more than sand-blind.*

So, in Anthony Copley's Fig for Fortune, 1596:—"when thou consider the *sand-blind* errors even of justest men." So, also in Latimer's 1st Sermon on the Lord's Prayer: "The Saintis be *purre-blinde* and *sand-blinde.*"—*Malone. Sand-blind*, mention'd twice in this dialogue, is—purblind; a vulgar phrase for it, as *stone-blind* is for those who are quite so: Launcelot finds a blind between these, which he calls *gravel-blind.—Capell.*

[23] *I will try confusions with him.*

So in most of the old editions, but in that printed by Roberts, 1600, *confusions* is altered to *conclusions.* To "try conclusions" was a very common phrase, but, in the present instance, the other reading may perhaps be considered warranted by what follows; or it may possibly be accepted as an intentional quaint error.

[24] *Turn up on your right hand.*

This arch and perplexed direction to puzzle the enquirer, seems to imitate that of Syrus to Demea in the Brothers of Terence:

——ubi eas præterieris,
Ad *sinistram* hac *rectâ* plateâ: ubi ad Dianæ veneris,
Ito ad *dextram:* prius quam ad portam venias, &c.—*Theobald.*

[25] *By God's sonties.*

I know not exactly of what oath this is a corruption. I meet with *God's santy* in Decker's Honest Whore, 1635. Again, in the Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou Art, a comedy, bl. l. without date:—"*God's santie*, this is a goodly book indeed." Perhaps it was once customary to swear by the *santé*, i. e. *health* of the Supreme Being, or by his *saints;* or, as Ritson observes to me, by his *sanctity.* Oaths of such a turn are not unfrequently among our ancient writers. All, however, seem to have been so thoroughly convinced of the crime of

profane swearing, that they were content to disguise their meaning by abbreviations, which were permitted silently to terminate in irremediable corruptions.—*Steevens.*

[26] *Your worship's friend, and Launcelot.*

The conjunction is here redundant. There is a difficulty in the line, but Capell observes that from the son being termed *young Launcelot*, it is probable that the father had the same Christian name. Malone's explanation, however, is perhaps more plausible,—"and Launcelot, sir," that is, plain Launcelot; and not, as you term him, *master* Launcelot.

[27] *It is a wise father, that knows his own child.*

This is Launcelot's humorous alteration of the common proverb,—It is a wise child that knows his own father.

> Wise is that child, the common proverbe saith,
> Though scarce I doe beleeve it as my creed,
> Which so much knowledge of his *father* hath,
> He can avouch that this is he indeed.—*Pasquil's Night-Cap*, 1612.

[28] *Your child that shall be.*

Launcelot probably here indulges himself in talking nonsense. So, afterwards: —"you may tell every finger I have with my ribs." Ritson supposes: "he means to say, I *was* your child, I *am* your *boy*, and *shall ever be* your *son*." But *son* not being first mentioned, but placed in the middle member of the sentence, there is no ground for supposing such an inversion intended by our author. Besides, if Launcelot is to be seriously defended, what would his father learn, by being told that *he* who was his *child*, shall be his *son?—Malone.*

Launcelot may mean, that he shall hereafter prove his claim to the title of child, by his dutiful behaviour. Thus, says the Prince of Wales to King Henry IV.: I will redeem my character:

> And, in the closing of some glorious day,
> Be bold to tell you, that *I am your son.—Steevens.*

It became necessary for him to say something of that sort, after all the tricks he had been playing him; or, perhaps, by *child* that *shall* be, he alludes to the proverb, "once a man and twice a child."—*Ibid.*

[29] *Dobbin, my phill-horse.*

Nares, in v. *Fill*, asserts that the second folio, and the quartos, read, by an evident blunder, *pil-horse;* but in the copies of those editions in my possession it is printed distinctly, *phil-horse.* The *fills* or *thills* are the shafts of a cart or waggon; and *phill-horse* is, of course, a shaft-horse. "Thyll horse, *limonnier*," Palsgrave. "Thyll of a carte, *le lymon*," ibid. "*The fill-horse*, ultimus ordinis equorum carrum vel currum trahentium," Skinneri Etymologicon, 1671. "Acquaint you with Jock the forehorse, and Fib the fil-horse," Fortune by Land and Sea, 1655. Theobald, in his Shakespeare Restored, p. 165, unnecessarily proposes to alter *phill-horse* to *thill-horse*, but both terms were certainly in use. "*Fill-horse, filler*, the horse which goes in the shafts," Forby's East Anglia, i. 113. Mortimer, in his Husbandry, speaks of the *fill* of a cart.

[30] *How gree you now.*

Literally, How agree you now? So, in the play of Wit and Science, p. 39,—

> Nay, nor yet nether hence ye shall gad!
> We wyll *gre* better or ye pas hence.

[31] *I have set up my rest.*

That is, I have determined, set all my hopes upon. "*Coucher tout à bander et à racler*, to set all on sixes and sevens; to set his whole rest upon a desperat game," Cotgrave. A quibble, similar to the one in the text, occurs in Nash's Terrors of the Night, 1594,—"You that are married, and have wives of your owne, and yet hold too nere frendship with your neighbours, *set up your rests* that the night will be an il neighbour *to your rest*, and that you shall have as little peace of minde *as the rest.*" See further observations on this phrase in the Notes to Romeo and Juliet.

Wherein is discovered the anatomy of women's affections, setting out as in a mirror how dangerous his hazard is that *sets his rest* upon love.—*Alcida Greenes Metamorphosis*, 1617.

[32] *As my father shall specify.*

Considering Launcelot is here upon his game, and knocking all words out of joint, Mr. Bishop imagines this should be,—"As my father shall *spicifie.*" Just as he a little after says, shall *fruitifie* unto you—(*fruit* and *spice*).—*Theobald's Letters.*

[33] *The short and the long is.*

Without further circumstance, to make short (which to speake troth is only proper to thy trade), the short and long of it is this. There is a certaine kinde of Doctor of late very pittifully growen bald, and thereupon is to be shaven immediately, to trie if that will helpe him! now I know no such nimble fellow at his weapon in all England as thyselfe, who, as I heare, standst in election at this instant to bee chiefe crowner or clipper of crownes in Cambridge.—*Nash's Have With You to Saffron Walden*, 1596.

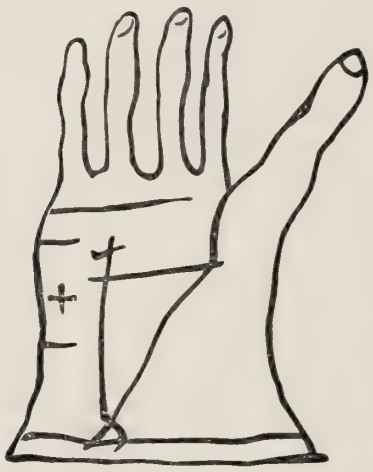
[34] *You have the grace of God, sir.*

Now here, indeed, methinks, this is a little too serious for Launcelot: and he delivers the proverb more justly than the poet intended. It would be very satirical both to his old and new master, with relation both to their *religion* and *circumstances*, if we might imagine a small transposition in the words,—"*He* hath the *grace of God*, sir, and *you* have *enough.*" For Launcelot to say the Jew, whom he thought a devil, had the grace of God; or that Bassanio had enough, whom he knew to be a borrower, is very droll. And then there is much humour too in the ironical reply of Bassanio:—"Thou speak'st it well;" or, as we read it,—"Thou *split'st* it well."—*Theobald's Letters.*

[35] *If any man in Italy have a fairer table.*

The table, in palmistry, was a space between certain lines on the skin within the hand. According to the first extract, the table is a line reaching from the bottom of the little finger to the bottom of the first finger. A later explanation is given in Saunders' Chyromancy, p. 87,—"Other lines also may be divided into equal sections, as the table line, the natural line, the quadrangle and triangle, which are all to be parted into equal portions, and according to proportion shall shew the time and age of life in which every accident shall happen, which the characters shall signifie, in their several natures. This space is called the *table* of the hand, which hath on the one side the mensal line, on the other the middle natural line." The following account, however, which occurs in a curious English manuscript of the fifteenth century in the Editor's possession, is more explicit, and deserves quoting the rather as works of this description are not often met with in English MSS. of so ancient a date. The rude woodcuts here given are copied from the original pen-and-ink sketches that occur in the manuscript:—

Hit ys to know that the lyne that goth about the thombe ys cleped the *lyne of lyfe* or of the hert. The lyne that ys betwene yn the medylle of the pawme, that ys betwene the thombe and the next fynger, is cleped *media naturalis*. The lyne that begynnyth under the litille fynger, and streccheth toward the rote of the fynger next the thombe, ys cleped *mensalis*, that is, *the table;* it ys sothely oo lyne which is cleped the *nether triangle*, which is sylden founde, and it begynnyth fro *mensali* strecchyng ry3t throw the pawme tille to the wrist. *Linea recepta* ys he that is withyn the ende of the honde, appon the joynt of the hond that is betwene the boone of the arme and of the hond. *Mons pollicis* is fro the lyne of the hert tille to the rote of the thombe, and strecchethe itselfe to the wryste. *Mons manus* or the *tabulle* begynnyth fro mensali to the wryste. Hit ys to know yf the lyne of the lyf strecche to the wryst, and that it be of good coloure sufficiently, it is a signe of long lyf. Yf it be short, it ys a signe of short lyf. Yf *mensalis* be welle fixed, it ys a signe of a good hed, and welle disposed. Yf a crose be betwyxte *mediam naturalem et mensalem*, it ys a signe of fullyng of beheste. Yff a crose be yn the hylle of the hond, it ys a signe of an honeste person, and of good conversacion. Yff *mensalis* come to the ende of the hond, it is a signe of felashippe of wemen; but yf it be as ascendyng, it signyfieth honour. The lyne that apperithe overthwert betwixt *mensalem* and the rote of the litille fynger, it signyfiethe to have so meny veynes as ther be lines. Yf *mensalis* be not joynet to the cordyalle yn his place before-named, it ys a signe of largenes, cause of veyne glorye, and such on as it schalle be seide is fulle sleiȝ.



Hit ys to know that yf *mensalis* be fulle of here, it is a signe of gret lecherye. Yff *media naturalis* streche hymselfe throw alle the pawme, havyng a crose ther yn the ende, it signyfyeth short lyf. Yff the lyne of the hert be shorte, the same. Yf oon lyne stonde betuixte the medylle fynger and the nexte to the thombe toward *mensalem*, it signyfieth deth by flux of bely or wombe. Yff oon lyne be ry3t or evyn, and descende fro the rote of *medici*, that is the lech fynger, toward *mensalem*, it ys a signe of worthynesse and of eloquence. Yff ther be iij. lynes byhynde the lynes of the hert, and that another lyne go overthwert, it is a signe of lepre. Yff the nayles falle without hurtyng, it signifieth the same. Hit is to know yf *mensalis* be fulle of heres, it ys a signe of unstydfastnes, of thefte, and of lesyng, a gylefulle man and wntrew, a flaterer, and a glotenouse, as mony doctours seyne. Yff *mensalis* be forked yn the ende, it signyfiethe travelle. Yff oon lyne stond behynde the lyne of lyve, it ys a signe of moste lechery, and that sich on holdithe often tymes mannes sexe. Yff the holownes of the hond be gret, and brode, and depe, it ys a signe of largenesse. Yff ly3t appereth bytwene the fyngeres, it signyfiethe largenesse. Hit is to know yff the lyne of the hert be grete rude erthelich toward the wryste, it ys a signe of a vyle person. Yff ther be a lyne betuixt the rote of the medylle fynger and of the lech, it signyfiethe yn the hed. Yff a Greke y appere

yn the hylle of the thombe, it signyfiethe ryches. How mony the figures, be mo so mony rychesses, yf they stond even; but yf they stond overthwart, they signyfiethe the contrary, or namely that he shalle never be ryche by purchase. Yff on lyne or mo be strecchynge fro the lyne of the hert toward the medylle lyne, it ys a signe of cursyng and envye. Yff oon o appere yn the ende of the lyne of the hert, he shuld lese that on ye. Yff too oo appere, he shalle lese too yees. Hyt ys to know that if o appere behynde the thombe besyde the nayle, it is a signe that he shalle be hangede. Yff o appere beseyde the joynt of the thombe, it signyfiethe drenchyng. Yff a tryangle appere yn the hylle of *medicis*, it signifyeth gret honour. Also yf o appere yn the same place, it is a signe of honour. Yff on lyne appere overthwert wnder the leche, and the litille finger, it ys a signe of gret largenes. Hyt is to know that if the lyne of the hert be croked, it ys an evylle signe. Aristotle seithe that it sygnifiethe gile and wntrewth. Yff the nether triangle ascende fro the wryste strecchyng toward *mensalem*, and also goyng overthwert, it ys a signe of travelyng yn lyf. Some men seyen that such on shalle perishe yn mony thynges, and forre fro enemyes. Yff on crosse appere yn the hed of the medille naturalle lyne, it is a signe of envye. Nevertheles, some seyne that such on hathe enemyes; and it ys possibulle, yf on lyne be founde overthwert yn the rotes of *medicis* and of the medylle, it signyfiethe good honesté, good fame, prosperité, and grete honour. Yff *mensalis* be fossed wnder the lech, hit is a signe that such on loveth a secrete persone, as a religiouse wemane.

"The space between the natural line and the line of fortune is called *mensa*, the table," Salmon's Polygraphice, 1675. "In good earnest, I do find written here, all my good fortune lies in your hand.—You keep a very bad house then, you may see by the smallness of the table," Middleton's Any Thing for a Quiet Life.

> Ther's never a line in your hand but doth tell us.
> And you are a soule so white, and so chaste,
> A table so smooth, and so newly ra'ste.—*Ben Jonson.*

Let me tell you, saving your tyrantship, you are a fool. A tyrant's concubine's a pretty thing. You may live well on't, if you will yourself. 'Tis well you have light upon this fortune, e'r you are able to judge of a good leg and foot. Good Lord to see! she had as fair a promising *table* when she was in swadling-clouts, as e'r I saw.—*Cartwright's Siedge*, 1651.

Mo. I cannot make it better, or worse; But such as it is, you shall know presentlie.—[*He pores on her hand.*—] A fair table—the line of riches well extended—verie large wheels of fortune—you will be a good house-keeper—rich—and fortunate:—these lines betoken husbands;—You will have—let me see—if your first husband dyes before the mark's out of your mouth; a second—and then perhaps, a third:—these interfarings; children;—you will have—some half a dozen; more, or less:—yet once again—Pray let me see how your hand agrees with my books.—*The Cheats*, 1664.

[36] *Which doth offer to swear upon a book.*

There are various methods in which the present speech might be punctuated and explained. The most natural one seems to be that Launcelot means to say, —Well; if any man in Italy, who doth offer to swear upon a book, have a fairer table; a vernacular form of speech, implying that no one has a fairer table. In another reading, the break seems more properly to be placed after *fortune* than after *book*, the latter punctuation being usually adopted. The sentence ends abruptly. "If any man in Italy have a fairer table, which says I shall have good fortune as certainly as if it took an oath,"—I am deceived. Warburton un-

necessarily suggests that a line is missing,—" It is impossible to find, again, the lost line; but the lost sense is easy enough—if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth (promise good luck, I am mistaken. I durst almost) offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune." There has been so much discussion on this passage, it may be requisite to add the chief notes of the various commentators:

Launcelot speaks this, looking on his hand, (*a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book*,) for the hand must be uncovered when a person takes his oath on the Bible. The break is easy to be supplied, and instances of the like nature frequently occur.—*Upton.*

But I think we have no occasion for it, and that, considering the humourous and fantastical language in which the poet hath dressed the character of Launcelot, the place will very well bear the following interpretation. " If any man in Italy have a fairer table, which pronounces that I shall have good fortune, with as much assurance as if it was ready to swear it upon a book———." Here the sentence breaks off, and we must supply " I am mistaken," or some other expression of the like import.—*Heath.*

If I might be allowed to take the most trifling liberty in the world with the text, I dare say the reader would see the whole meaning and propriety of it, at one view.—" Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table!—Why, it doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune.—Go to, &c." Taking the words also, in this sense, there is a beauty and propriety in saying the palm offers to swear upon a book; because, in judicial attestations, the essential part of the form lies in kissing the book, which the hand may not be improperly said to do, even in laying hold of it.—*Dr. Kenrick.*

Table is the palm of the hand extended. Launcelot congratulates himself upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inspects his hand, and congratulates himself upon the felicities in his table. The act of expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is shown, by raising it to lay it on the book, in judicial attestations. " Well," says he, " if any man in Italy have a fairer table, that doth offer to swear upon a book." —Here he stops with an abruptness very common, and proceeds to particulars.—*Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson's explanation thus far appears to me perfectly just. In support of it, it should be remembered that *which* is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, for the personal pronoun, *who*. It is still so used in our Liturgy. In the Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs. Quickly addresses Fenton in the same language as is here used by Launcelot.—" I'll be *sworn on a book* she loves you:" a vulgarism that is now superseded by another of the same import—" I 'll take my Bible-oath of it."—*Malone.*

Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called the *table*, breaks out into the following reflection: " Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune"—i. e. *a table*, which doth (*not only* promise, *but*) offer to swear (*and to swear* upon a book *too*) *that* I shall have good fortune.—(He omits the conclusion of the sentence which might have been) *I am much mistaken;* or, *I'll be hanged,* &c.—*Tyrwhitt.*

Nay, rather indeede, say hee came unluckily: for other things may be accounted discommodities, Parmeno. I might lawfully *swear upon a booke*, that I saw him not at all these sixe or seaven moneths last past, but even now, when I cared least to see him, and when I stood in no neede of him. Hah! what say you, is not this a very strange thing to be wondred at?—*Terence in English*, 1614.

This is spoken looking upon his hand; as is sufficiently denoted by the terms

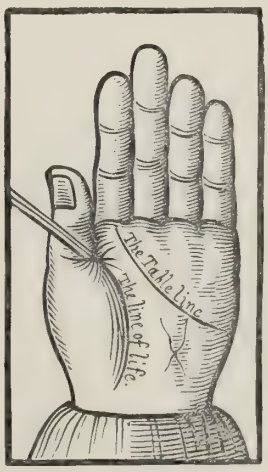
table, and *line of life*, terms in chiromancy: tone, and the above action, will make the whole of this passage very intelligible to such as have at all enter'd into the spirit of this character: *fortune* (the word he breaks off with) should be follow'd by—*I am mistaken*, or words of that import, as the Revisal says rightly; but he's too enraptur'd to give them us: His odd thought about the table's *swearing* to the certainty of his good fortune, has this propriety in it—that, in oaths, the *hand* is employ'd.—*Capell.*

[37] *I shall have good fortune.*

The whole difficulty of this passage, concerning which there is a great difference of opinion among the commentators, arose, as I conceive, from a word being omitted by the compositor or transcriber. I am persuaded the author wrote —I shall have *no* good fortune. These words are not, I believe, connected with what goes before, but with what follows; and begin a new sentence. Shakespeare, I think, meant, that Launcelot, after this abrupt speech—Well; if any man *that* offers to swear upon a book, has a fairer table than mine—[I am much mistaken:] should proceed in the same manner in which he began:—I shall have *no* good fortune; go to; here's a *simple* line of life! &c. So, before: "I *cannot* get a service, *no*;—I have *ne'er* a tongue in my head." And afterwards: "Alas! fifteen wives is *nothing*." The Nurse, in Romeo and Juliet, expresses herself exactly in the same style: "Well, you have made a *simple* choice; you know not how to choose a man; Romeo? *no*, *not* he;—he is *not* the flower of courtesy," &c. So, also, in King Henry IV.: "Here's *no* fine villainy!" Again, more appositely, in the anonymous play of King Henry V.; "Ha! me have *no* good luck." Again, in the Merry Wives of Windsor: "We are *simple* men; we do *not* know what's brought about under the profession of fortune-telling."—*Malone.*

[38] *Here's a simple line of life.*

See the previous note on the word *table*, which Launcelot mentions just previously. Lilly, the astrologer, gives the following particulars of the latter in his Book of Fortune, p. 36,—"First then, of the Line of Life, the which, whenever inspection is made, ought to be observ'd with a curiosity as nice as admirable. Now this little line extends it self clear from the wrist to the Mount of Jupiter; which, if well-colour'd, placed, and proportion'd, denotes a serene and calm life of tranquillity: Otherwise, if a star reach the Mount of Venus, Mars, or Jupiter, sundry mischiefs and calamities will follow: Now if a double line happens, then it promises the man long life, the favour of kings and nobles, with success in war, and business of what sort soever." The annexed woodcut, which shows the position of the table line, and the line of life, is copied from a rare tract entitled,—Dr. Trotter's Fortune Book, resolving all manner of questions relating to life, long or short, 1708.



Deceiving and deceivable palmesters, who will undertake by the view of the hand to bee as expert in fortelling the course of life to come to others, as they are ignorant of their owne in themselves, have framed and found out three chiefe lines in the hand, wherby to divine future events:—*the line of life*, *the middle naturall line*, *and the table line.* According to the fresh colour or palenes, length or shortnesse, bredth or narrownesse, straitnesse, or obliquitie,

continuance or intermission, of either of these, they presume to censure the manners, the infirmities, the qualities, the verie power of life or death of the person: but the *line of life* is the eminent mark they must be directed by to the perfection of their master-piece. All which are as far from truth as wonder; onely it is true, and wonderfull, that any ignorance can be so deluded.—*Ford's Line of Life*, 1620.

[39] *Here's a small trifle of wives.*

Long and deep lines from the mount of Venus, towards the line of life, signifieth so many wives: if they are crooked, a dissembling fained love in reference to marriage. Short lines from the root of the little finger towards the second joynt shew abortiveness. These lines visible and deep, so many wives the party shall have, or women equivalent to wives; if these lines be intersected with others, they denote a single life; if they be cut or crost with other lines towards the mount of ♀, the man shall die; if towards the back of the hand, the woman dyeth. —*Saunders' Chiromancie.*

[40] *Aleven widows and nine maids.*

So the original, *aleven*, in Shakespeare's time, being a common vulgarism. It is also archaic. "I have had therto lechys *aleven*," MS. Cantab. Ff. i. 6, xv. cent.

[41] *In peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed.*

A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying.—A certain French writer uses the same kind of figure: "O mon ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombée sur le point d'un oreiller, et m'être rompû le cou—."—*Warburton.*

[42] *Something too liberal.*

Liberal, free, licentious. "To excuse, or hide, the liberal opposition of our spirits," Love's Labour's Lost. "A most profane and liberal counsellor," Othello.

[43] *I be misconster'd in the place I go to.*

Misconster, to misconstrue, the old word used by Shakespeare. "Theodorus, the atheist, complayned that his schollers were woont, how plaine soever hee spake, to *misconster* him," Gosson's Schoole of Abuse, 1579.

[44] *If I do not put on a sober habit.*

Habit is here, as Capell rightly says, conduct, behaviour. So, afterwards,—"to put on your boldest suit of mirth."

[45] *Hood mine eyes thus with my hat.*

This is in allusion to the manner of covering a hawk's eyes. "Like a hooded hawk," Crœsus, 1604. It should be remembered, observes Malone, that, in Shakespeare's time, they wore their hats on during the time of dinner. The annexed representation of a falconer preparing to hood a hawk is copied from a pen-and-ink drawing in a curious volume, temp. Elizabeth, MS. Sloane 3794, "Two hundred poosees devysed by Thomas Palmer,"—

The skilful faukener, with his hande
His hauke beginnes to hoode,
Leaste she shulde bayte at all she sees,
And do herselfe no good.

[46] *Well studied in a sad ostent.*

Ostent, show, appearance. The term again occurs in this act, "such fair ostents of love." So Chapman,—

I see almighty Æther in the smoke
Of all his clouds descending, and the sky
Hid in the dim ostents of tragedy.

And again in his translation of Homer,—"did bloodie vapours raine for sad ostent."

[47] *You shall not gage me.*

That is, you shall not gauge or measure me. "*Jauger*, to gage or measure a peece of caske," Cotgrave's Dictionarie.

[48] *Tears exhibit my tongue.*

This is generally explained,—tears serve to express what my tongue is unable to utter. May not, however, the word *exhibit* be merely one of Launcelot's blunders for some such term as *prohibit*. Thus, in another place, he says *impertinent* for *pertinent*, and perhaps *confusions* for *conclusions*.

[49] *If a Christian do not play the knave.*

The three old copies, printed before the second folio, read, *do not play*. The last-named authority has *did*, a reading generally adopted, but, I think, erroneously. Shakespeare frequently uses the present for the past tense. Thus, in King John, we have *waft* for *wafted*, *heat* for *heated;* in Richard III., *expiate* for *expiated;* in Macbeth, *exasperate* for *exasperated*, &c. In the same manner, *do* seems to be here used for *did*. In the Tempest, *have* occurs for *had*. This older reading, *do*, may also be explained, on the supposition that Launcelot is alluding to Jessica's future husband; and it may be presumed he is looking at the letter, and apostrophizing on its success. Lorenzo afterwards speaks of *playing the thieves* for wives, in connexion with his own project. On the whole, however, it is most probable that Launcelot means to imply that she was so beautiful and good, she could not be the daughter of a Jew; and to this Jessica appears to allude in the next speech, when, instead of reproving Launcelot, she laments the sin of being "asham'd to be my father's child." Unless, therefore, *do* is a grammatical usage for *did*, the latter word should be substituted. In a subsequent scene, Shylock uses the present tense for the past,—"Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call," referring to what was past.

[50] *We have not spoke us yet of torchbearers.*

That is, we have not yet bespoke our torchbearers. The preposition was often added to the verb in this mode of construction. In ed. 1685 *us* is changed to *as*, but unnecessarily. So, shortly afterwards,—"I am provided *of* a torch-bearer." The torchbearer was a character in nearly every masque of the Shaksperian period, which was intended to be performed at night; and his costume was by no means fixed, but varied almost with the fancy of the directors of the entertainment. See a drawing of one of the author's time in the Sketches of Inigo Jones, 1848. The earlier specimen, above engraved, is taken by Mr. Fairholt from a cut in an old pageant, the descrip-

tion of the Entry of Charles V., 1515. "He is just like a torch-bearer to maskers; he wears good cloaths, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing," Westward Hoe.

[51] *An it shall please you to break up this.*

Break up, equivalent to *break*. It here means, to open the letter. In Elizabethan phraseology, the preposition *up* was added to certain verbs, scarcely in most cases, conveying even a slight intensative power. See vol. i. p. 273. So, in the Winter's Tale,—"break up the seals, and read;" and in Love's Labour's Lost,—"break up this capon," metaphorically applied to opening a letter.

[52] *I am provided of a torch-bearer.*

Well, for mine own part, I have no great cause to complain, for I am well *provided of* three bouncing wenches, that are mine own fee-simple; one of them I am presently to visit, if I can rid myself cleanly of this company.—*The Return from Parnassus.*

[53] *What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with.*

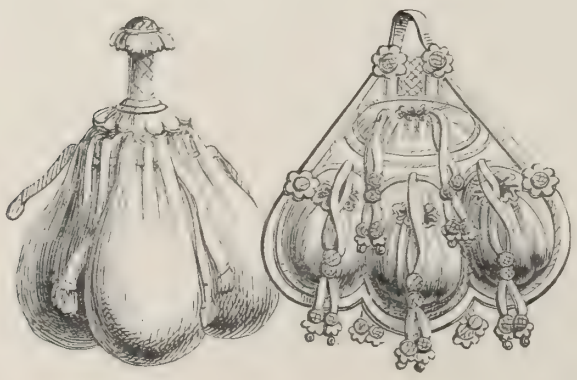
In the roome wherin they celebrate their divine service, no women sit, but have a loft or gallery proper to themselves only, where I saw many Jewish women, whereof some were as beautiful as ever I saw, and so gorgeous in their apparrel, jewels, chaines of gold, and rings adorned with precious stones, that some of our English countesses do scarce exceed them, having marvailous long traines like princesses, that are borne up by waiting women serving for the same purpose. An argument to prove that many of the Jewes are very rich. —*Coryat's Crudities*, 1611.

[54] *I am bid forth to supper, Jessica.*

Bid, invited. See Luke, xiv. 24. "I bydde to dynner, or to a feest, or to a banket, or any assemblye, outher for pleasure or for counsayle," Palsgrave. Shylock had previously announced his intention of neither eating, drinking, nor praying, with a Christian; an intimation no doubt purposely introduced for the sake of illustrating the excessive desire of revenge here pourtrayed.

[55] *For I did dream of money-bags to-night.*

In illustration of this line, Mr. Fairholt has furnished me with the annexed woodcuts, accompanied by the following observations.—"The first figure represents the ordinary money-bag used by traders, consisting of a group of bags for coins of different metals and value, and drawn together at the mouth, where they were all affixed to a sort of strong handle, by which the whole was carried. The purse at the girdle was generally a simple pouch, but was occasionally subdivided into several receptacles. The second figure represents a curious purse for the girdle, in the collection of Mons. Martenigo, at Wurtsburg, in Bavaria. It consists of one large purse which is partially hidden by three smaller ones in front. They are formed of yellow silk with white braids; the strings being of the same materials, with knobs of gold thread as a general ornament."



In the Museum of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society is preserved an ancient purse of white leather, having two small internal compartments. It is in the shape of a bag, six inches deep, and ten inches round the mouth, which was closed by a string passing through a series of holes. The internal purses seem to have had similar fastenings, the ends of which passed through holes in the side of the large purse, and were tied externally. The whole was apparently suspended by means of two knots on its upper edge. This curious relic was discovered in making some repairs in the Old Court of Corpus Christi College in 1852. The expression, *to-night*, evidently put for, *last night*, or, *o'er night*, is worth notice.

[56] *My nose fell a bleeding.*

An unexpected bleeding at the nose was formerly considered an omen that either something wonderful would happen, or that some mischance would ensue. See Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie, 1590, quoted in vol. ii. p. 204. "As he stood gazing, his nose on a sudden bled, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his," Lodge's Rosalynde, 1592. The superstitious consider some misfortune will happen, "if that their noses bleed some certain drops," Withers' Abuses Stript and Whipt, 1613. See several other examples quoted by Brand. When Charles II. was concealed at Boscobel House, on the Sunday, "his majesty, coming down into the parlour, his nose fell a bleeding, which put his poor faithful servants in a fright," till he reassured them, by saying it was a circumstance of frequent occurrence.

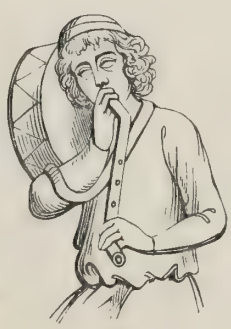
Soft, sure my nose bleeds; if any, this must bee to mee a fatall warning, since never till this minute did it bleed before.—*Arviragus and Philicia*, 12mo. Lond. 1639.

[57] *On Black-Monday last.*

"And heere is to bee noted that the 14. day of Aprill, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward with his hoast lay before the citty of Paris, which day was fulle darke of mist and haile, and so bitter cold, that many men dyed on their horsebacks with the cold, wherefore unto this day it hath beene called the Blacke Munday," Stow's Chronicle, sub anno 1360. The assertion of its falling "that year on Ash-Wednesday" is of course an intentional blunder put in the mouth of Launcelot.

[58] *And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife.*

Squeaking, ed. 1600 by Roberts; *squealing*, ed. 1600 for Heyes, and the other editions. According to Boswell, the *fife* does not mean the instrument, but the person who played on it. So, in Barnaby Rich's Aphorismes, at the end of his Irish Hubbub, 1618: "A *fife* is a *wry-neckt musician*, for he always looks away from his instrument." This quotation proves that the transfer of the name of the instrument to the performer was in use at an earlier period than is generally supposed; but the more obvious signification of the passage in the text seems to be that the instrument itself was crooked. At all events, a specimen of a wry-necked fife is here copied by Mr. Fairholt from a curious sculpture at Rheims upon a building of the thirteenth century known as *La Maison des Musiciens*, in which there is a representation of a musician with a tabor hung on his neck, who is playing on a fife either end of which is angulated. Lord Chedworth offers to read actively, *wry-neck* fife, that is, the fife which wries the neck of him who plays on it; and it is a curious fact that one critic seriously suggested there was an



allusion to the bird called the wryneck. Shylock is almost quoting Horace, lib. iii. od. 7, where there is a similar direction given to shut up the house, and to avoid gazing in the streets at the sound of the doleful pipe.

[59] *To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces.*

For *varnisht faces*, and gay and painted cloths,
Are but to tempt fooles; every man this knowes.
The Newe Metamorphosis, c. 1600, MS.

But if thou hast an exact judgement, thou maist easily discerne the effects of those famous apothecary drugs heretofore used amongst the noble ladies of Rome, even *stibium*, *cerussa*, and *purpurissum;* for few of the cortezans are so much beholding to nature, but that they adulterate their faces, and supply her defect with one of these three. A thing so common amongst them, that many of them which have an elegant naturall beauty, doe *varnish* their faces, the observation whereof made me not a little pity their vanities, with these kinde of sordid trumperies. —*Coryat's Crudities*, 1611, p. 266.

[60] *Will be worth a Jewess' eye.*

The ordinary phrase was and is, "worth a Jew's eye," the source of which is derived by Nares from the tyrannical persecutions of the Jews in the middle ages, as much as might be extorted from a Jew to save an eye. Launcelot playfully changes the proverb for the sake of an allusion to the black eye of his mistress.

[61] *What says that fool of Hagar's offspring.*

Shylock's faith in dreams glances exquisitely at the dreams of Jacob and Joseph, and at the expositions of those types of waking thoughts given by many of the Jewish prophets. The allusion to Hagar's *offspring* is very appropriate to the departure of his servant; Hagar having been *bondswoman* to Sarah, the wife of Abraham, and having quitted her, as Launcelot does Shylock, under the supposed grievance of too little indulgence, (Genesis, chap. xvi.)—*Farren.*

[62] *The patch is kind enough.*

Any low fellow that wore or was likely to wear a patched coat was thus termed. So, in A Woman Will Have Her Will, written in 1598, the speaker addressing a post who had brought him letters: "Get home, you *patch;* cannot you suffer gentlemen to jest with you?" "Cum downe, quoth you? nay, then you might count me a patch," Gammer Gurton's Needle, act i. According to Wilson's Art of Rhetorique, 1553, the term was derived from a fool who was of that name, —"A word-making, called of the Grecians Onomatopeia, is when we make words of our own mind, such as be derived from the nature of things—As to call one *Patche*, or Cowlson, whom we see to do a thing foolishly; because these two in their time were notable fools." Probably the dress which the celebrated *Patch* wore, was in allusion to his name, patched or particoloured. Hence the stage fool has ever since been exhibited in a motley coat. In Rowley's When you see me You know me, 1632, Cardinal Wolsey's fool *Patch* is introduced. Perhaps he was the original *Patch* of whom Wilson speaks.—*Malone.*

[63] *Fast bind, fast find.*

An old proverb, not of unusual occurrence. It is met with in Florio's Second Frutes, 1591, and more than once in Cotgrave. See, also, Harvey's Pierces Supererogation, 1593; The Spanish Curate, act ii. sc. 2, ed. Dyce, viii. 421; Davies's Scourge of Folly, p. 140. "*Abandon fait larron*, Prov., Things carelessly left, layd up, or looked unto, make them theeves that otherwise would be honest: we say, *fast bind, fast find*," Cotgrave. "*Bon guet chasse malaventure:* Pro. Good watch prevents misfortune; *fast bind, fast find*, say we," ibid.

Time is tickle, and out of sight out of minde;
Than catche and hold while I maie; fast binde, fast finde.
John Heywoodes Woorkes, 4to. 1576.

[64] *Desir'd us to make stand.*

So the first edition; "a stand," ed. 1623. Steevens proposes to omit the words, *to make*, on account of the metre; and Dr. Grey, owing to a similar idea of defective verse, thinks that the word *almost*, in the next line, is an interpolation.

[65] *O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly.*

In allusion to the doves of Venus. Warburton proposed to alter *pigeons* to *widgeons*, but, as Heath observes, "it is not the pigeons who are understood to seal the bonds of love, any more than 'to keep obliged faith unforfeited;' but that it is Venus herself, who is drawn by them, and regulates their flight according to her own good pleasure, who is supposed to be assistant in both."

[66] *How like a younker, or a prodigal.*

All the old copies read—*a younger;* but Rowe's emendation may be justified by Falstaff's question in the First Part of King Henry IV.:—"I 'll not pay a denier. What, will you make *a younker* of me?"—*Steevens.*

The younkers are the young men called fore-mast men, to take in the top-sailes, or top and yard, for furling the sailes, or slinging the yards, bousing or trising, and take their turnes at helme.—*Smith's Sea Grammar*, 1627.

[67] *The scarfed bark.*

That is, the vessel decorated with flags. So, in All's Well that Ends Well: "Yet the *scarfs* and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a *vessel* of too great burden."—*Steevens.*

[68] *How like a prodigal doth she return.*

This is the reading of the folio: the quartos have *the;* but there seems no particular allusion to the prodigal son, and "*a* younker" and "*a* prodigal" are spoken of in the earlier part of the simile.—*Collier.*

The particle *the*, if correct, is of course used with reference to the prodigal previously mentioned.

[69] *With over-weather'd ribs.*

Too roughly used by over strong weather. The reading of the folio is *over-wither'd*, which does not appear to suit the context so well.

[70] *By my hood.*

To understand Gratiano's oath, it should be recollected that he is in a masqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at present, a large cape or *hood* was affixed.—*Malone.* Gratiano alludes to the practice of friars, who frequently swore by this part of their habit.—*Steevens.* "The allusion is rather to the practise in single combat, where the appellant charged his adversary with treason, or otherways, and the accused threw down his hood as a challenge against the impeachment of the accuser; see Holinshed, Vol. 3, p. 5, and again p. 7," MS. note by O. Gilchrist.

[71] *A Gentile, and no Jew.*

A play upon words, *gentle*, i. e. *gentleman*, being frequently written *gentile*. It is spelt here *gentle* in the first ed. 1600, and in ed. 1623. "The day drew on, and the *gentiles* were come, and all was in aredinesse, and still Jack forgat not the pie, but stood faintly sicke, and refused his meate," Armin's Nest of Ninnies, 1608.

So, at the conclusion of the first part of Jeronimo, &c. 1605: "——So, good night, kind *gentles*, for I hope there's never a *Jew* among you all." Again, in Swetnam Arraign'd, 1620: "Joseph the *Jew* was a better *Gentile* far."—*Steevens.* There is an old book by one Ellis, entitled: "The Gentile Sinner, or England's brave Gentleman."—*Farmer.*

> We make art servile, and the trade *gentile*,
> (Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile)
> To compass earth, and with her empty store
> To fill our arms, and grasp one handful more.—*Quarles.*

[72] *With warning all as blunt.*

That is, says Dr. Johnson, "as gross as the dull metal." I should read, not as gross as the metal is dull, but as blunt as the dull metal is gross.

[73] *But more than these, in love I do deserve.*

That is, either "more than these *deserve*," the word *these* being a nominative, or, "more than I *deserve in* these, in love I do deserve," the preposition *in* being understood. Capell supposes that the original might have been, "in love I do deserve *her*."—*Eccles.*

[74] *To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.*

To rib, that is, *inclose*, as the ribs inclose the viscera. So, in Cymbeline:—"——*ribb'd* and paled in with rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters."—*Steevens.*

A good sere-clothe.—Take virgyn wex a quarter of a pound; shepis talow ij. unces, or deris suet, colofony half a quarter, and a litil wyne. Boil it together til the wyn be wasted. Than take myrre, olibanum, mastik, of eche half an unce, and grynd hem smal to pouder, and put therto a quarter of an unce of turpentyn, and ster it al together, and make it in clothis.—MS. xv. Cent.

[75] *Undervalued to try'd gold.*

That is, under the value of tried gold. So, previously,—"nothing undervalued to Cato's daughter."

[76] *But that's insculp'd upon.*

To insculp, as Steevens has observed, means *to engrave*, but is here put in opposition to it, and simply denotes to *carve in relief*. The angel on the coin was *raised;* on the casket *indented*. The word *insculp* was however formerly used with great latitude of meaning. Shakspeare might have caught it from the casket story in the Gesta Romanorum, where it is rightly used: "the third vessell was made of lead, and thereupon was *insculpt* this posey, &c."—*Douce.*

> And what's the crown of all, a glorious name
> *Insculp'd* on pyramids to posterity.—*Massinger's Bashful Lover*, iv. 1.

Engraven more lyvely in his minde, than any forme may be *insculped* upon metall or marble.—*Palace of Pleasure.*

To *insculp* is to *engrave*. So, in a comedy called A New Wonder, a Woman Never Vex'd, 1632: "——in golden text, shall be *insculp'd*."—*Steevens.*

[77] *All that glisters is not gold.*

This is a very common proverb. "Tutto quelche luce non é oro—al that glistreth is not gold," Florio's Firste Fruites, 1578. "All is not gold that glistereth: Tout ce qui luit n'est pas or," Holyband's French Littelton, 1609. See other examples in Cawdray's Treasurie or Store-house of Similies, 1600, p. 31;

Taylor's Workes, 1630, in his Wit and Mirth; Herbert's Outlandish Proverbs, 306; Tragedy of Massinello, 1649, p. 31.

The stones of this supposed continent with America, be altogether sparkling, and glister in the sunne like gold: so likewise doth the sande in the bright water, yet they verifie the olde proverbe: All is not golde that glistereth.—*Settle's Report of Frobisher's Voyage*, 1577.

> Why dost thou vaunt before thou knowe?
> Why dost thou bragge before thou trie?
> All is not golde that is of glittering shewe,
> Nor trust not that which pleaseth the eye.
>
> *The Castell of Courtesie, by James Yates*, 1582.

[78] *Gilded timber do worms infold.*

So all the old editions, the word *timber* being here a plural noun, and the redundant syllable no sufficient reason for adopting Dr. Johnson's plausible alteration, *tombs*. It may even be questioned whether Shakespeare is referring to either a coffin or a tomb, but rather to the gilded chest which contained "the carrion death." Rowe, and several other editors, read *gilded wood*. "Wealth can new paint old walls, and rotten timber guild," Sylvester's Works, 1633. "But golde can gild a rotten piece of wood," Sydney's Arcadia, p. 86.

[79] *Your answer had not been inscrol'd.*

Since there is an answer *inscrol'd* or *written* in every casket, I believe for *your* we should read—*this*. When the words were written y^r and y^s, the mistake was easy.—*Johnson*. *Your* answer is *the answer you have got;* namely, "Fare you well," &c.—*Boswell*.

Dr. Johnson reads—*this* answer. I am clearly of opinion that a line has been omitted, and that Shakespeare wrote—

> Your answer had not been inscrol'd,
> *All that glitters is not gold,*—
> Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Add to this that the inscription on the gold casket will then be comprised in the same number of lines which the inscription on the silver one contains.—*White*.

[80] *Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.*

This is a paraphrastical inversion of the common old proverb,—"Farewell, frost," which was used on the absence or departure of any thing that was unwelcome or displeasing. "Farewell, frost, will you needes be gone," Wapull's Tyde Taryeth no Man, 1576. "For which good deed (a theft) they bad me, farewell, frost," Clinton, Purser, and Arnold, n. d. "Therefore are you so foule, and so, farewell, frost," Lilly's Mother Bombie. The phrase is also used, with the implication of great contempt, in Heywood's Royall King and Loyall Subject, 1637.

[81] *Let all of his complexion choose me so.*

The old quarto editions of 1600 have no distribution of acts, but proceed from the beginning to the end in an unbroken tenour. This play, therefore, having been probably divided without authority by the publishers of the first folio, lies open to a new regulation, if any more commodious division can be proposed. The story is itself so wildly incredible, and the changes of the scene so frequent and capricious, that the probability of action does not deserve much care; yet it may be proper to observe, that, by concluding the second act here, time is given for Bassanio's passage to Belmont.—*Johnson*.

[82] *That in a gondola were seen together.*

The best account of the Venetian gondola of the author's time is found in Coryat's Crudities, ed. 1611, pp. 170, 171,—"The channels, which are called in Latin *euripi* or *æstuaria*, that is, pretty little armes of the sea, because they ebbe and flow every sixe houres, are very singular ornaments to the citie, through the which they runne even as the veynes doe through the body of a man, and doe disgorge into the *Canal il grande*, which is the common receptacle of them all. They impart two principall commodities to the citie, the one that it carryeth away all the garbage and filthinesse that falleth into them from the citie, which by meanes of the ebbing and flowing of the water, is the sooner conveighed out of the channels, though indeede not altogether so well, but that the people doe eftsoones adde their owne industry to clense and purge them: the other that they serve the Venetians in stead of streetes to passe with farre more expedition on the same, then they can do on their land streetes, and that by certaine little boates, which they call gondolas, the fayrest that ever I saw in any place. For none of them are open above, but fairely covered, first with some fifteene or sixteene little round pieces of timber that reach from one end to the other, and make a pretty kinde of arch or vault in the gondola; then with faire blacke cloth which is turned up at both ends of the boate, to the end that if the passenger meaneth to be private, he may draw downe the same, and after row so secretly that no man can see him: in the inside the benches are finely covered with blacke leather, and the bottomes of many of them, together with the sides under the benches, are very neatly garnished with fine linnen cloth, the edge whereof is laced with bonelace: the ends are beautified with two pretty and ingenuous devices. For each end hath a crooked thing made in the forme of a dolphin's tayle, with the fins very artificially represented, and it seemeth to be tinned over. The water-men that row these never sit as ours doe in London, but alwaies stand, and that at the farther end of the gondola, sometimes one, but most commonly two; and in my opinion they are altogether as swift as our rowers about London. Of these gondolaes they say there are ten thousand about the citie, whereof sixe thousand are private, serving for the gentlemen and others, and foure thousand for mercenary men, which get their living by the trade of rowing." The annexed engraving of a gondola of the fifteenth century is copied from the very large and curious woodcut of Venice, in the Travels of Breydenbach, 1486, the original representing a gentleman taking boat from the landing-stage opposite the Place of St. Mark.

[83] *I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday.*

Reason'd, discoursed. Florio translates *ragionáre*, "to reason, to discourse, to speake, to talke, to parlie," New World of Words, 1611. Again, in Chapman's translation of the fourth book of the Odyssey, ap. Steevens,—

> The morning shall yield time to you and me,
> To do what fits, and *reason* mutually.

[84] *Slubber not business for my sake.*

To *slubber* is to do any thing carelessly, imperfectly. So, in Nash's Lenten Stuff, &c. 1599: "——they *slubber'd* thee over so negligently." Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money: "I am as haste ordain'd me, a

thing *slubber'd.*"—*Steevens.* "This roving rime was *slubberd* up in hast," Churchyardes Chippes, 1578. "To be so slightly slubberd over in private with, Come, come, give me your hand," Nash's Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596. *Slumber*, ed. 1600 Heyes.

> But why should I thy praises *slubber*,
> Since thou thyselfe, in lines of worth,
> Hast writ it downe, and set it forth.—*Coryat's Crudities*, 1611.

[85] *Let it not enter in your mind of love.*

Your mind of love, in the phraseology of the time, is equivalent to, *your loving mind.* So in Measure for Measure, "Yet hath he in him such a *mind of honour.*"

[86] *And quicken his embraced heaviness.*

Warburton alters *embraced* to *enraced;* but, as Edwards observes, "His *embraced* heaviness plainly enough means, the heaviness which he indulges and is fond of." When I thought the passage corrupted, it seemed to me not improbable that Shakespeare had written—*entranced heaviness*, musing, abstracted, moping melancholy. But I know not why any great efforts should be made to change a word which has no incommodious or unusual sense. We say of a man now, that he *hugs* his sorrows, and why might not Antonio *embrace heaviness?*—*Johnson.* So, in Much Ado about Nothing, Sc. I.:—"You *embrace* your charge too willingly." Again, in this play: "——doubtful thoughts, and rash-*embrac'd* despair."—*Steevens.* "It might be *unbraced.* A man's powers are said to be unbraced, when in sadness, and may well want quickening, or bringing to life again with some delight," MS. note.

[87] *Draw the curtain.*

That is, draw it open. So, in an old stage-direction in King Henry VIII.: "The king *draws* the curtain, and sits reading pensively."—*Steevens.*

[88] *And so have I address'd me.*

I believe we should read, "And so have I. *Address* me, Fortune, now to my heart's hope!" So, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, Falstaff says,—"I will then *address me* to my appointment."—*Tyrwhitt.*

To *address* is to *prepare.* The meaning is, I have prepared myself by the same ceremonies. So, in All's Well that Ends Well: "Do you think he will make no deed of all this, that so seriously he doth *address* himself unto?" —*Steevens.*

[89] *That many may be meant by the fool multitude.*

The preposition *by* is here equivalent to *of*, or the phrase is one of the many instances of inversion common in Elizabethan works. In the speech of James to his parliament, on the gunpowder plot, he says, "I did apprehend some dark phrases therein, to be meant *by* this terrible form of blowing us up by gunpowder."

The fourth folio first introduced a phraseology more agreeable to our ears at present,—"*Of* the fool multitude,"—which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors;—but change merely for the sake of elegance is always dangerous. So, in Plutarch's Life of Cæsar, as translated by North, 1579: "—he answered, that these fat long-heared men made him not affrayed, but the lean and whitely-faced fellows; *meaning that by* Brutus and Cassius," meaning by that, &c. Again, in Sir Thomas More's Life of Edward the Fifth;—Holinshed, p. 1374: "—that *meant he by the lordes* of the queenes kindred that were taken before," by that he meant the lords, &c. Again, *ibidem*, p. 1371: My Lord, quoth Lord

Hastings, on my life, never doubt you; for while one man is there,—never can there be, &c. This *meant he by Catesby*, which was of his near secrete counsaile," by this he meant Catesby, &c. Again, Puttenham, in his Arte of English Poesie, 1589, p. 157, after citing some enigmatical verses, adds, " —the good old gentleman would tell us that were children, how *it was meant by* a furr'd glove," a furr'd glove was meant by it,—i. e. by the enigma. Again, p. 161: " —Any simple judgement might easily perceive *by whom it was meant*, that is, by lady Elizabeth, Queene of England."—*Malone.*

Fool is misprinted *full* in some editions, and one of the early editors altered *many* to *may*.

[90] *How much low peasantry, &c.*

The folios read, *pleasantry*. The meaning is,—How much meanness would be found among the great, and how much greatness among the mean. But since men are always said to *glean* corn though they may *pick* chaff, the sentence had been more agreeable to the common manner of speech if it had been written thus:—

> How much low peasantry would then be *pick'd*
> From the true seed of honour? how much honour
> *Glean'd* from the chaff?—*Johnson.*

[91] *To be new varnish'd.*

" To be new *vanned*," Warburton. The common reading was *new varnish'd*, which Warburton rejects, in order to avoid a confusion and mixture of metaphors. But in truth the confusion was introduced before, by adding the word, *ruins*, to the *chaff*, and it is to the former of these words that the epithet, *new varnish'd*, is adapted.—*Heath.*

[92] *There be fools alive, I wis.*

I-wis, in medieval English, is an adverb, meaning, certainly, undoubtedly, from the Anglo-Saxon *ge-wis;* but this sense of the word was lost in Shakespeare's time, when it had become to be regarded as a pronoun and verb, *I know.*

[93] *Take what wife you will to bed.*

" Perhaps the poet had forgotten," observes Dr. Johnson, " that he who missed Portia was never to marry any woman." The best solution of this difficulty is to suppose that the oaths were enjoined by Portia, and not by the father who prepared the caskets.

[94] *So begone, you are sped.*

The word *sir* is inserted, in ed. 1632, after *begone*, the editor of that copy not understanding the metrical system followed by the author. In Capell's edition, *begone* is misprinted *farewell.*

[95] *But I go away with two.*

Donne begins one of his sonnets:—" I am *two fools*, I know, For *loving* and for *saying so*," &c.; and when Panurge cheats St. Nicholas of the chapel, which he vowed to him in a storm, Rabelais calls him " a rogue— *a rogue and an half —Le gallant, gallant de demy.*"—*Farmer.*

[96] *Patiently to bear my wroath.*

The old editions read—" to bear my *wroath.*" *Wroath* is used in some of the old books for *misfortune;* and is often spelt like *ruth*, which at present signifies only *pity*, or *sorrow for the miseries of another.* In Caxton's Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye, &c. 1471, are frequent instances of *wroth.* Thus, also,

in Chapman's version of the 22nd Iliad: "——born to all the *wroth*, of woe and labour." The modern editors read—my *wrath.—Steevens. Wroath* seems merely put for *wrath*, for the sake of the rhyme; in the same manner that, in the next line, *moth* is spelt *moath* in the first edition of 1600.

[97] *Hanging and wiving go by destiny.*

In the first folio Shakespeare, the present and plural tenses are often wrongly employed, though no doubt faithfully copied from the poet's manuscript, the grammatical usage of the time admitting such license. The old editions, in the present line, read *goes.* A ballad entitled, "the Proverbe is true that weddynge ys destyné," is entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, 1558-59. "It goeth by destiny to hang or wed; both hath one hour," The Scole-howse, a satire against women. "Mariages and magistrate be destinies of Heaven," Florio's Firste Fruites, 1578. "Yes, faith, father, mariage and hanging are spun both in one houre," Marston's Dutch Curtezan.

> Be it far or nie, wedding is desteny;
> And hanginge likewise, saith the proverbe, saide I.
> *John Heywoodes Woorkes*, 4to. 1576.

Wag. Then, sir, will I say as the proverbe saies, *marriage and hanging comes by destinie:* but if ye be divorced, and wil followe my counsaile, you shal hang your selfe rather then marrie againe. *Kni.* No wages, I doe not holde that so good: for sure, marriage is better then hanging in some.—*Cupid's Whirligig.*

> It is an axiome in philosophie,
> *Hanging and marrying goe by destinie;*
> Both reference have unto the doome of fate,
> Both doe our birth and nature calculate:
> Nor can we say these two be different far,
> Sith both have influence from one ominous star,
> Which bodes our happinesse or our mischance,
> According to the starres predominance.
> *Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell*, 1615.

Never was poor man so perplex'd with a wife as I am. If there be a destiny in marriage and hanging, would I had wedded the three-legg'd bride at Hide Park Corner, when I married her.—*The New Brawle, or Turnmill-street against Rosemary Lane*, 1654.

This proverb is so exceedingly common, it is scarcely necessary to give any more examples of its use; but the following references to early works in which instances of it, either applied separately or conjointly, occur, may be worth adding: —MS. Ashmole 48, art. 25, a MS. poem of the sixteenth century commencing,— "Though weddynge go be destenye;" Davies' Scourge of Folly, 1611, p. 164; Lilly's Euphues and his England; Chapman's Widdowes Teares, 1612, sig. D. 3; Chronicle Historie of Perkin Warbeck, 1634, sig. K; Randolph's Jealous Lovers, 1632, p. 84; Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. 1652, p. 577; Howell's Proverbs, 1659; Butler's Hudibras; Flecknoe's Epigrams, 1670; The Woman turn'd Bully, 1675, p. 57; Ray's English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 57. There is an old English ballad on this saying,—"The proverb reporteth, no man can deny, That wedding and hanging is destiny," which commences as follows,—

> I am a poor tyler in simple aray,
> And get a poor living, but eightpence a-day;
> My wife, as I get it, doth spend it away,

And I cannot help it, she saith; wot ye why?
For wedding and hanging is destiny.

[98] *Here; what would my lord?*

Mr. Dyce has shown that Portia says this playfully, in opposition to the servant's address,—where is *my lady?* So, in Henry IV., the Hostess exclaiming, "My lord, the prince," Prince Henry answers,—"How now, *my lady* the hostess!" Again, in Richard II., the Groom styles the king, "royal *prince*," and the latter answers,—"Thanks, noble *peer*." Mr. Dyce also quotes another pertinent example. "*Enter Peter with a candle.—Pe. Where* are you, *my Lord?* —*Hog. Here, my Lady*," The Hogge hath lost his Pearle, by R. Tailor, 1614.

[99] *Bassanio, lord Love.*

Pope certainly conceives—*Bassanio lord*, to stand for *Lord Bassanio.*—I take the liberty to alter the pointing:—"Bassanio,—Lord Love! if," &c.—*Theobald's Letters.*

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SOLANIO *and* SALARINO.

Solan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas,—the Goodwins, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Solan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped ginger,[1] or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Solan. Ha,—what sayest thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Solan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer;[2] for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That 's certain. I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Solan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd ;[3] and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That 's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Solan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory ; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and Rhenish.—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match : a bankrout, a prodigal,[4] who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto ; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart.[5]—Let him look to his bond! he was wont to call me usurer ;—let him look to his bond : he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; —let him look to his bond!

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh? What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal! if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hindered me half a million ; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means,[6] warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer,[7] as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed?[8] if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge.[9] If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute ; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Fac-simile of the First Part of the very rare Ballad of Gernutus, from the Original preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

A new Song:

Shewing the crueltie of *Gernutus* a Jew, who lending to a Merchant a hundred Crownes, would have a pound of his flesh, because he could not pay him at the day appointed,

To the Tune of *Black and Yellow.*

IN Venice Towne not long agoe
a cruell Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on Usurie,
as Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
which never thought to die,
Nor never yet did any good
to them in streetes that lye.

His life was like a Barrow Hogge,
that liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
untill men will him flay.

Or like a filthy heape of dung,
that lyeth in a hoord,
Which never can doe any good,
till it be spred abroad.

So fares it with this Usurer,
he cannot sleepe in rest.
For feare the theefe doth him pursue,
to plucke him from his nest,

His heart doth thinke on many a wise,
how to deceive the poore,
His mouth is almost full of mucke,
yet still he gapes for more.

His Wife must lend a shilling,
for every weeke a penny,
Yet bring a Pledge that's double worth,
if that you will have any.

And see (likewise) you keepe your day,
or else you loose it all:
This was the living of his Wife,
her Cow she both it call.

Within that Citie dwelt that time
a Merchant of great same,
Which being distressed in his need,
unto Gernutus came:

Desiring him to stand his friend,
for twelve moneth and a day,
To lend to him an hundred Crownes,
and he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
and Pledges be should have:
No (qd. the Jew with fleering lookes)
Sir, atke what you will have,

No penny for the loane of it
for one yeere you shall pay;
You may doe me as good a turne,
before my dying day.

But we will have a merry feast,
for to be talked long:
You shall make me a Bond (quothhe)
that shall be large and strong,

And this shall be the forfeiture,
of your owne flesh a pound:
If you agree, make you the Bond,
and here's 3 hundred Crownes.

Ashbee & Dangerfield, Fac sim
22 Bedford Street Covent Garden

To face p. 381

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Solan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SOLANIO, SALARINO, *and* Servant.

Enter TUBAL.

Shy. How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear![10] would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search. Why, then, loss upon loss![11] the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God! I thank God!—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news! ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?[12]

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats!

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me!—I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it. I 'll plague him; I 'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise;[13] I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and* Attendants. *The caskets are set out.*

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There 's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality:
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought),[14]
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd[15] me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,[16]
And so all yours! O![17] these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.[18]—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.[19]
I speak too long; but 't is to peize the time,[20]
To eke it,[21] and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.
Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.
Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.
Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.
Por. Well, then, confess, and live.[22]
Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away then. I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow[23]
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,[24]
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute, paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster:[25] I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:[26]—With much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

SONG.

1. Tell me where is fancy[27] bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.[28]

2. It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.[29]

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves;[30]
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand,[31] wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;[32]
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,[33]
And you shall see 't is purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,[34]
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore[35]
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty;[36] in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:

Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge[37]
'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threaten'st than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,[38]
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy,[39] scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?[40] [*Opening the leaden Casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit?[41] What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs,
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men,[42]
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd:[43] Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.[44]—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

> You that choose not by the view,
> Chance as fair, and choose as true!
> Since this fortune falls to you,
> Be content, and seek no new.
> If you be well pleas'd with this,
> And hold your fortune for your bliss,
> Turn you where your lady is,
> And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave: [*Kissing her.*
I come by note,[45] to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt[46]

Whether those peals of praise[47] be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of something;[48] which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is,[49] that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now, I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,[50]
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord:—I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio 's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,

That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy! Good joy, my lord and lady.
Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish,
For I am sure you can wish none from me;[51]
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.
Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.
Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission[52]
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry[53]
With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.
Por. Is this true, Nerissa?
Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.
Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?
Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.
Gra. We 'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats!
Ner. What, and stake down?
Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?[54]
What! and my old Venetian friend, Solanio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SOLANIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Solanio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Solan. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Solan. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind:[55] his letter there
Will show you his estate.[56]
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Solanio. What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant,[57] good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons; we have won the fleece.[58]
Solan. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek;
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man.[59] What, worse and worse?
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body[60] of my friend,

And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Solanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Solan. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning, and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.
Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit [61]
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.[62]
First, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;

For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa, and myself, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:[63]
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads.*]

Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are clear'd between you and I.[64] If I might but see you at my death:[65]—notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.[66]
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
No rest[67] be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SOLANIO, ANTONIO, *and* Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lends out money gratis;[68]—
Gaoler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I 'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause:
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond[69]
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I 'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I 'll have my bond; and, therefore, speak no more.
I 'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,[70]
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield

To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I 'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.
Solan. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.[71]
Ant. Let him alone;
I 'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Solan. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have[72]
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA *and* BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord,[73] your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,[74]
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,[75]
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,[76]

There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit:[77]
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.[78]
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lay upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself:
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua;[79] see thou render this
Into my cousin's hands, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed[80]
Unto the tranect,[81] to the common ferry

Which trades to Venice :—Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone ; I shall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*
Por. Come on, Nerissa ; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of : we 'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they see us ?
Por. They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I 'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,[82]
I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace ;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride ;[83] and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died ;—
I could not do withal :[84] then I 'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them :
And twenty of these puny lies I 'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth :—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.
Ner. Why, shall we turn to men ?
Por. Fie ! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter !
But come ; I 'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach,[85] which stays for us
At the park gate ; and, therefore, haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly ;—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children : therefore, I promise you, I fear you.[86] I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation

of the matter.[87] Therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla,[88] your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother; well, you are gone both ways!

Jes. I shall be sav'd by my husband;[89] he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals[90] for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I 'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo. Launcelot and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly; the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason:[91] but if she be less than an honest woman,[92] she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord,[93] what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done, too, sir: only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning; go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited![94]
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word[95]
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;—
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing! It is very meet
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it,[96] then,
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawned with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I 'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Third Act.

[1] *As ever knapp'd ginger.*

To knap, that is, to snap or break off short. "*Breusté* for *brousté*, broused, or knapp'd off," Cotgrave. "He knapped the staffe of the darte asunder," North's Plutarch, 1579. "He knappeth the spear in sunder," Common Prayer.

I thought it better, with Alexander, to draw the sword that should *knappe* it a-sunder at one stroke, then to seeke over nicely or gingerly to undoe it.—*Gosson's Playes Confuted in five Actions*, n. d.

> *Knap* the thread, and thou art free;
> But 'tis otherwise with me.—*Herrick's Works*, i. 179.

[2] *Lest the devil cross my prayer.*

Warburton alters *my* to *thy*, but Salanio is merely saying, on the sight of Shylock, that he had better at once say amen, his own prayer being the same as that of Salarino, lest the devil, now approaching, marr it. "I am that way going to temptation, where prayers cross," Measure for Measure.

[3] *Knew the bird was fledg'd.*

Fledg'd, ed. 1600 by Roberts, ed. 1623; *flidge*, ed. 1600 for Heyes. "In Westminster, the Strand, Holborn, and the chief places of resort about London, doe they every day build their nests, every houre *flidge*, and, in tearme-time especially, flutter they abroad in flocks," Robert Greene.

[4] *A bankrupt, a prodigal.*

Warburton unnecessarily reads, "a bankrupt *for* a prodigal," on the supposition that the last epithet refers to Bassanio. The generosity of Antonio, who lent out money gratis, was surely prodigality in the eyes of the thrifty Shylock.

[5] *That used to come so smug upon the mart.*

"By vertue of which excellent aires, the skie got a most cleare complexion, lookt *smug* and smooth, and had not so much as a wart sticking on her face,"

Decker's Wonderfull Yeare, 1603. "Pretty, smug-fac'd husband," Love in the Dark, 1675. "A smug youth," Counterfeits, 1679. "She hears he's a smug young fellow, a pretty play-thing for a foolish child," Unnatural Mother, 1698.

[6] *Healed by the same means.*

Warburton is inclined to believe that Shakespeare wrote, *medicines.* It is possible he might. In the mean time, the word in the text is full as proper, more comprehensive, as it includes all operations too, and, being supported by the authority of the several editions, bids fairest for being the genuine one.—*Heath.*

[7] *Warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer.*

Hanmer reads, *summer and winter*, but the language of the time did not require adherence to these extreme niceties of phraseology. So, in the previous act,—"there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves."

[8] *If you prick us, do we not bleed?*

Are not Jews made of the same materials as Christians? says Shylock; thus in Plutarch's Life of Cæsar, p. 140, 4to. V. IV.: "Cæsar does not consider his subjects are mortal, and bleed when they are pricked."—*Weston.*

[9] *What is his humility? revenge.*

It may be worth notice that the Venetians were famous for the desire of revenge, even above other inhabitants of Italy. "Lastly, Venice is taxd that her children are so mortally revengefull," Howell's Survay of Venice, 1651, p. 199.

[10] *And the jewels in her ear.*

The fashion of wearing highly ornamented and richly jewelled rings in the ear, is frequently alluded to by Shakespeare's contemporaries. It must be remembered that rings, lockets, ear-rings, and almost everything of a similar description, came formerly under the generic denomination of *jewels.* "O, yes, I'll pawne this jewell in my eare," Every Man in his Humour, p. 60.

Casta. I speak't as t'is now in fashion, in earnest. But I shall not be in quiet for you, I perceive, till I have given you a favour. Doe you love mee?—*Rous.* With all my hart.—*Casta.* Then with all my hart, Ile give you a jewell to hang in your eare.—— Harke yee—— I can never love you.—*Rous.* Call you this a jewell to hang in mine eare? T'is no light favour, for Ile be sworne it comes somewhat heavily to mee. Well, I will not leave her for all this.—*The Atheists Tragedie.*

[11] *Why, then, loss upon loss.*

This, the reading of ed. 1632, seems more intelligible than the earlier lection, —"Why, thou loss upon loss!", or, "Why, thou—loss upon loss!" It appropriately follows—"Why, so." These are disjointed sentences, uttered by Shylock in the excess of his passion. In a subsequent passage in this act, *thou* is misprinted *then* in the ed. 1600 by Roberts. Words of this description, having frequently been written in a contracted form, were sometimes misread by the compositors.

[12] *Ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?*

Here in the old copies, corrected by Rowe, who gives his word in this form,—I thank thee, good Tuball; good news, good news; ha, ha, where? in *Genoua?* —and transmits the same to his successors: Where we miss the grin in *ha, ha!*, that was meant a sequel to the other exultings: and the dropping of the voice after it, when enquiry is made in another tone,—*where* he pick'd up his news; *what, in Genoa?*—*Capell.*

[13] *It was my turquoise.*

Turkies, ed. 1600. The turquoise was formerly much valued, it being supposed to change colour when its owner was in bad health. "Turcois," says Swan, 1635, "is a compassionate stone: if the wearer of it be not well, it changeth colour, and looketh pale and dim; but increaseth to his perfectnesse, as the wearer recovereth to his health." Compare, also, Cartwright,—

Or faithful turquoises, which heaven sent
For a discovery, not a punishment;
To shew the ill, not make it, and to tell,
By their pale looks, the bearer was not well.

Lines which were, perhaps, suggested by the recollection of similar ones in Donne's Anatomy of the World. "And, true as turquoise in the dear lord's ring, look well or ill with him," Ben Jonson's Sejanus. "The turkeys doth move, when there is any peril prepared to him that weareth it," Fenton's Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature, 1569. "The turkesse, which who haps to wear, is often kept from peril," Drayton's Muses Elizium. See a long and curious list of its virtues in Nicols' Lapidary, 1652, p. 149, in the course of which it is stated that "if it be worn in a ring of gold, it will preserve men from falls, and from the bruises proceeding of them, by receiving that harm into itself, which otherwise would fall upon the man; it is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife." See also Massinger's drama of the Picture. The turquoise is still popularly said to turn to green, when the wearer's friends are unfaithful.

Nere *turkas* was at sicke blood more estrang'd,
Than Myrrha when her chastity was chang'd.
Barksted's Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis, 1607.

It is a fine trait in Shylock's character when, in the midst of his feelings of avarice and revenge, he exhibits himself susceptible of the power of a love reminiscence. The name of Leah is from that of the despised wife of Jacob. See Genesis, xxix.

[14] *And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought.*

Does this mean that she utters nothing but what her heart suggests, and that, therefore, she ought not to be misunderstood? or that, being a maiden, she cannot speak freely, and must only think?—*Seymour.*

[15] *They have o'erlook'd me.*

O'erlooked is a term in witchcraft, in which sense it is used by Glanvil, Sadducismus Triumphatus, p. 95. So, in the Merry Wives of Windsor,—"Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even from thy birth."—*Malone.*

As when a man hath enviously beheld
Something that's excellent, forthwith the aire
Is filled with that poisonous qualitie,
Which entreth into that is neere at hand;
This same aire, being a slender suble (*sic*) thing,
Pierceth even to the bones and very marrow,
And by that cause hath envie beene the meanes
Of that disease which, by a propper name,
We call bewitching.—*Gough's Strange Discovery*, 1640.

[16] *But if mine, then yours.*

The particle *if* being misprinted *of* in the first folio, the editor of the second folio alters it to *first.*

[17] *And so all yours! O!*

O was altered to *alas* by some editors, in compliance with an attempt to reduce the metre of Shakespeare to a more modern system.

[18] *And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so.*

Johnson proposes to read, "*I'm* not yours;" and Capell has,—"prove it *not* so." The words *prove it so* are by old editions of all sorts put in parenthesis; their putting so indicates a disjunction or sentence apart, and the words shew themselves a wish; a consistent wish they can not be, without a negative; and exactly that negative, which they are now furnish'd with, perfects the verse's measure. Her last expressions, *not yours*, are look'd upon by the speaker as expressions of ill omen; and this wish, or this petition, is put up to avert it. A pause ensues upon it; and then other expressions, indicating a renewal of former struggles between her love and her oath, in which the latter has victory: they are the result of her fears, that, in this affair of the choice, *fortune* might prove perverse; in which case, she bids fortune 'go to hell' for her perverseness; for herself—she meant not to hazard it, by infringing her oath: *it* relates to the choice, which she had been then debating internally how it should be decided, whether by fortune's act or her own. These irresolutions and pauses, besides that they are highly dramatic, are the natural workings of a mind that is thus agitated. —*Capell.*

[19] *Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.*

The meaning is, "If the worst I fear should happen, and it should prove, in the event, that I, who am justly yours by the free donation I have made you of myself, should yet not be yours in consequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your just due, not I for violating my oath." The pronoun *I*, in the nominative case, supposes a different construction to have preceded; "go fortune to hell for it." Nothing is more common in all languages, and with the best writers, than such a sudden variation of the construction, which creates little or no difficulty to the reader, and is frequently scarce even perceived by him.—*Heath.* In Hanmer's edition, the pronoun *I* is altered to *me*.

[20] *To peize the time.*

Peize, literally, to weigh. Hence, to weigh down, to retard, to deliberate, to do anything calmly, deliberately, slowly. Altered sometimes to *piece*, without authority.

Not speaking words as they chanceably fall from the mouth, but *peyzing* each sillable.—*Sydney's Apologie for Poetrie.*

[21] *To eke it, and to draw it out.*

The editors have not remarked that the folio reads *ich*, and the quarto *ech*, which though possibly misprints here, are genuine archaic forms. *Eche*, from the A. S. *écan*, is found in medieval English; and *ich*, to eke out, is given by Kennett in MS. Lansd. 1033, as a provincialism. The second *to* is omitted in ed. 1632.

[22] *Confess, and live.*

An alteration of the old proverb, "confess and die," or, as it is often printed, as in Ray's English Proverbs, ed. 1678, p. 116,—"confess, and be hang'd."

[23] *Even as the flourish when true subjects bow.*

It has been supposed, but on very slight grounds, that there is here an allusion to the coronation of Henry IV. of France, which took place at Chartres in 1594.

In an account of the ceremonies on this occasion, it is stated that, "the trumpettes, drommes, and other instruments, sounded and played." The image in the text is certainly not one for which it is necessary to find a prototype.

[24] *As are those dulcet sounds in break of day.*

An allusion to the custom of playing music under the windows of the bridegroom's bed-room on the morning of his marriage.

[25] *Paid by howling Troy to the sea-monster.*

See Ovid's Metamorph. lib. xi. ver. 199, et seqq. Shakespeare, however, I believe, had read an account of this adventure in the Destruction of Troy:—"Laomedon cast his eyes all bewept on him (Hercules), and was all abashed to see his *greatness* and his *beauty*." See b. i. p. 221, 4th edit. 1617.—*Malone.*

[26] *Live thou, I live.*

One of the quartos (Roberts's) reads:—"Live then, I live with much more dismay, To view the fight, than," &c. The folio, 1623, thus:—"Live thou, I live with much more dismay, I view the fight, than," &c. Heyes's quarto gives the present reading.—*Johnson.* The repetition of *much* is also found in ed. 1632.

[27] *Tell me, where is fancy bred.*

Fancy, that is, love. "Sighs and tears, poor fancy's followers," Midsummer Night's Dream. There is a parody on this beautiful song in the poems of Joseph Beaumont, Master of Peter House, 1663, the author of Psyche.

[28] *Reply, reply.*

Replie, Replie, is in the old copies placed at the side of the other lines; but there is nothing else to point it out as a marginal direction, and I cannot discover its use, if so understood. Capell supposes the song to be sung by two voices, the first of which calls upon the other to reply to the questions put.—*Boswell.*

[29] *Ding, dong, bell.*

This burthen was formerly a serious one, appropriately significant of a knell. A funeral dirge, the burthen of which is ding-dong, occurs in Swetnam, the Woman Hater, 1620.

[30] *So may the outward shows be least themselves.*

Bassanio has been "commenting to himself," according to the stage-direction, and thus he commences the present speech abruptly.

[31] *As stairs of sand.*

Stairs is spelt *stayers* in ed. 1600 Heyes, eds. 1623, 1637, 1652, *staiers* in ed. 1600 Roberts, *stayres* in eds. 1632, 1663, and *stairs* in ed. 1685. It has been conjectured that Shakespeare intended to write *stayers of sand*, in the sense of banks, bulwarks of sand; but there can scarcely be a doubt that *stairs* is intended, the orthography of that word having been very unsettled. Jennings gives *stayers* as the Somersetshire pronunciation of stairs, Gloss. p. 72. Chaucer has *steyers*, and the form of *stayers* occurs in the early version of the Psalms, printed by John Daye; Churchyard's Chippes, 1578; Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, fol. ed., p. 75; Decker's Wonder of a Kingdome, 1636. The same form also appears in a tradesman's bill, dated in 1728. Three forms of this word, *stayres, staires, stayrs*, occur in Powell's Art of Thriving, 1635, pp. 37, 96, 99, 245. *Stayers* is made to rhyme with *wares* in Pasquil's Palinodia.

A serving man and his mistris was landing at the Whitefryars *stayers*, the *stayers* being very bad, a waterman offered to helpe the woman, saying, Give mee

your hand, gentlewoman, Ile help you: to whom her man replyed; you saucy fellow, place your words right, my mistris is no gentlewoman, shee is a lady.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

[32] *White as milk.*

Bare-headed was he brought,
His hands were bound before;
A cambrick ruff about his neck,
As white as milk he wore.—*Old Ballad.*

[33] *Look on beauty.*

Beauty here alludes to artificial beauty, the result of painting, and the comparison is afterwards carried on with the "supposed fairness" of false hair. Those are "lightest" of character that "wear most of it," i. e. the painting or ceruse. The lines which follow contain a happy satire on the custom of wearing periwigs, which had become so extremely fashionable about the year 1595, both with ladies and gentlemen, that children were often decoyed away and deprived of their hair for the purposes of the manufacture. See further on this subject in the Notes to Timon of Athens.

[34] *So are those crisped snaky golden locks.*

Crisped, curled. "I cryspe, as ones heare dothe, *je crespelle;* your heare cryspeth gorgyously after this washyng," Palsgrave, 1530. "Thy crispy tides, like silver curl," Cornelia.

Oh doe but mark yon *crisped* sir you meet,
How like a pageant he doth walk (*stalk*, ed. 1654) the street?
See how his perfum'd head is powdered ore:
Twu'd stink else, for it wanted salt before.
Wits Recreations, 1640.

[35] *Thus ornament is but the guiled shore.*

Guiled, eds. 1600 of Roberts and Heyes, 1623, 1637, 1652; *guilded*, eds. 1632, 1663, 1685. *Guiled*, deceiving, deceitful, treacherous. It is merely one instance amidst the many in Elizabethan writers, of the passive participle being used for the active. It is, by a facile licence, rendered, in many cases, equivalent to the adjective from the same root. Various alterations have been suggested, but if any be really thought necessary, the reading of the second folio, which presents only the alteration of a single letter, is surely entitled to the preference;—"the *gilded* shore . . . the *beauteous* scarf." In one edition of the last century, *guilded* is altered, perhaps by a printer's error, to *guilty;* and in the Perkins MS. it is *guiling*, the latter reading being also suggested in Becket's Examen, 1815, i. 283. In Henry Peacham's Minerva Britanna, 1612, p. 207, observes Mr. Singer, of *deceitful* "court favour" it is said:

She beares about a holy-water brush,
Wherewith her bountie round about she throwes,
Fair promises, good wordes, and gallant showes;
Herewith a knot of *guilded* hookes she beares, &c.

So, again, in A Lover's Complaint,—"Saw how deceits were guilded in his smiling."

[36] *Veiling an Indian beauty.*

That is, concealing an Indian lady, a Black, a dark-complexioned beauty. Hanmer alters *beauty* to *dowdy;* Mr. Singer proposes to read, *gipsy;* and *idol* has

also been suggested. Theobald, in his Letters to Warburton, p. 308, proposes to place a full stop after *Indian*, and to read the passage thus,—

> Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
> To a most dang'rous sea: the beauteous scarf
> Veiling an *Indian*.—Beauty's, in a word,
> The seeming truth which cunning *dames* put on
> T' entrap the wisest.

Instead of *times* he also proposes *tires* or *trims*. The old text is exceedingly well supported by an anonymous critic (A. E. B.) in the following note:—

1st. The argument of Bassanio is directed against the deceptiveness of ornament in general, of which seeming beauty is only one of the subordinate illustrations. These illustrations are drawn from *law*, *religion*, *valour*, and *beauty*; all of which are finally summed up in the passage in question, beginning, *Thus ornament*, &c.; and still further concentrated in the phrase, *in a word*. Therefore this summing up cannot refer singly to *beauty*, no more than to any other of the subordinate illustrations, but it must have general reference to adventitious ornament, against which *the collected argument* is directed.—2ndly. The word *beauty* is necessarily attached to Indian as designative *of sex*: "an Indian," unqualified by any other distinction, would imply a male; but an "Indian beauty" is at once understood to be a female.—3rdly. The repetition, or rather *the opposition*, of *beauteous* and *beauty*, cannot seriously be objected to by any one conversant with the phraseology of Shakespeare. "The beauteous scarf" is the deceptive ornament which leads to the expectation of something beneath it *better* than an *Indian* beauty! Indian is used adjectively, in the sense of wild, savage, hideous—just as we, at the present day, might say a Hottentot beauty; or as Shakespeare himself in other places uses the word Ethiop:

> Thou for whom Jove would swear
> Juno but an Ethiop were.

[37] *Thou pale and common drudge 'tween man and man.*

The greatest part of the current coin, observes Douce, being of *silver*, this metal is here emphatically called the common drudge in the more frequent transactions among men. Thus Iago says of his purse:—"'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been *slave* to thousands." Dr. Farmer proposes to alter *pale* to *stale*, to avoid the repetition of the expression as applied to silver and lead; but there are so many other instances of a similar kind, it is hardly right to disturb the original text. It may be mentioned, however, that *stale* and *common* appear together in the context in a passage in Henry IV., and that *stale* is misprinted *pale* in the first edition of Troilus and Cressida. "To whom *pale* day is but a *drudge*," Chapman's Shadow of Night, 1594.

[38] *Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence.*

Warburton proposes to alter *paleness* to *plainness*, but the paleness of lead was proverbial, and is continually alluded to. "Pale as lead," Romeo and Juliet. "Diane declining, *pale* as any *ledde*," says Stephen Hawes. In Fairfax's Tasso, we have—"The lord Tancredie, *pale* with rage as *lead*." Again, Sackville, in his Legend of the Duke of Buckingham:—"Now *pale* as *lead*, now cold as any stone." And in the old ballad of the King and the Beggar: "——She blushed scarlet red, Then straight again, as *pale as lead*." As to the antithesis, Shakespeare has already made it in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

> Where I have seen them (*great clerks*) shiver and look *pale*,
> I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
> Of saucy and audacious *eloquence*.—*Farmer*.

By laying an emphasis on *thy* (*thy* paleness moves me, &c.), Warburton's objection is obviated. Though Bassanio might object to silver, that "pale and *common drudge*," lead, though *pale* also, yet not being in daily use, might, in his opinion, deserve a preference.—*Malone.*

There is no relation between *paleness* and *eloquence*, in the sense required by the context. *Paleness* can only move "more than eloquence" when the feeling to be excited is *compassion:* but *plainness* has just that sort of opposition to eloquence which the tenour of the passage requires. Moreover, *plainness* has an obvious reference—which *paleness* has not—to the preceding line:—"Which rather threat'nest than doth promise aught." And it is also an appropriate continuation of *meagre*, in the sense of poor, barren, unassuming.—*A. E. B.*

[39] *In measure rain thy joy.*

Range, ed. 1600 by Roberts; *raine*, eds. 1600 by Heyes, 1623, 1632, 1637. *Rein* was sometimes spelt *rain* in ed. 1623, and the former word makes sense; but the other is supported by the following passage in Henry IV., part I.:—"— But in short space, it *rain'd* down *fortune* show'ring on thy head." So, in the Laws of Candy, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

—— pour not too fast joys on me,
But sprinkle them so gently, I may stand them.

Lord Lansdowne, in his alteration of this play, has thus exhibited the present passage:—"In measure *pour* thy joy."—*Boswell.*

Tollet is of opinion that *rein* is the true word, as it better agrees with the context; and more especially on account of the following passage in Coriolanus, which approaches very near to the present reading:—"—— being once chaf'd, he cannot be *rein'd* again to temperance." So, in Love's Labour's Lost,—"*Rein* thy tongue."—*Steevens.*

[40] *What find I here?*

Some monosyllable appears to have been omitted. There is no example of *here*, used as a dissyllable; and even with such assistance, the verse, to the ear at least, would be defective. Perhaps our author design'd Portia to say:—"For fear I surfeit *me*."—*Steevens.* Capell reads, "Ha! what find I here?," and Hanmer,—"What *do* I find here?"

[41] *Fair Portia's counterfeit.*

Counterfeit, portrait. "If a painter were to drawe anie of their *counterfets* on a table, he needes no more but wet his pencill, and dab it on their cheekes," Nash's Pierce Penilesse, 1592.

[42] *A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men.*

What are our curled and crisped lockes, but *snares and nets* to catch and *entangle the hearts* of gazers.—*Greene's Pair of Turtle Doves*, 1606.

[43] *And leave itself unfurnish'd.*

The meaning is,—How could the artist have seen to paint both her eyes? Having copied one, it would, methinks, have power to overwhelm the artist's eyes with its own brightness, and so be left without a companion. This interpretation of *unfurnish'd* is well supported by the following passage in Fletcher's Lovers Progress,—

—— You are a noble gentleman;
Will it please you bring a friend? We are two of us,
And pity either of us should be *unfurnish'd.*

Dr. Johnson proposed to read, *leave himself*, and Rowe, with several other

editors of the last century, read *unfinish'd*. The latter reading is to some extent supported by the following passage in Greene's Pair of Turtle Doves, 1606,—"If Apelles had beene tasked to have drawne her *counterfeit*, her two bright-burning lampes would have so dazled his quicke-seeing sences, that quite dispairing to expresse with his cunning pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he had been inforced to have staid his hand, and *left* this earthly Venus *unfinished*." Another suggestion is,—*half-furnish'd*. One eye is painted, which steals the painter's two, leaving itself (the picture) half-furnished, the artist being incapacitated from completing it.

[44] *So far this shadow doth limp behind the substance.*

"She will outstrip all praise, and make it halt behind her," Tempest.

[45] *I come by note, to give, and to receive.*

This seems to be in allusion to a bill or note for money or anything lent, which is both given and received, or possibly to an ordinary receipt. The metaphor is also carried out afterwards,—"until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you."

[46] *Still gazing, in a doubt.*

Altered by Hanmer to,—*gazing still in doubt*.—It should be remark'd of that line, and of the passage it belongs to, that both have great imperfections; nor can sense be extracted from them, without admitting (what grammarians will scarce be dispos'd to do) that *stands* may be imply'd before *giddy*, and *like* accepted for *as* in the passage's commencement.—*Capell*.

[47] *Those peals of praise.*

So in ed. 1600 for Heyes; *pearls*, ed. 1600 by Roberts. The latter reading may be the true one. "The pearles of praise that deck a noble name," Whetstone's Rocke of Regard, 1576. "But that that bears the pearle of praise away," R. C.'s verses pref. ibid.—*Steevens*.

There can be little doubt but that *peals* is the correct reading. The antecedent to it is the shout of applause, of which he is uncertain if it be his or no.

[48] *The full sum of me is sum of something.*

So all the quartos; the word *something* being altered to *nothing* in the first and subsequent folios. The latter appears, at first view, to be the most obvious reading; but, having regard to the author's fondness for a jingle, and to the circumstance that *nothing* will scarcely suit the passage immediately following it, the other and older lection may be preferred. The sum (or whole) of me is sum (or whole) of something, which, to term in gross, &c. There should only be a comma after *something*. I add, however, the notes of the commentators:—

We should read—*some* of something, that is, only a piece, or part only of an imperfect account; which she explains in the following line.—*Warburton*.

Some of something, which is a correction of Warburton's, is, I must confess, beyond my comprehension. He tells us indeed, that it signifies "a part only of an imperfect account." But how comes *something* to signify an imperfect account? *Something*, in this place, most certainly stands, as our poet himself goes on to explain it, for "an unlessoned girl." And if we should ask why Portia chuses to term herself a part only of an unlessoned girl, I suppose our critick would be at a loss to inform us. The common reading was,—"Is sum of something." The meaning, I apprehend, is this; the full sum of me is (to express myself in gross) the sum of what may be expected to be found in an unlessoned girl.—*Heath*.

Thus one of the quartos (quarto R.) The folio reads:—"Is sum of *nothing*." —The purport of the reading in the text seems to be this:—"—— the full *sum*

of me —— is sum of something;" *i. e.*, is not entirely ideal, but amounts to as much as can be found in *an unlesson'd girl*, &c.—*Steevens.*

I should prefer the reading of the folio, as it is Portia's intention, in this speech, to undervalue herself.—*M. Mason.*

After telling us, in expressions of great warmth, what she *would* be if wishes could make her such, and on what account she would be, she descends with exquisite modesty to what she *is;* and in these expressions asserts a title to *something*, or to be something, was any estimate made of her: and, that even this may not appear too much, the *something* which she pretends to is defin'd and ascertain'd by her presently in terms of the greatest sweetness.—*Capell.*

[49] *Happiest of all is, that.*

In that, Perkins MS. Capell reads just above,—"happier than this, *in that.*" There appears to be no necessity for alteration in either instance. In the latter, the second folio reads, *in this;* and Steevens proposes to insert *and.*

[50] *Master of my servants.*

The confusion of genders, *lord*, *master*, and *queen*, though undoubtedly the words of the author, sounds strange to modern readers. In Lord Lansdowne's alteration of the play, 1701, it is thus given,—"But now I was the lady of this fair mansion, mistress of these servants, queen o'er myself."

[51] *You can wish none from me.*

That is, none away from me; none that I shall lose, if you gain it.—*Dr. Johnson.*

[52] *You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission.*

In some editions, there is no pause after *lov'd*, but Theobald properly suggested the present arrangement. *Intermission*, delay (Lat.)

[53] *Till my very roof was dry.*

That is, the roof of the mouth. In the Perkins MS., it is *tongue*, the old copies reading *rough.* If the ordinary reading be incorrect, perhaps we may substitute *mouth.*

[54] *Lorenzo, and his infidel.*

How comes it to pass, that there is no more notice taken of Jessica, and that Bassanio and Portia take no notice of her at all? Was she still in the habit of a boy, and appeared as Lorenzo's page? that there might be no occasion of taking notice of her, and hearing her story, which could not be so properly done if Bassanio had a letter to deliver of such consequence, and that required so much haste; and much less, if Bassanio had read it. But then again, if she was in man's cloaths, how comes Gratiano to say to Nerissa—bid her welcome, without intimating at least that she was a woman in man's apparel? And again is it not a little odd, Jessica mixes herself in discourse about the Jew her father's desire of revenge on Antonio, and still not one civil word is addressed to her by Bassanio or Portia?—*Theobald's Letters.*

[55] *Nor well, unless in mind.*

He is not sick in body, but only in mind; nor can he be considered well, unless his mind is well, or unless he is supported by fortitude of mind. "The mind shall banquet, though the body pine," Love's Labour's Lost.

[56] *Will show you his estate.*

"Open the letter", stage-direction in ed. 1600 for Heyes; "he opens the letter," ed. 1600 by Roberts. These directions of course refer to Bassanio.

[57] *How doth that royal merchant.*

A royal merchant was, properly, one who was employed by a sovereign in any mercantile transactions. Beaumont and Fletcher's Beggars' Bush was altered under the title of the Royal Merchant, 4to. n. d., but printed about the year 1706. Sir Thomas Gresham, who possessed immense wealth, and transacted business for Queen Elizabeth, was sometimes called the Royal Merchant. "And much less how, like a royal merchant, to return your great magnificence," Massinger's Renegado.

[58] *We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.*

Douce says the meaning is, "Antonio, with his *argosie*, is not the successful Jason; we are the persons who have won the fleece." So, in Abraham Fleming's Rythme Decasyllabicall, upon this last luckie Voyage of worthie Capteine Frobisher, 1577:

> The golden fleece (like Jason) hath he got,
> And rich'd return'd, saunce losse or luckless lot.

Again, in the old play of King Leir, 1605:

> I will returne seyz'd of as rich a prize
> As Jason, when he wanne the golden fleece.

It appears from the registers of the Stationers' Company, that we seem to have had a version of Valerius Flaccus in 1565. In this year, whether in verse or prose is unknown, was entered to J. Purfoote: "The story of Jason, howe he gotte the golden flece, and howe he did begyle Media (Medea), out of Laten into Englishe, by Nycholas Whyte."—*Steevens.*

[59] *Of any constant man.*

This word occasionally signified *grave*, as in the present instance. In Withals' Shorte Dictionarie, 1599, 4to. fol. 105, we have "sadde, *grave*, constant, —*gravis.*" So in Twelfth Night, when Malvolio is under confinement, he says, "I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any *constant question.*" —*Douce.*

[60] *The paper as the body.*

I believe the author wrote—*is* the body. The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. So, in the first quarto edition of this play,—"Is dearly bought, *as* mine," &c. instead of—*is* mine.—*Malone.* The expression is somewhat elliptical: "The paper *as* the body," means—the paper resembles the body, is as the body.—*Steevens.*

[61] *The best condition'd and unwearied spirit.*

"*Unwearied* should evidently be *unweariedst*, though I cannot find that any of the old copies have it so," Hunter's New Illustrations, i. 328. "The best condition'd, *most unwearied* spirit," Jew of Venice, 1701, p. 27. "An unweary'd spirit," Warburton. There is no sufficient reason for disturbing the original text, it having been the practice with our old writers to use great licence in these kinds of constructions; and this is not the only instance where the positive adjective is used in conjunction with the superlative, the force of the latter being understood. Thus, in the previous act,—"to make me *blest*, or *cursed'st*, among men."

[62] *Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.*

All the old editions read *shall*, though an occasional copy may have had *should*, the reading adopted by Malone. The second folio reads, *through my*,

to correct the metre, and Eccles suggests that *through* may be altered to *thorough*, for the same object. The proper name is misprinted *Bassano* in ed. 1623.

[63] *Show a merry cheer.*

Cheer, that is, countenance. The use of the word in this sense is common in Chaucer, and other early English writers.

[64] *Between you and I.*

Pope altered *I* to *me*, but without necessity, the former reading being quite in consonance with the grammatical usages of the time.

[65] *If I might but see you at my death.*

According to the general way of printing this passage, the seeing Bassanio at his death has been made the condition of Antonio's forgiving him his debt. Such a want of generosity is inconsistent with the tenderness and nobleness of Antonio. The present punctuation was suggested by Charles Kemble.—*Harness.*

[66] *O love, despatch all business, and be gone.*

To this line, the name (Portia) is prefix'd in all editions but one, the second quarto: its absence from that quarto, and the absence from every quarto and folio too of the words that direct a *reading* by the person she speaks to, create suspicion that she herself is the *reader*, for all her *hear*, having the letter put into her hands by Bassanio, who found himself incapable to obey her in that: persons of feeling will be apt to think, with the editor, that there is in this a propriety, as well as a good dramatic effect; and her instant exclamation when over, does most certainly follow more naturally, and with better grace than at present.—*Capell.*

[67] *No rest.*

So in the edition printed by Roberts in 1600. All the other copies, folio and quarto, read, *nor rest.*

[68] *This is the fool that lends out money gratis.*

Lends, ed. 1623; *lent*, ed. 1600. On the supposition that Shylock is here speaking with a violent sneer, the former reading seems preferable; although of course, as a strict matter of fact, the past tense is right.

[69] *Thou art so fond.*

That is, so foolish. So, in the old comedy of Mother Bombie, 1594, by Lyly: "—that the youth seeing her fair cheeks, may be enamoured before they hear her *fond* speech."—*Steevens.*

[70] *A soft and dull-ey'd fool.*

"The sad companion, dull-ey'd Melancholy," Pericles.

[71] *That ever kept with men.*

To *keep* is to reside, to live with. So it is still used in our Universities. "Where do you *keep?*," where are your apartments? So in a letter from Sir Thomas More to Dean Colet:—"Yf the discommodities of the cittie doe, as they may very well, displease you, yet may the countrie about your parish of Stepney afforde you the like delights to those which that affordes you, wherein now you *keepe*."—Life and Death of Sir Thomas More.—*White.*

[72] *For the commodity that strangers have.*

The grammatical construction of the present passage is exceedingly involved, but the meaning seems to be;—for the privilege that strangers have in Venice, if the letter of the law be denied, will call into question the justice of the state,

which derives its trade and profit from commerce with all nations. Strangers were especially favored in Venice. See a chapter on "the libertee of straungers" in Thomas's Historye of Italye, 1561, p. 85. Theobald, in his Letters to Warburton, proposes to read,—

> The Duke cannot deny the course of law,
> For the commodity that strangers have
> With us in Venice. If it be deny'd,
> 'Twill much impeach the justice of the State.

[73] *How dear a lover of my lord.*

In our author's time, this term was applied to those of the same sex who had an esteem for each other. Ben Jonson concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne, by telling him: "he is his true *lover*." So, in Coriolanus:—"I tell thee, fellow, thy general is my *lover*."—*Malone.*

[74] *I never did repent for doing good.*

This is unnecessarily altered by Pope and others to,—"I never did repent *of* doing good, *and* shall not now."

[75] *And waste the time together.*

The verb *waste* is here used in its primitive sense, to consume, spend or pass, not necessarily with any idea of unprofitableness.

[76] *Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love.*

Egal, ed. 1600 for Heyes, eds. 1623, 1632; *equal*, ed. 1600 for Roberts, eds. 1637, 1652, 1663, 1685. The former was the older word in the same sense. See the Prol. to the Remedie of Love, Gorboduc, &c.

[77] *Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.*

The wrong pointing has made this fine sentiment nonsense, as implying that friendship could not only make a similitude of manners, but of *faces*. The true sense is,—*lineaments of manners*, i. e. form of the *manners*, which says the speaker, must needs be proportionate.—*Warburton.*

The poet only means to say that corresponding proportions of body and mind are necessary for those who spend their time together. So, in King Henry IV. P. II.:—"*Dol.* Why doth the prince love him so then?—*Fal.* Because *their legs are both of a bigness*," &c. Every one will allow that the friend of a toper should have a strong head, and the intimate of a sportsman such an athletic constitution as will enable him to acquit himself with reputation in the exercises of the field. The word *lineaments* was used with great laxity by our ancient writers. In the Learned and True Assertion of the Original, Life, &c. of King Arthur, translated from the Latin of John Leland, 1582, it is used for the human frame in general. Speaking of the removal of that prince's bones,—he calls them "Arthur's *lineaments* three times translated;" and again, "all the *lineaments* of them remaining in that most stately tomb, saving the shin bones of the king and queen," &c. Again, in Greene's Farewell to Follie, 1617: "Nature hath so curiously performed his charge in the *lineaments* of his body." Again, in Chapman's version of the fifth Iliad: "——took the weariness of fight from all his nerves and *lineaments*." Again, in the thirteenth Iliad: "——the course of his illustrious *lineaments* so out of nature bound, that back nor forward he could stir,—" In the twenty-third Iliad: "——so overlabour'd were his goodly *lineaments* with chase of Hector," &c. In the twenty-fourth Iliad: "——Those throes that my deliverers were of his unhappy *lineaments*."—*Steevens.*

Between companions whose pursuits and inclinations agree, who love each

other, and are continually engaged in reciprocal attentions, a sympathy of affections will beget a resemblance of manners, of countenance, gesture, and deportment.—*Seymour.*

[78] *Hear other things.*

In former editions:—"Therefore no more of it; *here* other things, Lorenzo, I commit," &c. Portia, finding the reflections she had made came too near self-praise, begins to chide herself for it; says, She'll say no more of that sort; but call a new subject. The regulation I have made in the text was likewise prescribed by Dr. Thirlby.—*Theobald.*

[79] *In speed to Padua.*

The old copies read, *Mantua;* and thus all the modern editors implicitly after them. But 'tis evident to any diligent reader, that we must restore, as I have done,—*In speed to Padua:* for it was there, and not at *Mantua*, Bellario liv'd. So, afterwards:—"A messenger, with letters from the Doctor, now come from Padua."—And again: "Came you from Padua, from Bellario?"—And again, "It comes from Padua, from Bellario."—Besides, Padua, not Mantua, is the place of education for the civil law in Italy.—*Theobald.*

[80] *With imagin'd speed.*

That is, with celerity like that of imagination. So, in the Chorus preceding the third Act of King Henry V.:—"Thus with *imagin'd* wing our swift scene flies." Again, in Hamlet; "—swift as *meditation*—."—*Steevens.*

Imagin'd speed means, I think, with speed that may be more easily imagined than expressed,—with all imaginable speed. The expression, so understood, is, I admit, licentious.—*Chedworth.*

[81] *Unto the tranect.*

The old copies read *tranect*, which is probably a corruption. "There are in Venice thirteen ferries or passages, which they commonly call *traghetti*, where passengers may be transported in a gondola to what place of the city they will," Coryat's Crudities, 1611, p. 168. "And that men may passe speedily, besides this bridge, there be thirteene places called *traghetti*, where boats attend called *gondole*, which, being of incredible number, give ready passage to all men," Moryson's Itinerary, i. 77. It must, however, be admitted that the original reading may be supported by the Italian *tranáre*. See also Ducange, in v. *Trana*. "There are four sluices leading from the Brenta into the Laguno of Venice, at the last of which there might be *traino*, or *tranetto*, a machine to draw the boat through the pass, and this might be rendered by some English writer, *tranect*.—There is no pretence to change the word, which is found in all the old copies; but Rowe substituted *traject*, which was long followed by other editors," Nares. The nearest ferry to Venice is the Mestre, that is five miles from Venice and eighteen from Padua. Shakespeare assigns no absolute place for Belmont; but, from wherever that stood, the servant travelled to Padua, and again the twenty-three miles to meet Portia, *did so*, waited the "turning over many books," and came, "furnished with the opinion of the learned Bellario," and all in two hours (Anon.).

[82] *When we are both accouter'd like young men.*

Accoutered, ed. 1600 printed for Heyes; *apparreld*, ed. 1600 by Roberts. The former word better agrees with what follows,—"and wear my dagger with the braver grace."

[83] *And turn two mincing steps into a manly stride.*

Mince, i. e. trip away. "Walking and mincing as they go," Isaiah, iii. 16.

Coles translates it, *Junonium incedere.* "This mynion here, this myncing trull," Interlude of the Disobedient Child.

> As for their legs, whether they *mince* or stride,
> Those native compasses are seldom wide
> Of telling truth.—*Wit Restor'd*, 1658.

[84] *I could not do withal.*

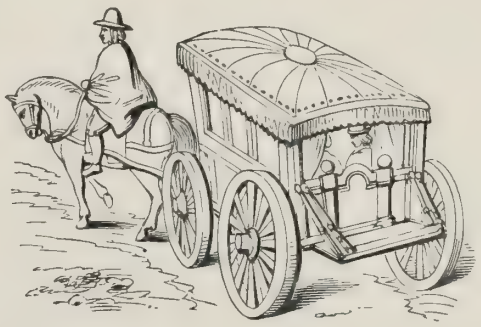
A very common phrase, equivalent to, I could not help it, it was not my fault. "If he beare displeasure agaynst me, I can nat do withall, *Sil indigne contre moy, je nen puis mays*," Palsgrave, 1530. "I can nat *do withall*, a thyng lyeth nat in me, or I am nat in faulte that a thyng is done," ibid. The phrase occurs more than once in Florio's Second Frutes, 1591. "Beare witnes, my masters, if hee dye of a surfet, I cannot doo withall; it is his owne seeking, not mine," Nash's Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596. See further examples in Ben Jonson, ed. Gifford, iii. 471; Webster's Works, ed. Dyce, iii. 215; Middleton's Works, ed. Dyce, iv. 26.

> And some men are so prone to steale, I thinke,
> It is as nat'rall as their meate and drinke;
> They are borne to 't, and cannot *doe withall*,
> And must be filching still, what e'r befall.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

There is a proverbial phrase, "to look as if one could not do withal," which has a different signification. See instances of it in Pick's Festum Voluptatis, 1639, p. 37; Heywood's Late Lancashire Witches, 1634.

[85] *When I am in my coach.*

The coaches of the sixteenth century have been already mentioned in vol. ii, p. 360, illustrated by two engravings. The one here annexed is of a somewhat later period, being selected by Mr. Fairholt from Visscher's view of London, published at Antwerp in 1616. Coaches had become exceedingly common at the time the present comedy was written; and in 1601 was introduced into Parliament a bill "to restrain the excessive use of coaches within this realm of England." It should be recollected that Portia is not speaking of Venice. In that city, there were no coaches. See Coryat's Crudities, ed. 1611, p. 225.



[86] *I fear you.*

That is, I fear for you. The particle *for* was often omitted after the verb. "What doth her beauty serve," Romeo and Juliet. "And his physicians fear him mightily," Richard III.

[87] *So now I speak my agitation of the matter.*

This has been explained, "the result of my thoughts on this subject;" but *agitation* seems rather to be Launcelot's blunder for *cogitation.*

[88] *Thus when I shun Scylla, &c.*

This is in allusion to a proverbial line,—"Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare

Charybdim," which originally appeared in the Latin poem, Alexandreis sive Gesta Alexandri Magni, by Philip Gualtier, a poet of the middle ages, being there applied to Darius, who, escaping from Alexander, fell into the hands of Bessus. Several editions of it were published in the sixteenth century. The proverb itself has been pointed out in the works of a much earlier writer—St. Augustine, in Joan. Evang., Tract. xxxvi. § 9. :—" Ne iterum quasi fugiens Charybdim, in Scyllam incurras;" And again :—"A Charybdi quidem evasisti, sed in Scyllæis scopulis naufragasti. In medio naviga, utrumque periculosum latus evita." It was also common in English works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Thus Ascham, in his Schole-master :—" If *Scylla* drowne him not, *Charybdis* may fortune to swallowe him." Again, Niccols in his England's Eliza :—" To shun *Charybdis* jaws, they helpless fell in *Scylla's* gulf," &c. It is likewise, says Farmer, met with in Lyly's Euphues, Harrington's Ariosto, &c. and Surrey's contemporary in one of his Poems :—" From *Scylla* to *Charybdis* clives,—from danger unto death." See other examples in Baret's Horsemanship, 1618, p. 96; Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. 1652, p. 107; Gay's Trivia, p. 184. There is an old Somersetshire proverb of a similar effect,—" He got out of the muxy, and fell into the pucksy."

> While Silla they do seem to shun,
> In Charibd they do fall.
>
> *A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie*, n. d.

> Scaping one mischeife, they fall to a worse:
> They Scylla's hard rockes doe escape and fall
> Into Charybdis gulph, that eates up all.
>
> *The Newe Metamorphosis*, MS. circa 1600.

Hee, the chandler I meane, noting what benefit the morgage of the young gentleman's land might be unto him, if he redeemed his estate, which now lay a bleeding, and tooke the morgage into his owne hand, concluded with the gentleman, and releeved his present wants, proposing a certaine day for redemption of the said morgage: which was kindly accepted of by the gentleman, little thinking how he fell from the fire into the flame, and by avoiding *Charybdis*, had fallen into *Scylla*. —*Brathwait's English Gentleman*, 1630.

[89] *I shall be saved by my husband.*

" The unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband."—*St. Paul.*

[90] *We shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.*

A " rasher on the coals" was a favorite article of food in Shakespeare's time, and is mentioned with the red-herring as a capital incentive for the lover of wine in Nash's Pierce Penilesse, 1592. " The mystical hieroglyphick of rashers o' th' coals," Decker's Gulls Hornbook, 1609.

He never disallowes religion for putting Lent in the almanacke: for tobacco, a *rasher*, and red herrings, his instruments of relish, are at al times perhibited.—*Stephen's Essayes*, 1615, p. 271.

[91] *The Moor should be more than reason.*

Steevens here refers to the quibbling epigram of Milton, which has the same kind of humour to boast of:

> *Galli* ex concubitu gravidam te, *Pontia*, *Mori*,
> Quis bene *moratam*, *morigeram*que neget?

So, in the Fair Maid of the West, 1631:

> And for you *Moors* thus much I mean to say,
> I'll see if *more* I eat the *more* I may.

[92] *If she be less than an honest woman.*

Honest, that is, chaste.—The next that sate to her was a fishwife of Stand on the Greene, who said her tale was pleasant, but scarce *honest:* she taxed women with too much immodestie: to salve which, she would tell the adventures of a poore gentlewoman, that was used unkindly by her husband. They all liked this well, and intreated her to proceede: which she willingly consented unto.—*Westward for Smelts* 1620.

Capell proposes to alter *less* to *more*, but the original better expresses the speaker's amusing way of blundering.

[93] *Goodly Lord.*

It has been suggested that these words should be altered to, *good Lord*, *good the Lord*, or, *good my lord.* There does not appear to be any clear necessity for alteration.

[94] *How his words are suited!*

This is spoken ironically, Launcelot's words being anything rather than suited, or agreeing with the context; or, perhaps, *suited* may here simply mean *arranged;* or, how they are matched to suit a perverted meaning.

[95] *That for a tricksy word defy the matter.*

That is, that are indifferent to the sense for the sake of introducing a fanciful or affected word. The term *tricksy* is generally applied to an individual. "Every lad can have his tricksie lasse, which wantonlie, scarce crept from shell, he dandles on his knee," Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615.

> There was a *tricksie* girle, I wot, albeit clad in gray,
> As peart as bird, as strait as boult, as fresh as flower in May.
> *Warner's Albions England.*

[96] *And, if on earth he do not mean it, then in reason.*

Instead of weighing the speaker's reasoning, and collecting (as had been easily done from that reasoning) the undoubted and proper sense of her *mean it* (observe the mean, enjoy blessings moderately) change is proceeded to; and their phrase of alteration is—*merit it*, *In* beginning their next line: How consequential this to what has preceded, will not escape the considerer: but the present and true reading, he will find so abundantly; and though he may see some extravagance in the sentiment that is convey'd by that reading, he will not be apt to condemn it, taking with it the occasion and speaker, and its affinity in extravagance to the thought that comes from her next.—*Capell.*

It in reason, ed. 1600 for Heyes; *then in reason*, ed. 1600 for Roberts; *it is reason*, ed. 1623; *in reason*, ed. 1637. The interpretation of *mean* above given appears to be forced, and it may possibly be an error for *find*, or some word of like import.

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

Enter the DUKE, *the* Magnificoes,[1] ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity,[2] void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach,[3] I do oppose
My patience to his fury: and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Solan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,

That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 't is thought
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse,[4] more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where[5] thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,[6]
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath[7] have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats. I 'll not answer that:[8]
But, say, it is my humour.[9] Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;[10]
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;[11]
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,[12]
Cannot contain[13] their urine: for affection,
Master of passion,[14] sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe,[15]—but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,

More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?[16]
Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew,[17]
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,[18]
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;[19]
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,[20]
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven,[21]
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here are six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?[22]
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; is mine,[23] and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer, shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,[24]
Come here to day.

Solan. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presents a letter.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?[25]

Shy. To cut the forfeiture[26] from that bankrout there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul,[27] harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe,[28] bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog![29]
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.[30]
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf,[31] who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st[32] in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd,[33] and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.[34]—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter. [*Clerk reads.*

Your grace shall understand that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you,[35] as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger,[36] do you not? [*To* ANTONIO.

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;[37]
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven[38]
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;[39]
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.[40] Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer[41] doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head![42] I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth.[43] And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'T will be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state:—it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel![44]
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 't is, most reverend doctor; here it is.
Por. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offer'd thee.[45]
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;[46]
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why, then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'T is very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart,—those are the very words.[47]
Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh the flesh?[48]
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd; But what of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 't is not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you,
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which ling'ring penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you[49] that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I 'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that, [*Aside.*
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom I protest I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'T is well you offer it behind her back; [*Aside.*
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas[50]
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*Aside*
We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence! come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little;—there is something else.—

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then,[51]—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.[52]
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple,[53]—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel; a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.[54]

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.[55]

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I 'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.[56]
Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,[57]
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state;[58] not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,[59]
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!
Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use,[60]—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter;
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;[61]
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew; what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence:
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christ'ning, thou shalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,[62]
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.[63]
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, Magnificoes, *and Train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.[64]

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied:
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,

Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Bass. There 's more depends on this than on the value.[65]
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Por. That scuse serves many men[66] to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,[67]
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.
Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued against your wife's commandment.
Bass. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house.—Away, make haste. [*Exit* GRATIANO.
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter PORTIA, *and* NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it; we 'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,[68]
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:—
I 'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [*To* PORTIA.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing,[69]
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we 'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?
[*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

[1] *Enter the Duke; the Magnificoes.*

Magnificoes was a term applied to the grandees of Venice. "*Magnifico*, nobly-minded; magnificent; also, a magnifico of Venice," Florio's New World of Words, 1611, p. 295.

[2] *Uncapable of pity.*

> Either at first uncapable it is,
> And so few things or none at all receives,
> Or mard by accident, which haps amisse,
> And so amisse it every thing perceives.
>
> *The Nosce Teipsum of Sir J. Davies*, p. 89.

[3] *Out of his envy's reach.*

Envy, malice; hatred; ill will. So, in an early MS. in the Cambridge Public Library,—

> There he had grete chyvalry;
> He slewe hys enemys with grete *envy*.

He thought likewise to make use of the envie that the French king met with, by occasion of this warre of Britaine.—*Bacon's Historie of the Raigne of King Henry the Seventh*, 1629.

This tax (called benevolence) was devised by Edward the Fourth, for which he sustained much envie.—*Ibid.*

So, in Reynolds's God's Revenge against Murder, 1621: "—he never looks on her (his wife) with affection, but *envy*," p. 109, edit. 1679. So also, in Lazarus Pyot's Orator, 1596, "—they had slaine him for verie *envie*."—*Steevens.* So again, p. 418,—"the keenness of thy sharp envy."

[4] *Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse.*

Remorse, pity. "Putting in act what was before devis'd, without all human pity or remorse," Drayton's Barons Warres.

[5] *And where thou now.*

Where, whereas. "And where I thought," Two Gentlemen of Verona.

[6] *Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture.*

The old copies read *loose*, but this circumstance is of no importance, *lose* and *loose* being spelt in either way for either word in works of the time of Shakespeare. To *loose*, to release, makes good sense; but *lose*, that is, give up in your own loss, lose it by your own will, seems the more likely reading.

[7] *By our holy Sabbath have I sworn.*

The ed. 1600 printed for Heyes reads *Sabaoth*, but the ordinary reading, here adopted, seems the one most adapted for the purpose of an oath.

[8] *I'll not answer that.*

The Jew being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right, and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. I will not answer, says he, as to a legal or serious question, but since you want an answer, will this serve you?—*Johnson.* "I'll now answer that by saying 'tis my humour," Warburton.

[9] *But, say, it is my humour.*

The term *humour* is probably here employed in the sense attached to the term as commonly used in Shakespeare's time, an indescribable exaggeration of its meaning as applied to a whim, caprice, or any propensity. Any peculiar quality, or turn of mind, was a "humour." So, in an epigram in the Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-Vaine, 1611,—

> Object, why bootes and spurres are still in season;
> His humour answers, humour is his reason.
> If you perceive his witt's in wetting shrunke,
> It commeth of a humour to be drunke.

[10] *Some men there are, love not a gaping pig.*

By a *gaping* pig, Shakespeare, I believe, meant a pig prepared for the table; for in that state is the epithet, *gaping*, most applicable to this animal. So, in Fletcher's Elder Brother:—"And they stand *gaping* like a *roasted pig*." A passage in one of Nash's pamphlets (which perhaps furnished our author with his instance,) may serve to confirm the observation: "The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman, if they see a *pig come to the table.* Sotericus the surgeon was cholerick at the sight of sturgeon," &c., *Pierce Pennylesse his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592.—*Malone.*

So, in Muffat on Food, "What soldier knoweth not that a *roasted pigg* will affright Captain Swan more than the sight of twenty Spaniards."—*Boswell.*

So, in Webster's Dutchess of Malfy, 1623:—"He could not abide to see a *pig's head gaping;* I thought your grace would find him a Jew." Again, in the Mastive, a Collection of Epigrams and Satires:

> Darkas cannot endure to see a cat,
> A breast of mutton, or a *pig's head gaping.*—*Steevens.*

A brawn's head, with an orange in his mouth, was a standing dish at the tables of the great, and may still be seen in the shops of the principal venders of brawn, at Christmas.—*Croft.*

It is curious that the poet should have instanced this antipathy, as one of any singularity, the speaker being a Jew.

An instance hereof appeares in William Earle of Pembroke, none of the least obsequious observers of the times; who naturally or rather customarily (since the former may be lyable to question) abominating a frogge, had one throwne into his

neck by King James: and did in requitall cause a pigge (of an equall disgust with the same Prince) to be put under his close stool; where, though it produced no extraordinary ill effect for the present, it being as usuall a thing with his Majesty to be frighted, as &c.—*Osborn's Advice to a Son*, 1658.

There is a curious enumeration of antipathies given in the Newe Metamorphosis, a poem written early in the seventeenth century,—

I knewe the like by one that nould endure
To see a goose come to the table sure;
Some cannot brooke to se a custarde there,
Some of a cheese doe ever stande in feare;
And I knowe one, if she tobacco see,
Or smels the same, she swoones imediately:
The like of roses I have heard some tell,
Touch but the skyn and presently 'twill swell,
And growe to blisters; the reason it is this,
Twixt them and these there's such antithisis.

[11] *Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat.*

A man that is not afraid of a lion is afraid of a cat; not afraid of starving, and yet is afraid of some joint of meat at the table, presented to feed him; not afraid of the sound of drums and trumpets and shot, and those which they seek to drown, the last cries of men, and is afraid of some particular harmonious instrument; so much afraid, as that with any of these the enemy might drive this man, otherwise valiant enough, out of the field.—*Donne's Devotions.*

[12] *And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose.*

Palsgrave, in his Table of Verbes, f. 270, has a curious phrase which may be given as an illustration of this passage,—"It wolde make one . . . . . to here him jombyll on a lute." A further explanation will be found in the following passage.

Julius Scaliger relates a merry tale of a certain man of good esteeme, that sitting at the table at meat, if he chanced to heare the lute played upon, took such a conceit at the sound or something else, that he could not hold his urine, but was constrained eft to . . . . . amongst the strangers legges under the table. But this belongs to an antipathy more.—*Optick Glasse of Humors*, 12mo. Lond. 1639, p. 135.

The passage in Scaliger's Exercitations against Cardan, is, "Narrabo nunc tibi jocosam Sympathiam Reguli, Vasconis Equitis: Is dum viveret audito phormingis sono, urinam illico facere cogebatur." See also Mer. Casaubon of Enthusiasme, Chap. 3, p. 97; Mead on Poisons, p. 120.

E. Kn. What ayles thy brother? can he not hold his water, at reading of a ballad?—*Well.* O, no: a rime to him is worse then cheese, or a bag-pipe.—*Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour*, p. 46.

The like may bee affirmed of the greatest part of those antipathies, which being concealed from men, yet cannot come of any secret seedes that are contrary or enemies to Nature, as the Epicures dote, but are hidden in the secret magazin or storehouse of nature, which hath not revealed or laide the same open unto any person. Who can tell the reason why the Conciliatour, otherwise called Peter de Albano, did abhorre milke? Why Horace and Jaques de Furly could not abide garlike, nor Cardan could away with egges? And why that gentleman of Gascoigne (of whome Julius Cæsar Scaliger speaketh) could not abide the sound of a violl? And of this latter in Cardan you may read the historie. The phisitian Scaliger writeth how hee himselfe knew a gentleman, his neighbor, which had in him such an antipathy at the sound of a vyoll, that as soone as ever he heard it, were he in any company, even of the best sort, and that either at table or elsewhere, hee was constrayned to forsake the place, and to go away to make water. Now it happened that certaine gentlemen, having of a long time perceived and known this strange nature and disposition in him, did one day invite this gent: to dine with them; and having provided and suborned a certain minstrel of purpose, they caused him to be kept close till the appointed dinner time, when, being set at table, they had so placed the gent. in the middest of them, as it was not possible for him to get forth. Now as they were in the middest of their dinner, in came the fidler and began to strike up his violl neere unto the gent. He that never heard the sound of that instrument, but was presently taken with an extreame desire to . . . . . , grew into an exceeding great paine; for being not able to get from the table, nor daring to lay open his imperfection to the whole company, the poore man shewed by the often change of his countenance, in what pitiful case and paine he was. But in the end, hee was constrayned to yeelde to the present mischiefe, and to reveale his imperfection.—*A Treatise of Specters or straunge Sights*, 1605.

In a marginal note to the above narrative it is asserted that "another gen. of this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Excester, who could not endure the playing on a bagpipe." It is, therefore, most likely that some such anecdote was known to Shakespeare.

> Now would he tune his pipe unto his eare,
> And play so sweet, as joyed the flocks to heare,
> Yea, I have heard, (nor thinke I Fame did lye)
> So skilfull was this lad in minstrelsie,
> That when he plaid one stroke, which oft he would,
> No lasse that heard him could her water hold.
>
> *Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell*, 1615.

[13] *Cannot contain.*

Contain, to retain, to restrain. This verb was formerly used in both these senses, most frequently in the latter. "I conteyne, I forbeare from any thing," Palsgrave, 1530. "If they bee not conteyned by dulce and faire meanes," State Papers, ii. 138. "And one that was my brother-in-law, when I contain'd my blood," Chapman's tr. of the Iliad, p. 41. So in Montaigne's Essaies, translated by Florio, 1603, b. ii. c. iii.: "Why dost thou complaine against this world? It doth not *containe* thee: if thou livest in paine and sorow, thy base courage is the cause of it; to die there wanteth but will." Again in Bacon's Essaies, 4to. 1625, p. 327: "To *containe* anger from mischiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things." See also Middleton, ed. Dyce, i. 357, ii. 315; Beaumont and Fletcher, ed. Dyce, ii. 140; State Papers, v.

[14] *For affection, master of passion, sways it.*

The old copies read *masters*, the present reading and punctuation being that

suggested by Dr. Thirlby, and again, in Malone's Supplement, 1780, i. 124. It was adopted by several editors of the last century. *Affection* is here evidently used in the sense of *sympathy*, a technical signification of the word acknowledged by Bacon, Digby, and others. Some editors connect the words *for affection* with the preceding passage, commencing a new sentence at *masters*, retaining the plural in that word, and altering *sways* to *sway*, thus explained by Ritson,—"some men, when they hear the sound of a bagpipe, are so affected therewith that they cannot retain their urine; for those things which are masters over passion, make it like or loath whatever they will." Rowe altered the original to, *Masterless passion*, and Dr. Thirlby, in addition to the suggestion of the text here adopted, also conjectured that *masters* may be an error for *mistress*, the latter word having been sometimes spelt *maistress*, and the feminine better agreeing with *affection*, words of this kind being generally referred to, when personified, as of that gender. "Ymaginacion, maistresse of alle workes," Mayster of the Game, MS. "She found opinion mistresse of the lover's judgment," Sydney's Arcadia. "Humidity is mistresse, as one may say, of the first and yonger yeeres of creatures that are born," Learned Summary upon Du Bartas, fol. 1621. Another suggestion is,—"for affection masters *our* passion, sways it," &c. Ben Jonson, in Sejanus, speaks of, "affection's passions;" and Greene, in his Never Too Late, 1616,—"his heart was fuller of passions than his eyes of affections." Sir J. Hawkins proposes to read,—"for *affections*, masters of passion, *sway it*," a reading which is exceedingly probable. The lection adopted, however, as involving the slightest change, is to be preferred.

[15] *Why he, a woollen bag-pipe.*

It has been proposed to alter *woollen* to *wooden* (Heath and Johnson), *wawling* (Capell), *bollen* (Perkins MS.), *wooing* (Jackson), *mewling* (Becket), *swelling* and *swollen* (Sir J. Hawkins). If any alteration were necessary, the one last-named seems to be the one to be preferred, both in regard to sense, and in the probability of one word being so like the other in the original manuscript, as to have deceived the compositor: but it is impossible to guard too rigidly against a tendency to change the ancient text without authority, merely because a suggested variation may convey a more plausible meaning. In the absence of the author's manuscripts, the earliest complete printed editions offer the best evidence that can now be procured for his exact words; and, wherever fair sense can be deduced from these texts, it is not within the legitimate province of an editor to alter them, even for the sake of an acknowledged improvement. With reference to the suggested reading, *swollen*, Douce makes the following judicious remarks,—"we have here one of the too frequent instances of *conjectural* readings; but it is to be hoped that all future editors will restore the original *woollen*, after weighing not only what has been already urged in its support, but the additional and accurate testimony of Dr. Leyden, who in his edition of the

Complaynt of Scotland, p. 149, informs us that the Lowland bagpipe commonly had the bag or sack covered with *woollen cloth* of a green colour, a practice which, he adds, prevailed in the northern counties of England," Illustrations, p. 163. "It is not unusual to see the large skin or bladder of a bagpipe covered with *flannel;* and it is possible that Shakespeare only used the word as a descriptive epithet," Ritson. "Perhaps Shakespeare calls the bagpipe *woollen*, from the bag being generally covered with woollen cloth; I have seen one at Alnwick, belonging to one of the pipers in the Percy family, covered with black velvet, and guarded with silver fringe," note by H. G. Robinson in ed. 1793. "The amendment of Sir John Hawkins from a *woollen* to a *swollen* bagpipe is supported by Farmer and Steevens; but Shakespeare, using *woollen*, seems to confirm an opinion that a compact woollen cloth might hold air strongly enough to admit of the necessary compression; or if that be not a fact, there can be no doubt that a large oxes bladder, covered with woollen cloth, would have often afforded a cheap and excellent substitute for a leathern bag: there is now (Nov. 1818) a blind Highland piper playing every day in the streets of Bath; the bag is closely covered with a green woollen cloth," Dr. Sherwen's MS. notes on Shakespeare. The connexion between the terms *woollen* and *swollen* is curiously supported by the following passage in Dr. King's Art of Cookery,—"The reader may not have a just idea of a *swoled mutton*, which is a sheep roasted in its *wool*, to save the labour of fleaing."

The above representation of a bag-piper of the fourteenth century is copied from an illumination in the Luterell Psalter, here taken, by the author's kind permission, from Mr. J. H. Parker's Domestic Architecture in England from Edward I. to Richard II., 1853, p. 71. The woodcut in a previous note (p. 431) is from a much later authority, a black-letter ballad of the seventeenth century. A great variety of forms of this instrument may be readily collected from early MSS. and printed books.

> First came the rustick forth, with pipe and puffed bag,
> That made his eies to run like streames, and both his lips to wag.
> *Turbervile's Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs, &c.*, fol. 13.

[16] *Are you answer'd?*

There is a similarity between some parts of this speech and the following lines in How a Man may Chuse a good Wife from a Bad,—

> But on what reason ground you this hate?
> *Y. Art.* My reason is my mind, my ground my will,
> I will not love her: if you ask me why
> I cannot love her, let that answer you.

[17] *Think you question with the Jew.*

To *question* is to *converse.* So, in Measure for Measure: "— in the loss of *question* —" that is, conversation that leads to nothing. To *reason* had anciently the same meaning.—*Steevens.*

[18] *You may as well use question with the wolf.*

So both the editions of 1600, with the exception that, in one copy of that printed by Heyes, the words, "you may as," are accidentally omitted. "Or even as well," ed. 1623.

[19] *Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.*

The words "why he hath made" are omitted in one copy of Heyes' edition of

1600, but they are found in three copies of that work now before me. The same words are omitted in ed. 1623. In eds. 1600, *bleat* is printed *bleake*. The line is thus printed in ed. 1632,—"The Ewe bleate for the Lambe: when you behold."

[20] *And to make no noise.*

This is an instance of a negative following a negative verb, and merely strengthening the negation, instead of destroying its force. Hanmer unnecessarily alters *no* to *a*.

[21] *When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven.*

Fretten, eds. 1600; *fretted*, ed. 1623. "And with the wind in greater fury fret," Rape of Lucrece. The image, says Steevens, seems to have been caught from Golding's version of Ovid, 1587, book xv. p. 196:

> Such noise as pine-trees make, what time the headdy easterne wind
> Doth whizz amongst them.

[22] *How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?*

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."—Matthew, v.

[23] *Is mine.*

As, ed. 1600 by Heyes; *'tis*, other eds. The first reading, which is clearly a printer's error for *is*, seems the best.

[24] *Whom I have sent for to determine this.*

There is a difficulty in explaining this, in connexion with what has been previously stated, and reconciling it with Portia having the possession of Bellario's letter. It seems necessary to suppose that Portia had written to Bellario in the first instance, that the latter had informed her he had been previously engaged to attend by order of the Duke, and that hence the suggestion for carrying her design out, in the manner in which it is in the present act, was derived. Portia, in fact, before she sends Balthazar to Bellario for the notes and clothes, speaks of the cost already bestowed to effect Antonio's deliverance; implying that vast trouble had been taken, and perhaps that the scheme had even then been in discussion in a correspondence between Bellario and herself, accomplished with great rapidity, and without any regard to expense. There is no necessity for supposing that Balthazar had been engaged on these occasions, but rather that his services had been reserved for the most important mission of several to Bellario.

[25] *Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?*

"This incident occurs in the ballad of Gernutus, whence there is reason to suppose it was borrowed. In 1597 was acted at Cambridge a Latin play called *Machiavellus*, in which there is a Jew, but very unlike Shylock. He is a shrewd intriguing fellow of considerable humour, who, to obtain possession of a girl, puts a number of tricks on the Machiavel of the piece, and generally outwits him. In one scene he overhears his rival despairing of success with the father of his mistress, and expressing a wish that he had some instrument wherewith to put an end to his misery. On this he lays a *knife* in his way, but first takes care *to whet it*. To the Merchant of Venice or to Gernutus the Latin play was indebted," Douce. The Latin drama here alluded to was written by a person of the name of Wiburne, and is only known to exist in a single imperfect MS.

The ballad of Gernutus is entitled,—"A new Song shewing the crueltie of Gernutus a Jew, who lending to a Merchant a hundred crownes, would have a pound of his flesh, because he could not pay him at the day appointed; to the

Tune of Black and Yellow." The following copy of the ballad is here printed from the early edition preserved at Oxford, "Printed at London by E. P. for J. Wright dwelling in Gilt-spur-street," collated with another copy. In the first one, the second part commences with the words,—"with right good will."

THE FIRST PART.

In Venice towne not long agoe
A cruell Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to die,
Nor never yet did any good
To them in streetes that lye.

His life was like a barrow-hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Untill men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heape of dung,
That lyeth in a hoord,
Which never can doe any good,
Till it be spred abroad.

So fares it with this usurer,
He cannot sleep in rest,
For feare the theefe will him pursue
To plucke him from his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,
How to deceive the poore;
His mouth is almost full of mucke,
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,
For every weeke a penny,
Yet bring a pledge, that 's double worth,
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day,
Or else you loose it all:
This was the living of his wife,
Her cow she doth it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
A merchant of great fame,
Which being distressed in his need,
Unto Gernutus came:

Desiring him to stand his friend
For twelve moneth and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crownes:
And he for it would pay
Whatsoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he should have.
No, quoth the Jew with flearing lookes,
Sir, aske what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it
For one yeere you shall pay;
You may doe me as good a turne,
Before my dying day.

But we will have a merry jeast,
For to be talked long:
You shall make me a bond, quoth he,
That shall be large and strong:

And this shall be the forfeyture;
Of your owne fleshe a pound.
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here 's a hundred crownes.

With right good will! the merchant said:
And so the bond was made.
When twelve moneth and a day drew on,
That backe it should be payd.

The marchants ships were all at sea,
And money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to doe,
To thinke he doth begin:

And to Gernutus strait he comes
With cap and bended knee,
And sayde to him, Of curtesie
I pray you beare with mee.

My day is come, and I have not
The money for to pay:
And little good the forfeyture
Will doe you, I dare say,

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,
Commaund it to your minde:
In thinges of bigger waight then this
You shall me ready finde.

He goes his way; the day once past,
Gernutus doth not slacke
To get a sergiant presently;
And clapt him on the backe:

And layd him into prison strong,
And sued his bond withall;
And when the judgement day was come,
For judgement he doth call.

THE SECOND PART

Of the Jews crueltie; setting foorth the mercifulnesse of the Judge towards the Marchant. To the tune of Blacke and Yellow.

Some offered for his hundred crownes
Five hundred for to pay;
And some a thousand, two or three,
Yet still he did denay.

And at the last ten thousand crownes
They offered, him to save.
Gernutus sayd, I will no gold:
My forfeite I will have.

A pound of fleshe is my demand,
And that shall be my hire.
Then sayd the judge, Yet, good my friend,
Let me of you desire

To take the flesh from such a place,
As yet you let him live:
Do so, and lo! an hundred crownes
To thee here will I give.

No: no: quoth he; no: judgement here:
For this it shall be tride,
For I will have my pound of fleshe
From under his right side.

It grieved all the companie
His crueltie to see,
For neither friend nor foe could helpe
But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand,
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow:
Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie:
I charge the to do so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
Which is of flesh a pound:
See that thou shed no drop of bloud,
Nor yet the man confound.

The marchants friends came thither fast
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
But he that day must dye.

For if thou doe, like murtherer
Thou here shalt hanged be:
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
No more than longes to thee:

For if thou take either more or lesse
To the value of a mite,
Thou shalt be hanged presently,
As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad,
And wotes not what to say;
Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes,
I will that he shall pay;

And so I graunt to set him free.
The judge doth answere make;
You shall not have a penny given;
Your forfeyture now take.

At the last he doth demaund
But for to have his owne.
No, quoth the judge, doe as you list,
Thy judgement shall be showne.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,
Or cancell me your bond.
O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,
That doth against me stand!

And so with griping grieved mind
He biddeth them fare-well.
And all the people prays'd the Lord,
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song,
For trueth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as hee
Doth live now at this day;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a wealthy man,
And for to trap the innocent
Deviseth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me,
And every Christian too,
And send to them like sentence eke
That meaneth so to do.

[26] *To cut the forfeiture.*

Ritson unnecessarily proposes to alter *forfeiture* to *forfeit.*

[27] *Not on thy sole, but on thy soul.*

These words are again quibbled upon in Romeo and Juliet. In the earliest editions, *sole* is spelt *soule*, but a distinction is made in ed. 1623, where it is printed *soale.* His soul was sufficiently hard and stony to give an edge to his knife. So, in King Henry IV., Part II.:

> Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
> Which thou hast *whetted on thy stony heart*,
> To stab at half an hour of my life.

[28] *No, not the hangman's axe.*

It may be necessary to observe that the term *hangman* was formerly applied generally to an executioner. In the Prophetess, a person, who had stabbed another, is spoken of as his hangman. In Jacke Drums Entertainement, 1616, observes Mr. Dyce, Brabant Junior, being prevented by Sir Edward from *stabbing himself*, declares that he is too wicked to live,—

> And therefore, gentle knight, let mine owne hand
> Be mine own *hangman.*

[29] *O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!*

All the copies read—*inexecrable.*—It was corrected in the third folio.—*Steevens.* Perhaps, however, unnecessarily. *In* was sometimes used in our author's time, in composition, as an augmentative or intensive particle.—*Malone.*

[30] *And for thy life let justice be accus'd.*

That is, let justice be accused of wrong in suffering thee to live. Capell, however, explains it, "that, as he had before invok'd *damnation* upon him, so now he would have *justice* (executive justice) take away his *life;* though it were in wrong, and to that justice's impeachment."

[31] *Thy currish spirit govern'd a wolf.*

This allusion might have been caught from some old translation of Pliny, who mentions a Parrhasian turned into a *wolf*, because he had eaten part of a child that had been consecrated to Lycæan Jupiter. See Goulart's Admirable Histories, 4to. 1607, pp. 390, 391,—"From thence is sprung an opinion that the soules, taken out the bodyes, enter into those fantosmes or visions running with the shapes of wolves; then when the worke enterprized by the divell is finished, they returne into their bodyes, which then recover life. The Licanthropes themselves confirme this opinion, confessing that the bodyes doe not leave their humaine forme, neyther yet receive that of a wolfe, but onelie that the soules are thrust out of their prisons, and flye into wolves bodyes, by whom they are carryed for a time." —*Steevens.*

[32] *Whilst thou lay'st.*

"Is not this a very common misprint for *lay'dst*, where the preterite is intended?," Douce. The active verb, to lay, and the neuter, *to lie*, seem confused by this critic.

[33] *Starv'd.*

The folios read *sterv'd*, an archaic form of the word, but the two earliest editions, printed in 1600, read *starv'd.*

Then from thy firme selfe never swerve;
Teares fat the griefe that they should *sterve.*
Lovelace's Lucasta, 1649.

The cold and frozen ayre had *sterv'd*
Much poore, if not by thee preserv'd.—*Carew's Poems*, 1642.

[34] *To cureless ruin.*

The folios read *endless*, and Pope, in error, *careless*. "Each man's day stands prefixt, time short and swift, with *curelesse* bretch is lotted all mankind," Phaer's Virgil, 1600. "My cureless crime," Lucrece.

[35] *Cannot impugn you.*

To *impugn*, is to *oppose*, to *controvert*. So, in the Tragedy of Darius, 1603: —"Yet though my heart would fain *impugn* my word." Again:—"If any press t' *impugn* what I impart."—*Steevens.*

"I impugne a mannes opynion with a contrarye reason, *je empugne;* men may saye as they lyste, but I knowe no man can impugne his reason," Palsgrave, 1530.

[36] *You stand within his danger, do you not?*

The old meaning of the word *danger* was jurisdiction, or dominion whereby persons were liable to fine for certain offences to him in whose *danger* they were. See Ducange, in v. *Dangerium*. "In daunger he hadde at his owne assise, the yonge gurles of the diocise," Chaucer's Cant. Tales, 665. "Nec audebant Abbates eidem resistere, quia aut pro denariis aut pro bladis semper fuerunt Abbates *in dangerio* dicti Officialis," Monast. Angl. i. 815. "In my dangere, herst thou, shalle thay dwelle," Townley Mysteries, p. 60. "Metum nus fors de dangier," Roman de Rou. "Narcissus was a bachelere, that love had caught in his daungere," Chaucer's Romaunt of the Rose. "*In ære meo est*, he is in my debt or daunger," Elyotes Dictionarie, 1559. "Whom he compassing about with ambushes, got them *within his daunger*, and easily discomfited them," Holinshed, 1577. "Laying for his excuse that he had offended manie noblemen of England, and therefore would not come *in their danger*," Powell's History of Wales, 1587. "*A vuéstro sálvo*, yourselfe being safe, or without your owne danger," Percivale's Spanish Grammar, ed. 1623. The expression "in debt and danger" occurs in an old ballad, "The Householders New-Year's Gift;" and "in danger" in Massinger's Fatall Dowry, 1632. The phrase seems to be partially retained in the still common proverb,—"out of debt, out of danger."

Two detters some tyme there were
Oughten money to an usurere;
The one was *in his daungere*
Fyve hundred poundes tolde.—*Chester Plays.*

Or by bringing your husband *into danger or det?*
Fye, that either rich or poore their mindes thus should set.
The Booke in Meeter of Robin Conscience, n. d.

A countryman being set upon by a theefe, was so light of foote that he scap'd away from him: which the theefe perceiving, and being quite out of hope to overtake him, stood still and fell extreamly a-laughing to himselfe: the countryman then turning backe, and, seeing him so merrie, thought haply that he was some olde acquaintance of his growne out of remembrance, that in jest had all that while pursu'd him: and in that conceipt came towards him; and still the theefe laugh'd more and more, as seeming his acquaintance. Insomuch as the plaine

fellow suspecting no danger, *came within his danger*, and fairly lost his purse.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

Compare, also, Massinger, iii. 374; and Venus and Adonis.

[37] *The quality of mercy is not strain'd.*

That is, is not forced or constrained; it is the quality of mercy that it is entirely free, not compelled. She replies to Shylock's question by observing that there is no compulsion in the quality of mercy.

[38] *It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven.*

Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought.—*Ecclesiasticus*, xxxv. 20.

[39] *It is twice bless'd.*

Would not the sense be better expressed if we should read, "it is twice blessing?," yet I cannot approve of this: *twice-blessed* certainly does not mean blessed in repetition, as our actresses utter it, but blessed augmentedly, blessed supremely, or in a great degree, as we say, *thrice happy*, without any idea of repetition. *Blessed* here is *holy*.—*Seymour.*

[40] *When mercy seasons justice.*

O, Father! Mercie is an attribute
As high as Justice; an essentiall part
Of his unbounded goodnesse, whose divine
Impression, forme, and image man should beare.
And (me thinks) man should love to imitate
His mercie; since the onely countenance
Of justice were destruction, if the sweet
And loving favour of his mercie did
Not mediate betweene it and our weakenesse.

The Atheist's Tragedie.

[41] *And that same prayer.*

Blackstone thinks it is out of character that Portia should refer the Jew to the Christian doctrine of salvation and the Lord's Prayer; but, besides that it is supposed the Lord's Prayer consists of expressions in use among the Jews, their Scriptures abound with passages recommending mercy, particularly Ecclesiasticus, ch. 28.—*Anon.*

[42] *My deeds upon my head! I crave the law.*

It is quite impossible, when perusing this scene, to exclude from recollection what passed before Pilate, and it would be utter affectation to deny that Shakespeare has sketched this trial from that sacred model. *My deeds upon my head*—I crave *the Law*—"His blood be on us and on our children." "We have a law," St. Matt. xxvii. 25, and St. John, xix. 7.—*Farren.*

[43] *Malice bears down truth.*

"Though Theobald's emendation in his Shakespear Restored, p. 167, substituting *ruth* for *truth*, may perhaps appear plausible, yet I adhere with Warburton to the common reading, and apprehend that the word *truth* here denotes that supreme rule of right and equity, by which all human actions ought to be directed," Heath's Revisal. *Truth*, honesty. As Dr. Johnson observes, a *true man*, in old language, is an *honest man*. The jury are still called *good men and true.*

[44] *A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!*

There is no fault in sense here; I think the pointing is not exactly as the poet designed it. I like it better,—"A Daniel! Come to judgment:—yea, a Daniel!," for this reading not only extols the advocate, but expresses the Jew's impatience for a sentence; and when Gratiano comes to retort the Jew's words with him, he cries,—"A second Daniel! a Daniel, Jew!—A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!—I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."—*Theobald's Letters.*

"Madam, I do wish you one other Daniel to decide your doubts, according to your good deserts," Letter dated 1595, quoted in Hunter's New Illustrations, i. 330. See Ezekiel, xxviii. 3, and Daniel, vi. 3.

[45] *Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.*

This offer is, at first sight, at variance with what Bassanio previously says; but it may be supposed that Portia takes advantage of the suggestion that he would be bound "to pay it ten times o'er," and now, on her own responsibility, offers Shylock thrice the value of the bond. The correctness of the original text is substantiated by a subsequent speech of Shylock's. Ritson unnecessarily proposed to alter the word *twice*, in Bassanio's speech, to *thrice*.

[46] *Why, this bond is forfeit.*

When Shylock speaks of the "single bond," he no doubt means one in which Antonio only is engaged; but, properly speaking, the bond is not a single bond, but one with a condition, the essential nature of which is that it must be strictly performed. The refusal of the money in open court was, therefore, according to law; while the severe statutes of Venice, as mentioned by Portia, preclude the supposition that the Duke had an equitable jurisdiction in such matters.

[47] *Nearest his heart, those are the very words.*

This seems at first sight at variance with what is stated in the first act,—"to be cut off and taken in what part of your body pleaseth me;" but it may be presumed that the selection of the part was made by Shylock before the bond was actually drawn up.

[48] *Are there balance here, to weigh the flesh?*

The word *balance* was frequently used as a plural noun. "Two paire of ballaunce of 4 li.," MS. accounts of Frobisher's voyages, 1576. "*Libra*, a paire of ballance or weights," Nomenclator, 1585. "*Ballance*, a paire of scales," Coote's English Schoolemaster, 1632. "Religion's balance are golden bags," Lilly's Midas. "*Ballances*, a pair of ballance," Synonymorum Sylva. One editor reads *scales* instead of *balance*, as cited by Grey.

> But, O the baker, how he plaid false with the ballance,
> And ran away from the takers tallants.
>
> *The Cobler's Prophesie, written by R. Wilson*, 1594.

When al trades perish, he may turne shop-keeper, and deale with *ballance*, for in weights and measures none is more deceitfull. He ponders pithy volumes, by the dram or scruple, but small errours by the pound.—*Stephens' Essayes and Characters*, 1615.

But for the choice of your coach-horses there is another manner of providence to bee used, for they must be all of a colour, longitude, latitude, cressitude, height, length, thicknesse, breadth; I muse they do not weigh them in a *paire of ballance*, and beeing once matched with a great deale of care and cost.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

[49] *Repent but you.*

But, eds. 1600; *not*, ed. 1623. Either reading can be supported. The first,—only repent, give but a tear for the loss of your friend; the second,—obliterate me from your memory, let not my death interfere at all with your happiness, and I shall give up my life without a sigh.

[50] *The stock of Barrabas.*

The Barabbas of the Scriptures is altered to Barrabas by Marlowe and Shakespeare, and the error cannot be corrected without injury to the metre. According to Mr. Dyce, the word was invariably made short in the second syllable by the poetical writers of Shakespeare's days. "These are the brood of Barrabas, and these can rob," Taylor's Workes, 1630. Steevens says that the poet might otherwise have written:

Would any of Barabbas' stock had been
Her husband, rather than a Christian!

[51] *I take this offer then.*

His offer, Capell and Steevens. *This* offer is right. Shylock specifies the offer he means, which is, "to have the bond paid *thrice*."—*M. Mason.*

He means, I think, to say, "I take *this* offer that has been made me." Bassanio had offer'd at first but *twice* the sum, but Portia had gone further—"Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money," &c. The Jew naturally insists on the larger sum.—*Malone.*

[52] *Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.*

This judgment is related by Gracian, the celebrated Spanish jesuit, in his Hero, with a reflection at the conclusion of it: "—Compite con la del Salomon la promptitud de aquel gran Turco. Pretendia un Judio cortar una onza de carne a un Christiano, pena sobre usura. Insistia en ello con igual terqueria a su Principe, que perfidia a su Dios. Mando el gran Juez traer peso, y cuchillo; conminole el deguello si cortava mas ni menos. *Y fue dar agudo corte a la lid, y al mundo milagro del ingenio.*"—El Heroe de Lorenzo Gracian., Primor. 3. —*Steevens.*

[53] *The twentieth part of one poor scruple.*

Un bourgeois d'Ispahan retournoit chez lui avec de la viande qu'il venoit d'acheter; il rencontra dans la rue le commissaire du quartier, qui lui demanda ce qu'il portoit: "C'est de la viande," répondit-il, "et c'est un tel boucher qui me l'a vendue et me l'a fait payer plus cher que la taxe, encore ne m'a-t-il pas donné le poids; il manque au moins deux ou trois onces à ce morceau."—"Menez-moi," dit le commissaire: "dans l'endroit où vous l'avez prise;" y étant arrivé, il ordonna au boucher de peser la viande, il s'y trouva effectivement quelques onces de moins. —"Quelle justice demandez-vous de cet homme?" dit alors le commissaire au bourgeois:—"Je demande," répondit le bourgeois, "autant d'onces de sa chair qu'il en a retranché du morceau qu'il m'a vendu."—"Vous l'aurez," lui dit le juge, "et vous la couperez vous-même; mais si vous en prenez plus ou moins que le poids vous aurez le poing coupé." Le bourgeois sentit tout le danger de la restitution cruelle qu'il avoit exigée, et ne demanda aucune satisfaction au boucher.—*M. Des Essarts, Essai sur l'Histoire générale des Tribunaux des Peuples*, 8vo. Paris, 1779, vol. iv. p. 101.

[54] *Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.*

That is, at an advantage. The phrase occurs three times in Shakespeare.

"*Estre au dessus du vent encontre*, to have the wind, advantage, or upper hand of; to have on the hip," Cotgrave. See further in the Notes to Othello.

[55] *Give me my principal, and let me go.*

In the Gesta Romanorum, MS. Harl. 2270, a knight borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting all his flesh for nonpayment. When the penalty is exacted before the judge, the knight's mistress, disguised, *in forma viri et vestimentis pretiosis induta*, comes into court, and, by permission of the judge, endeavours to mollify the merchant. She first offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c., to all which his answer is—"*Conventionem meam volo habere.*—Puella, cum hoc audisset, ait coram omnibus, Domine mi judex, da rectum judicium super his quæ vobis dixero.—Vos scitis quod miles nunquam se obligabat ad aliud per literam nisi quod mercator habeat potestatem carnes ab ossibus scindere, *sine sanguinis effusione*, de quo nihil erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum; si vero sanguinem effuderit, *Rex contra eum actionem habet.* Mercator, cum hoc audisset, ait; *date mihi pecuniam, et omnem actionem ei remitto.* Ait puella, Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis—pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut sanguinem non effundas. Mercator vero videns se confusum, abscessit; et sic vita militis salvata est, et nullum denarium dedit."—*Tyrwhitt.*

[56] *Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.*

This latter part of Portia's address so completely brings to mind the conclusion of every sentence of single felony, pronounced by the clerk of the arraigns, who concludes his address to each culprit with, "Down upon your knees, and crave the benefit of the statute:" that I cannot sometimes help thinking but Shakespeare also must have borne it in mind when he wrote the passage.—*Anon.*

[57] *The difference of our spirit.*

That is, the opposite nature of my spirit. The ed. 1600 printed by Roberts has *spirits*, when the sense would be,—the difference between our spirits, a signification suiting less with the dignity and position of the speaker.

[58] *Ay, for the state.*

That is, observes Malone, that the state's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Antonio's.

[59] *You take my life, when you do take, &c.*

"He that taketh away his neighbour's living, slayeth him," Ecclesiasticus, xxxiv. 22. So, in the Dutchess of Malfy, 1623,—

> I cannot think they mean well to your life,
> That do deprive you of your means of life.

[60] *So he will let me have the other half in use.*

That is, in trust for Shylock during his life, for the purpose of securing it at *his* (not *my*, as suggested by Johnson) death to Lorenzo. Some critics explain *in use*, upon interest, a sense which the phrase certainly sometimes bore, but that interpretation is altogether inconsistent, in the present passage, with the generosity of Antonio's character. In conveyances of land, where it is intended to give the estate to any person after the death of another, it is necessary that a third person should be possessed of the estate, and the *use* be declared to the one after the death of the other; or the estate to the future possessor would be rendered insecure. This is called a conveyance to *uses*, and the party is said to be possessed, or rather *seised* to the *use* of such an one, or to the use that he render or convey the land to such an one, which is expressed in law French by the terms *seisie al*

use, and in Latin, *seisitus in usum alicujus, viz. A B or C D.* This latter phrase Shakespeare has rendered with all the strictness of a technical conveyancer, and has made Antonio desire to have one half of Shylock's goods in *use*,—to render it upon his, Shylock's, death, to Lorenzo; which is by no means an unfrequent mode of securing a future estate, and in our author's time nothing was more common than for A to convey to B *in usum*, or to the *use* that he should on a certain day enfeoff C or convey to C. Suppose a gift to A et heredibus suis, in usum, quod redderet B; and we have the exact words of Antonio.—*Anon.* Dr. Thirlby, by a change of the subsequent lines, gives Antonio a much more generous way of thinking,—

> To quit their fine of one half of his goods;
> I am content to let him have the other
> In use, to render it upon his death
> Unto the gentleman that stole his daughter.

[61] *He presently become a Christian.*

According to Coryat's Crudities, 1611, p. 234, "all their goodes are confiscated as soone as they embrace Christianity: and this I heard is the reason, because, whereas many of them doe raise their fortunes by usury, in so much that they doe sometimes not only sheare, but also flea many a poor Christian's estate by their griping extortion, it is therefore decreed by the Pope, and other free princes in whose territories they live, that they shall make a restitution of all their ill-gotten goods, and so disclogge their soules and consciences, when they are admitted by holy baptisme into the bosome of Christ's church." It is just possible there may be some connexion between this regulation, and the termination of the trial by Shylock's compelled recantation of his faith.

[62] *Thou should'st have had ten more.*

This allusion at Venice to an English jury is an anachronism, repeated in another play where the locality of the speaker is Germany. Gratiano's joke is a very old one. A character in Bulleyn's Dialogue, 1564, says, "Maistres, it is merie when knaves are mette; I did see hym ones aske a blessyng to xij. godfathers at once." Compare, also, Randolph's Muses Looking-Glasse, 1638,—"I had rather zee him remitted to the jail, and have his twelve godvathers, good men and true, contemn him to the gallows, and there see him fairly prosecuted." So, in Ben Jonson's Devil is an Ass,—"Sir, I will leave you to your godfathers in law; let twelve men work."

> Twelve godfathers, good men and true, can
> Create a knave, or an honest man;
> Guilty, or Not Guilty, make,
> For fear, or love, or hatred's sake.
>
> *Canidia or the Witches*, 1683.

Come, come, look you, cousin, one word of advice now I'm sober; what the devil should provoke thee and me to put ourselves on our twelve godfathers for a frolick? We who have estates? I shou'd be loth to leave the world with a scurvy song composed by the poet Sternold.—*Behn's Younger Brother*, 1696.

[63] *I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.*

So in eds. 1600, 1623; *your grace's pardon*, ed. 1637. "I humbly do beseech you of your pardon," Othello.

[64] *We freely cope your courteous pains withal.*

The verb *cope* seems here used in one of its old senses, to chop or exchange,

to barter, to cheapen or buy. "Master, what will you copen or by?," London Lackpenny, MS. Harl. 367. The meaning is evidently,—we freely offer the ducats in return for your "courteous pains."

[65] *There's more depends on this, than on the value.*

This has been read,—"There's more than this depends upon the value," as it occurs in the ed. 1600 of Roberts; and again,—"There's more depends on this, than is the value." The text, which is that of most of the old editions, seems sufficiently clear. Capell proposes to read,—"There's more depends on this than the stone's value."

[66] *That scuse serves many men.*

Scuse, excuse, is an archaic not a contracted form. "Ile devise some *scuse*," Famous Historye of Captaine Thomas Stukeley, 1605.

Pharicles thought as closely to stand him the warde as he had clarkely given him the blow, and therefore trickt up his talke with this cunning *scuse*.—*Mamillia, the Second Part of the Triumph of Pallas*, 1593.

[67] *She would not hold out enemy for ever.*

An error of the press.—Read, "hold out *enmity*."—*M. Mason.* I believe the reading in the text is the true one. So, in Much Ado about Nothing, the Messenger says to Beatrice;—"I will *hold friends* with you, lady."—*Steevens.*

[68] *Upon more advice.*

That is, more *reflection*. So, in All's Well that Ends Well: "You never did lack *advice* so much," &c.—*Steevens.*

[69] *We shall have old swearing.*

Of this once common augmentative in colloquial language, there are various instances in our author. Thus, in the Merry Wives of Windsor: "Here will be an *old* abusing of God's patience and the King's English." Again, in 2 Henry IV.: "—here will be *old* utis." The same phrase also occurs in Macbeth.—*Steevens.*

Act the Fifth.

SCENE.—Belmont. *A Grove before* Portia's *House.*

Enter Lorenzo *and* Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,[1]
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand[2]
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs[3]
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night,[4]
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Steph. A friend.
Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend.
Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
By holy crosses,[5] where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Steph. None, but a holy hermit,[6] and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!
Lor. Who calls?
Laun. Sola! Did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!
Lor. Leave hollowing, man; here.
Laun. Sola! Where? where?
Lor. Here.
Laun. Tell him there 's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news;[7] my master will be here ere morning.[8] [*Exit.*
Lor. Sweet soul,[9] let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter;—Why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit* STEPHANO.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears;[10] soft stillness, and the night,[11]
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold.[12]
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:[13]
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in,[14] we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.[15] [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,[16]
By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,—
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature;
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA *at a distance.*

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.[17]

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;[18]
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—
Peace! Ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,[19]
And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases.*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo:—Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*[20]
Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.
It looks a little paler;[21] 't is a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their Followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,[22]
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light ;[23]
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me ;
But God sort all !—You are welcome home, my lord.
Bass. I thank you, madam : give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :
It must appear in other ways than words ;
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.[24]
[GRATIANO *and* NERISSA *talk apart.*
Gra. By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong ;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk ;
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already ! what's the matter ?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring[25]
That she did give me ; whose posy was,[26]
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife,[27] " Love me, and leave me not."
Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value ?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death ;
And that it should lie with you in your grave :
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective,[28] and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk !—no, God's my judge
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it !
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy ; a little scrubbed boy,[29]
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk ;
A prating boy that begg'd it as a fee ;
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame,[30] I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so rivetted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring,[31] and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands—
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,[32]
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An't were to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,[33]
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,[34]
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty[35]
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I 'll die for 't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy?
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,[36]
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I 'll not deny him anything I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I 'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him then:
For, if I do, I 'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.[37]

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,[38]
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me;
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,[39]

Which, but for him that had your husband's ring, [*To* PORTIA.
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bass. By Heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio,
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this,[40] last night did lie with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:[41]
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?
Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but e'en now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Ant. I am dumb.
Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.
Ner. Ay, and I 'll give them him without a fee.—

There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way[42]
Of starved people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so; The first intergatory,[43]
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day?
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I 'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.[44] [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fifth Act.

[1] *Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls.*

The late folios read *wall*, but the present text is that of the three earliest editions of the play. Most of the classical allusions in this scene were probably remembered by the author from Chaucer, e. g., Troilus and Cresseide, 5 B. 666 and 1142:

> Upon the *wallis* fast eke would he walke,
> And on the Grekis host he would y-se, &c.
> The daie goth fast, and after that came eve,
> And yet came not to Troilus Cresseide.
> He lokith forth, by hedge, by tre, by greve,
> And ferre his heade *ovir the walle* he leide, &c. . . .
> And up and doune by west and eke by est,
> *Upon the wallis* made he many a went.

[2] *Stood Dido with a willow in her hand.*

This passage has been produced to exhibit the poet's want of classical knowledge; but the image may be merely fanciful, or, if not, taken from some old play or ballad on the subject of Dido. "Anno 1563, upon the Sunday after Midsummer Day, the History of Eneas and Queen Dido was play'd in the Roods Eye; and were set out by one William Croston, gent., and one Mr. Man, on which triumph there was made two forts and shipping on the water, besides many horsemen, well armed and appointed," King's Vale Royal. A Latin play on the story of Dido, composed by the Fellows of King's College, was acted at Cambridge in 1564; it was chiefly taken from Virgil; MS. Harl. 7037. The ballad of Queen Dido is alluded to in Jacke of Dover his Quest of Inquirie, 1604, and was printed many years previously. If the incident alluded to in the text were not derived from some such source, the poet merely refers to the willow as a generic token of forsaken love. There is something similar to the above lines in Chaucer's account of Ariadne, when deserted by Theseus,—

> Alas (quod she) that ever I was wrought!
> I am betrayed, and her heere to-rent,
> And *to the stronde* barefote fast she went,

And cried; Theseus, mine-hert swete,
Where be ye, that I may nat with you mete;
And might thus with beestes bin y-slaine?
The halow rockes answerde her againe.
No man she saw, and yet shone the moone.—
She cried, *O turne again*, for routhe and sinne;
Thy barge hath not all his meiné in.
Her kerchefe on a pole sticked she,
Ascaunce he should it well y-see,
And him remember that she was behind,
And turne againe, and on the stronde her find.

[3] *Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs.*

See the story related in Gower's Confessio Amantis, and in Golding's Ovid. It is also alluded to by Chaucer. Notices of this kind are not evidences of importance either for or against the extent of classical knowledge possessed by Shakespeare, the stories of the ancient mythology being familiar to all the reading English public of his own day.

[4] *In such a night.*

Some editors prefix the conjunction *and*, but one hemistich at the commencement of a speech frequently follows another at the close of the preceding one. This particle is inserted both here, and at the commencement of the next speech, in ed. 1632.

[5] *She doth stray about by holy crosses.*

So, in the Merry Devil of Edmonton:

But there are *Crosses*, wife; here's one in Waltham,
Another at the Abbey, and the third
At Ceston; and 'tis ominous to pass
Any of these without a Pater-noster.

And this is a reason assigned for the delay of a wedding.—*Steevens.*

These holy crosses still, as of old, bristle the land in Italy, and sanctify the sea. Besides those contained in churches, they mark the spots where heroes were born, where saints rested, where travellers died. They rise on the summits of hills, and at the intersection of roads; and there is now a shrine of the Madonna del Mare in the midst of the sea between Mestre and Venice, and another between Venice and Palestrina, where the gondolier and the mariner cross themselves in passing, and whose lamp nightly gleams over the waters in moonlight or storm.—*M. in Knight's Shakespeare.*

[6] *None, but a holy hermit.*

The deception respecting Portia is here admirably carried out. She had previously announced her intention of spending the interval during her lord's absence at a monastery, and is now represented as returning home by holy crosses, seemly attended by a hermit and her maid.

[7] *With his horn full of good news.*

A post was, generally, a term applied to any courier or hasty messenger. "Postes, currours, or speadye messengers," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552. The letter-carrier of Shakespeare's day was also called a post, and he usually carried a horn, which was blown to announce his arrival. "The king will hang a horn about thy neck, and make a post of thee," Decker's Satiro-Mastix, 1602.

"The post, therefore, having put up his packet, blowes his horne, and gallops all the way like a citizen, so soone as ever hee's on horse-back, downe to Billingsgate," Decker's Knights Conjuring, Lond. 1607. "Sound a horne within; enter a divill like a poast," Divils Charter, 1607. "A post from his Excellence came blowing his horn," Rump Songs, i. 181. "A post windes his horn, and comes with a reprieve," Triumphant Widow, 1677, p. 93. See also the Late Revolution, 1690, p. 42, for a similar direction. The postman's horn is often seen figured in the water-marks of paper of the seventeenth century, and would appear to have often been a real horn. Common cow-horns were certainly often used by the post-boys of the last century, metal bugles for general use being of comparatively recent introduction. The above representation of a post blowing his horn is reduced from a woodcut on the title of a curious tract in the Editor's possession, entitled,—A Speedy Post, with a Packet of Letters and Compliments, n. d.

A fellow having more drinke then wit, in a winter evening made a foolish vowe to take the wall of as many as hee met betwixt the Temple-bar and Charing-crosse; and comming neere the Savoy, where stood a poste a little distance from the wall, the drunkard tooke it for a man, and would have the wall, beginning to quarrell and give the poste foule words: at which a man came by, and asked the matter, and whom he spake to: he answered, hee would have the wall of that fellow that stood so stifly there: my friend, said the other, that is a poste, you must give him the way: Is it so, said the fellow, a pox upon him, *why did he not blow his horne?—Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

[8] *My master will be here ere morning.*

That he should not be bold enough, nor any one after him, to put an *Exit* for the clown when he has made his speech, is among the wonders of their editions: but it rose, first, from their not considering that his continuance on the stage were in the last degree faulty; and next, from their having no right conception of the odd but proper mode of his entry: This, if rightly perform'd, should be—with a whip in his hand; with which he runs slashing about, circling the two people he hollows for without once looking on them; and having empty'd his budget, goes out slashing as he came in.—*Capell.*

[9] *Sweet soul.*

These words, in the old editions, form part of Launcelot's speech, but he would scarcely address them either to Lorenzo or Jessica, and they seem more appropriate here. In ed. 1632, *soul* is altered to *love.*

[10] *Let the sounds of music creep in our ears.*

So, in Churchyard's Worthines of Wales, 1587:

> A *musick* sweete, that through *our eares shall creepe,*
> By secret arte, and lull a man asleepe.

Again, in the Tempest:

This music *crept* by me upon the waters.—*Reed.*

[11] *Soft stillness, and the night.*

The same remark occurs in Bishop Hall's Meditations:—"How sweetly doth this musicke sound in this *dead season!* In the daytime it would not, it could not so much affect the eare! All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darknesse," Upon hearing of Musicke by Night, p. 111.—*White.*

[12] *Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.*

Pattens, ed. 1600 Heyes, eds. 1623, 1637, 1652; *pattents*, ed. 1600 Roberts; *patterns*, eds. 1632, 1663, 1685. The patine, the small flat dish or plate used with the chalice in the administration of the Eucharist, was always either made of gold, or was richly gilt, a circumstance which shows the propriety of the simile in the text. In Lyndwood's Provinciale, it is expressly ordered that no metal but gold or silver shall be used in either the patine or the chalice. The patine is sometimes spelt *pattent*, and sometimes *patten*, in old church inventories (Hunter, ii. 349). The poet means, says Mr. Dyce, "that the floor of heaven is thickly inlaid with plates, or circular ornaments, of bright gold." Compare Sylvester's Du Bartas,—

Th' Almighties finger fixed many a million
Of *golden scutchions* [orig. *platines dorees*] in that rich pavillion.

The specimen of the patine here engraved by Mr. Fairholt has in the centre an emblem of the Divine Hand giving its benediction, surrounded by a radiance of glory. It belongs to the thirteenth century, and was discovered a few years ago in a tomb in the cathedral of Troyes.

[13] *Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins.*

"And therefore, divers of them, as they ascribe a rythmical motion unto the starres, so doe they an harmonicall unto the heavens; ymagining that their moving produceth the melodie of an excellent sweete tune. So that they make the starres to be dancers, and the heavens to be musitians. An opinion which of old hath hung in the heads, and troubled the braines of many learned men: yea, and that not onely among the heathen philosophers, but also even among our Christian divines. The first author and inventor of which conceited imagination was the philosopher Pythagoras, who broched his opinion with such felicitie and happinesse, that he wonne unto his part divers of the most ancient and best learned philosophers, as Plutarch reporteth. Plato, whose learning Tullie so much admireth, that hee calleth him *the God of all Philosophers*, *Deum Philosophorum*, he affirmeth of the heavens, that *every one of them hath sitting upon it a sweet singing syren, carolling out a most pleasant and melodious song, agreeing with the motion of her own peculiar heaven;* which syren, though it sing of itselfe but one single part, yet all of them together, being eight in number (for so many heavens were onely held by the ancients) doe make an excellent song, consisting of eight parts: wherein they still modulate their songs, agreeable unto the motions of the eight celestial spheres," Fotherby's Atheomastix, 1622. The doctrine of the harmony of the spheres is too well known to require a lengthened note. *Cherubins*, from *cherubin*, a cherub, an error continued long after the time of Shakespeare.

The sky and stars are endowed with the keenest sensibility; nor is it unreasonable to suppose that they signify their mutual thoughts to each other by the transference of light, and that their sensibility is full of pleasure. The blessed spirits that inform such living and bright mansions behold all things in nature, and in the divine ideas; they have also a more glorious light than their own, through which they are elevated to a supernatural beatific vision.—*Campanella*, tr. by Hallam, Hist. Lit.

[14] *Doth grossly close it in.*

So in ed. 1600 Heyes; *in it*, ed. 1600 Roberts, ed. 1623, &c. The pronoun *it* refers, though with a somewhat licentious construction, to the soul. Rowe alters it to, *close us in it*, but Shakespeare is so irregular in everything that refers to tenses, the original text of the first edition may be allowed to remain. The meaning is,—Even such like harmony is in immortal souls; but, whilst this earthly vesture coarsely encloses the spirit, we cannot hear it. Dr. Johnson proposed to obviate the grammatical difficulty by reading,—"Such harmony is in th' immortal soul;" and Warburton, misapprehending the author's intention, alters *souls* to *sounds*. Milton, in his Arcades, speaks of—

——the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear.

But if you be born so neare the *dull-making* cataract of Nilus, that you cannot *heare* the *planet-like musick* of poetrie, if you have so earth-creeping a mind that it cannot lift itself up to look to the skie of poetrie, &c.—*Sydney's Defence of Poesie.*

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure *something holy lodges in that breast*,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify *his hidden residence.—Milton's Comus.*

Thomas Weelks, the musician, who was organist of the College of Winchester, dedicates his book of Madrigals of Five and Six Parts, 4to., 1600, to Henry, Lord Windsor, Baron of Bradenham, and compliments him in the following terms:—"My Lord, in the College of Winchester where I live, I have heard learned men say, that some philosophers have mistaken the soul of man for an harmony. Let the president of their error be a privilege for mine. I see not, if souls do not partly consist of music, how it should come to pass that so noble a spirit as yours, so perfectly tuned to so perpetual a tenor of excellencies as it is, should descend to the notice of a quality lying single in so low a personage as myself."—*Rev. J. Hunter.*

Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low sounds in a due proportionable disposition, such, notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony.—*Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity*, b. 5.

This idea, observes Steevens, might have been adopted from a passage in Phaer's translation of Virgil, b. vi.:

Nor *closed* so *in darke* can they regard their heavenly kinde,
For carkasse foul of flesh, and dungeon vile of prison blinde.

[15] *And draw her home with music.*

Malone thinks this is in allusion to the harvest-home, but the verb *draw* is probably merely used metaphorically. If any particular imagery be intended,

which is very doubtful, the attracting bees to their home by music would suggest itself.

[16] *Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze.*

This is spoken of young *colts*, but the speech is only a poetical amplification of a phrase that seems more properly to belong to *deer*. In the Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting, ascribed to Turbervile, the author or translator, speaking of the hart, says, "when he stayeth to looke at any thing, then he *standeth at gaze*;" and again, "he loveth to hear instruments, and assureth himselfe when he heareth a flute or any other sweete noyse. He marvelleth at all things, and taketh pleasure to *gaze* at them." See likewise Holland's translation of Pliny, tom. i., p. 213.—*Douce.*

Compare a passage in the Tempest, act iv.

[17] *So shines a good deed in a naughty world.*

Shakespeare had probably in his recollection the well-known passage in Matthew, v. 16,—"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works," &c.

[18] *Nothing is good, I see, without respect.*

That is, to use the words of Dr. Johnson, not absolutely good, but relatively good, as it is modified by circumstances. She is told by her attendant, it is her own music, which she now finds sweeter than she ever noticed it before. Then she says that nothing is good but by the looking upon it through the circumstances in which it is placed, looking with a particular meaning, a reflection of mind. She proceeds to say that the crow and the lark sing equally sweet, when not attended, that is, when the mind is not fixed particularly on them. It is the proper time, and state or preparation of mind, that gives the charm its full force.

[19] *Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion.*

"Peace, *how*," old eds. This exclamation is constantly so printed in old plays. "Open, how!," Famous Historye of Captaine Thomas Stukeley, 1605. In the second act of the present play, "Ho! who's within?" is thus printed in ed. 1600 Heyes,—"Howe whose within?" It is also to be noticed that the expression, "Peace, ho!," is common in other plays; it occurs in Measure for Measure, Julius Cæsar, As You Like it, and in Romeo and Juliet. The word *how* is certainly sometimes used as a mere affirmation, but, in the present instance, it seems more reasonable to suppose that the reading here adopted is the true one. The moon is not now shining, as appears from what Nerissa had previously said, and from Lorenzo recognizing Portia by the voice; she is sleeping with Endymion, and out of sight. "The moon sleeps with Endymion every day," Marlowe, ed. Dyce, iii. 136. Portia is merely giving a playful reason for desiring silence, and the moon being obscured, she says that luminary is sleeping with Endymion, and would not be disturbed. The other reading is strenuously defended in Hunter's New Illustrations, i. 319, in a note in which the darkness of the scene seems to be overlooked. The image of the moon sleeping has been already alluded to,—"Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn." Compare, also, the beautiful line,—"How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!"

[20] *A tucket sounds.*

A tucket is a slight flourish on the trumpet. Compare the Spanish Tragedy, ap. Hawkins, ii. 11.—*Toccata*, Ital.

[21] *It looks a little paler.*

The moon shines clear, and makes a paler day.—*Dryden.*

[22] *We should hold day with the Antipodes.*

If you would always walk in the night, it would be day with us, as it now is on the other side of the globe.—*Malone.*

[23] *Let me give light, but let me not be light.*

There is scarcely any word with which Shakespeare so much delights to trifle as with *light*, in its various significations.—*Johnson.* So, Marston, in his Insatiate Countess, 1613:

> By this bright *light* that is deriv'd from thee.—
> So, sir, you make me a very *light* creature.

Again, Middleton, in A Mad World My Masters, 1608: — "*more* lights—I call'd for *light:* here come in two are *light* enough for a whole house."—*Steevens.*

[24] *This breathing courtesy.*

This verbal complimentary form, made up only of *breath, i. e.*, words. So, in Timon of Athens, a senator replies to Alcibiades, who had made a long speech:—"You *breathe* in vain."—*Malone.* So, in Macbeth:—"—— mouth-honour, *breath.*"—*Steevens.*

[25] *About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring.*

Above all thinges remember that thou seeke among thy jewels for a certaine ring, in the *hoope* whereof is a princelie posie; the stone is a Pantarbe of secret vertue.—*Gough's Strange Discovery*, 1640.

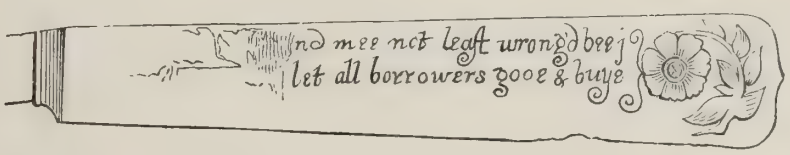
For there many a handsome wench exchanges her maidenhead for a small favour, as a moiety of bone-lace, a slight silver bodkin, a *hoopt-ring*, or the like toye.—*Bartholomew Faire*, 1641.

[26] *That she did give me; whose posy was.*

Steevens proposes to read *to me*, for the sake of the metre. So, afterwards:—"Now, by this hand, I gave it *to* a youth." Mr. Knight reads *poesy*, following the orthography of ed. 1623, but the sense absolutely requires *posy*. The spelling proves nothing, and the line, as it now stands, is not more defective than many others in these plays. "Is this a prologue, or the *poesie* of a ring?," Hamlet, ed. 1623, p. 267.

[27] *Like cutler's poetry upon a knife.*

The fashion of engraving short verses on knives, by the agency of *aqua fortis*, was very usual in the time of Shakespeare. Amongst some New Year gifts presented to Queen Elizabeth was a "meat knyfe with a fan haft of bone, *a*



conceit in it," which probably alludes to something of this kind; and it appears from Bernard Garter's Joyfull Receyving of the Queenes most excellent Majestie into Norwich, 1578, that one of the characters in the pageant on that occasion presented her Majesty with "a fayre payre of knyves" on which were engraven these words,—

> To hurt your foe, and helpe your friend,
> These knyves are made unto that end;

Both blunt and sharpe you shall us fynde,
As pleaseth best your princely mynde.

You shall swear by Phœbus, who is your poet's good lord and master, that hereafter you will not hire Horace to give you poesies for rings, or handkerchers, or *knives*, which you understand not.—*Decker's Satiromastix.*

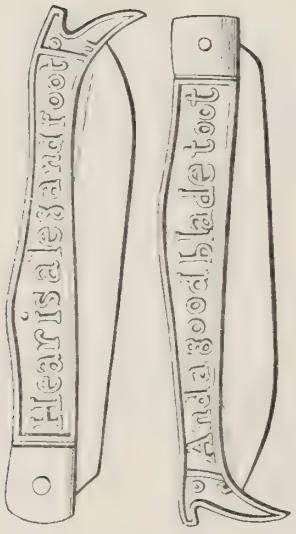
In the Bernal Collection, No. 3394, were two early English knives, with steel blades, and twisted red horn and silver handles ornamented, both of them having belonged to one Elizabeth Wallis. On the blade of one was engraved:

With wealth and beauty all doe well,
But constant love doth far excel.

And on the blade of the other:—

My love is fix't, I will not range;
I like my choice, I will not change.

Specimens of inscribed knives of the seventeenth century are occasionally found in the provinces. The one engraved at p. 463, was discovered in repairing an old house in Norwich, the inscription, when perfect, being probably,—"Lend mee not, least wrong'd bee I; but let all borrowers gooe and buye." The other specimen, a small clasp-knife, was found in the village of Castleacre, and bears the following distich,—"Hear is a leg and foot, and a good blade toot," the whole being formed in imitation of a man's foot. Another very curious early clasp-knife, originally richly ornamented, discovered in the same county, is curiously illustrative of the poesy in the text, as showing that love verses were sometimes introduced into cutler's poetry. The inscription upon it is nearly defaced, but the following copy of it was made with great pains and care,—



My gentle love to you I give;
Without your love I cannot live;
Wit, welth, and stacion d . . . . . fast,
But constant loves for ever last.

Tom Brown, in some satirical verses on the odes of Durfey, implies that he is more fitted to "write epigrams for cutlers."

[28] *You should have been respective.*

Respective, respectful, regardful. "If any true courtly dame had had but this new fashioned sute, why you should have had her more *respective* by far," Sir Gyles Goosecappe, 1606. "He is amongst noblemen and gentlemen that knowe his true worth, and their owne honours, where, with much *respective* love, he is worthily entertained," Taylor's Workes, 1630.

[29] *A little scrubbed boy.*

The term *scrubbed* is used here in contempt, the scornful way in which Gratiano talks of the disguised Nerissa increasing the humour of the scene. "A scrub, mean person, *homo misellus;* scrubbed, *squalidus*," Coles' Lat. Dict. It

may also mean *stunted.* "Such will never prove fair trees, but *skrubs* only," Holland's Pliny. Swift speaks of "a few scrubby trees," and Kennett, MS. Lansd. 1033, of a scrubbed broom, a scrubbed horse. Warton proposed to read *stubbed* in both places in the text, a stubbed boy being a term either for a stripling just come to manhood, or for a dwarfish fellow; but it is unlikely the word should have been twice printed *scrubbed*, if that had not been the correct reading. "Saunders must be a stubbed boy, if not a man, at the dissolution of abbeys," History of Glastonbury, ed. Hearne.

[30] *You were to blame.*

To blame, ed. 1600 Heyes; *too blame*, ed. 1600 Roberts. The latter was a common expression in works of this period.

[31] *I gave my love a ring.*

The importance of a ring, as a token of love or betrothment, is frequently mentioned in the old English metrical romances. See Sir Perceval of Galles, 474, and the Erle of Tolous, 394-405.

[32] *He would not leave it.*

That is, part away from it, part with it. "It seems you loved her not, to leave her token," Two Gent. of Verona.

[33] *If you did know to whom I gave the ring.*

Jingling lines similar to those in this and the next speech, no fewer than nine lines ending with the same word, are met with in other dramatists. Compare the following in the Fayre Mayde of the Exchange, 1607,—

Ferd. I have a brother, rival in my love;
I have a brother hates me for my love;
I have a brother vows to win my love;
That brother, too, he hath incenst my love,
To gain the beauty of my dearest love;
What hope remains, then, to enjoy my love?
Anth. I am that brother rival in his love;
I am that brother hates him for his love;
Not his, but mine; and I will have that love,
Or never live to see him kiss my love.

See, also, four consecutive lines, ending with the word *land*, in the second part of Heywood's King Edward IV., act v.

[34] *To contain the ring.*

Pope unnecessarily altered *contain* to *retain.* See the note at p. 432. "*Cohibeo*, to hold or keep in, restrain, *contain*, stop, repress, keep short," *Coles.*

[35] *Wanted the modesty to urge.*

This is a very licentious expression. The sense is,—What man could have so little modesty, *or* wanted modesty so much, as to urge the demand of a thing kept on an account in some sort religious.—*Johnson.*

[36] *For, by these blessed candles of the night.*

For, eds. 1600; *and*, ed. 1623. The expression, "candles of the night," is found in several other plays.

I see the sunne, the beauty of the skie ;
The moone and stars, the candles of the night.
Breton's Pilgrimage to Paradise, 1592.

[37] *I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.*

The term *subject* seems here used in the sense of the subject or object out of which these quarrels arose.

[38] *Swear by your double self.*

The term *double* is here used in the sense of, deceitful, double-faced.

[39] *I once did lend my body for his wealth.*

For his advantage ; to obtain his happiness. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term opposite to *adversity* or *calamity.—Johnson.* So, in the Litany : "In all time of our tribulation ; in all time of our *wealth*."—*Steevens.* And, again, in the Liturgy,—"grant her in health and wealth long to live." We say indifferently, common-weal or common-wealth, and in fact the words were synonymous. Theobald reads, *weal.*

[40] *In lieu of this.*

Portia and Nerissa, desirous of perplexing their husbands to the utmost, exhibit the rings, and insinuate that the doctor and the clerk obtained access to their beds by means of the rings as tokens. The expression, "in lieu of this," is a singular one, but it means probably that the clerk, and not the ring, was her bedfellow. Mr. R. G. White plausibly suggests that *this* should be altered to *thee*, but it seems essential that Nerissa should allude particularly to the ring.

[41] *Where the ways are fair enough.*

Capell retains *where*, as in the old copies, observing that "*when* may appear a properer term in some eyes to follow *summer* than *where :* but *where* heightens the comparison ; for, with that, this absurd summer-*mending* is said too to be of *ways*."

[42] *You drop manna in the way of starved people.*

"His tongue dropt manna," Milton. The use of the term by Lorenzo is an example, observes Edwards, how easily we learn to talk the language of those we love.

[43] *The first intergatory.*

Intergatory, that is, interrogatory. "S'light, he has mee upon intergatories," Ben Jonson's Works, ed. 1616, p. 231. "Then you must answer to these intergatories," Brome's Novella.

[44] *So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.*

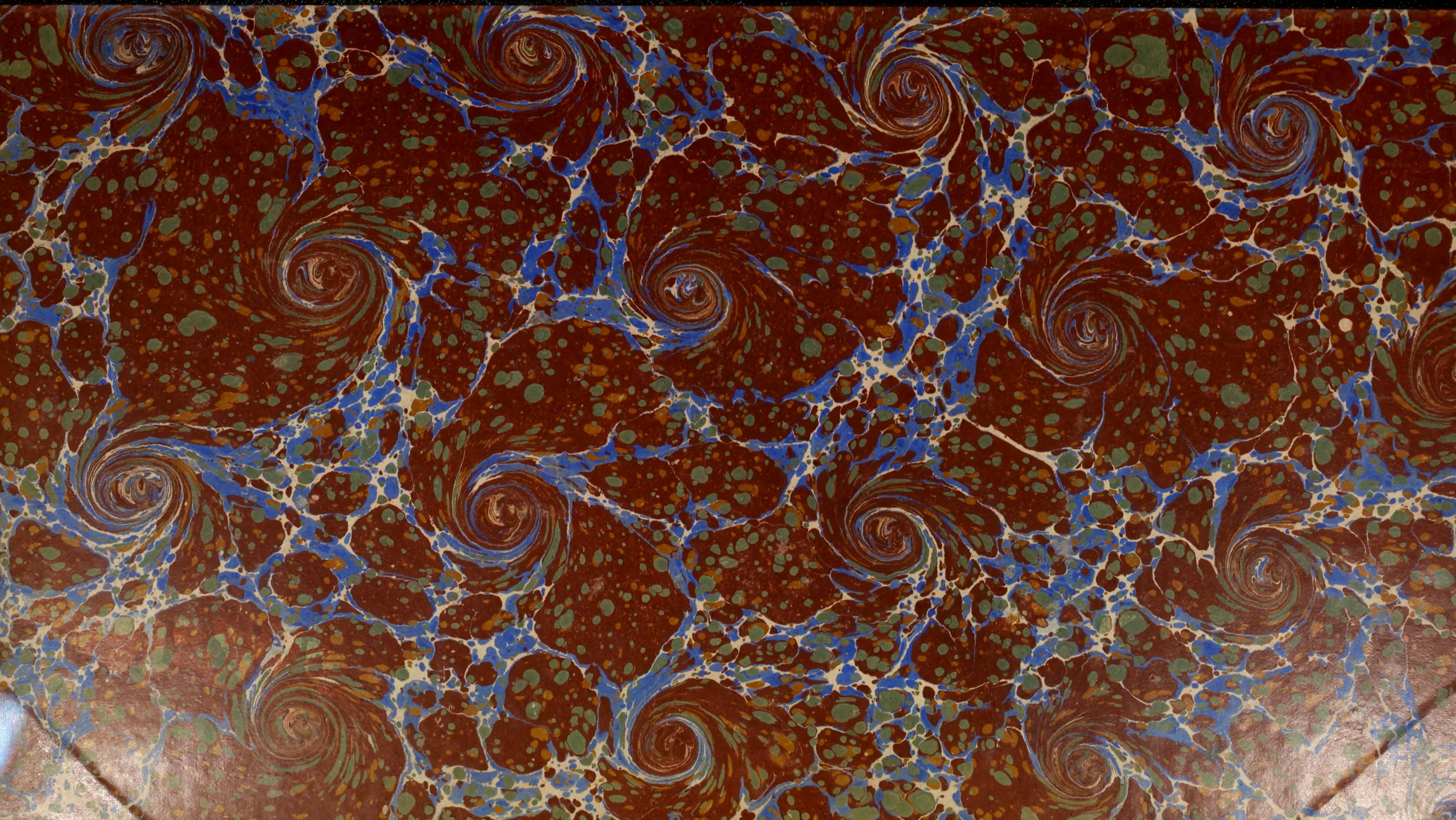
Sore, much, greatly. Obsolete in this sense, but occurring frequently in the Scriptures. See Mark, xiv. 33, &c. Recollecting that the speaker is the jesting Gratiano, may there not be, observes Mr. Keightley, a covert allusion to the story first told by Poggio in his Facetiæ, then by Ariosto, then by Rabelais, then by La Fontaine, and, finally, by Prior, in his Hans Carvel? The construction is somewhat peculiar, the negative after the verb *fear* being implied as continued in the next sentence. The meaning clearly is, "I'll fear no other thing so sore, as *not* keeping safe Nerissa's ring."

The proper name in this line is generally, but not always, spelt *Nerrissa* in the

old editions. That the first syllable is intended to be short is proved by its position in the present line, nor can I see that a long syllable is necessary in the line quoted in Hunter's Illustrations, i. 309—"Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof," where, so far from the ear requiring a short syllable at the commencement of the line, it is clearly one composed wholly of iambics. So again,—"Nerissa teaches me what to believe," act v. Nerissa, observes Mr. Hunter, "is to be regarded not as a waiting-maid in the modern sense of the term, but as a young lady of birth and rank, such persons being often found in the age of Shakespeare attending on ladies of superior distinction and fortune; and therefore a suitable match for Gratiano, the friend of Bassanio."

END OF VOL. V.

PLATES AND ENGRAVINGS.

The plates and woodcuts used in the first five volumes of this work, with the exception of the small number that have been borrowed, or are retained for reinsertion in the subsequent volumes, will be destroyed immediately. Those which are borrowed consist chiefly of the cuts in the first volume taken from the octavo Life of Shakespeare, and the Home of Shakespeare; and a few illustrative of Windsor, with the plate of Datchet Mead, which were obtained on conditions from Mr. Davis. The lithographic plates have already been removed from the stones.

6, St. Mary's Place, West Brompton,
near London.
16*th February*, 1856.